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TRAVELS.

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FRANKLIN'S FOOTSTEPS.

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PICTURES FROM THE EAST.

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A VISIT TO THE SEAT OF WAR  
IN THE NORTH.

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LONDON :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.  
1858.



# FRANKLIN'S FOOTSTEPS

A SKETCH OF GREENLAND,

ALONG THE

SHORES OF WHICH HIS EXPEDITION PASSED,

AND OF

The Barry Isles,

WHERE THE LAST TRACES OF IT WERE FOUND.

BY

CLEMENT ROBERT MARKHAM,

LATE OF H.M.S. ASSISTANCE.

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## P R E F A C E.



THE object of the following pages is to lead the reader in Sir John Franklin's footsteps to the verge of the yet unknown tracts of country in the Arctic Regions; to attain this, I have endeavoured to give a slight sketch of the countries along the shores of which he is supposed to have passed, and I have tracked him and his gallant companions until both are lost to our mental view. In the introductory chapter I have shown how and when Greenland was discovered by the Normans, and have recorded the valorous deeds and daring adventures of that hardy race in those northern lands. I have also enumerated the various Expeditions to Baffin's Bay and Greenland, of the navigators of the age of Elizabeth; and shortly alluded to the enterprising exertions of the Danish and Moravian Missionaries. The remainder of the first part of this

little work deals more at large with the voyages of those embarked in the whale-fishery; and comprises a brief account of the modern Expeditions in search of a North-west Passage by way of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, which have unfortunately concluded in the disappearance of Sir John Franklin's vessels. What follows is a narrative of the Expedition under the command of Captain Austin, in 1850-51, in search of the missing ships and their ill-fated crews; and in this Expedition I was one of the humblest as well as one of the youngest labourers. Thus I have endeavoured to furnish the reader, at one view, and in a condensed form, with a connected history of what has been done by way of discovery in the ice-bound regions of the north from the earliest periods to the present time, as well as with a detailed narrative of the means that have been employed towards rescuing those of our brave countrymen who have been so long lost in those trackless and inhospitable regions.

C. R. M.

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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SINCE the following pages were in the printer's hands there have appeared no less than three distinct works upon the same subject: Lieutenant Osborn, Dr. Sutherland, and Captain Mangles, have each separately recorded their experiences in the Arctic Regions, and expressed their opinions as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. The author of 'Franklin's Footsteps' had, ever since his return with Captain Austin's Expedition, determined on submitting the result of his own observations and researches—slight and imperfect as some may deem them—to the public, feeling that they, in common with himself, felt a deep and sincere interest in the fate of their missing countrymen. If the work possesses no other merit, it may at least be relied on as the production of one who neglected no opportunity of making himself

thoroughly acquainted with the regions he visited, who kept a truthful journal of every event and circumstance at all worthy of record, and who at least had no crotchet or theory to advance or serve. His own opinions are not favourable to the sanguine hopes entertained by many of Sir John Franklin's safety; but the Editor would still draw the attention of the reader to the fact, that if his author is not hopeful, he is not obstinately opposed to the possibility of Franklin's having ascended towards the great Arctic Ocean (if there is one) by way of Wellington Channel or by way of Jones's or Smith's Sound.

Sir Edward Belcher's Expedition will, it is to be hoped, be more successful than that which sailed now three years ago under the command of Captain Austin, and throw some light on the route which was taken by the missing ships after leaving their winter-quarters in Beechey Island. It is at least remarkable that no *further* trace of any kind should have been discovered. As a simple question of evidence, it may be fairly considered as weighing in favour of the presumption that some powerful inducement to take advantage of a sudden opening in the ice had rendered a precipitate movement necessary; and it may also be observed, that at that early period of the expedition Sir John Franklin would not have had any very particular

object in leaving behind him such distinct traces of his future movements, as seems to have been expected and assumed by the various expeditions in search of him. The total destruction of the ships and crews by the Esquimaux is too improbable even to command a passing thought. Masses of ice might, it is true, have destroyed the vessels, but then where are the crews? In such a region it is not likely that they would have been annihilated by the same cause. Starvation and disease may have overtaken them; but then some traces, like those of the Patagonian mission, would in all probability have been found. On the whole, when the facts that are known are viewed simply and calmly in connection with probabilities, and as mere matter of evidence, it is neither rash, wanton, nor ill-judged, to foster hopes which, however doomed to be disappointed, are still fairly within the bounds of reasonable probability.

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# FRANKLIN'S FOOTSTEPS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

IN the interminable pine-forests and rocky fiords of the North there was much calculated to attract the restless imagination, and excite the wild spirit of adventure, so characteristic of those northern warriors who in a short time overran the whole of western Europe, infusing hardihood and vigour into the effeminate races of the South. The strange admixture of the sublime and terrible in the stern unbending landscape of those ice-bound regions had peculiar charms for men to whom danger was a pastime, and whose religion was one of fear rather than of love. To its influence also we may trace most of that beautiful poetry which remains in the Sagas of the Skalds, and which even to this day is justly esteemed for the richness of its imagery and the lofty grandeur of its expression.

Far and near those famous Sea Kings of the North spread the terror of their arms; there were few countries in the then known world that had not felt their power. Not content with scouring the ocean from the deep fiords of Norway to the warm seas of Spain and Italy, they turned the prows of their frail barks northward, and, unassisted by the compass, yet scorning to creep timidly along the coast like the more southern navigators, boldly plunged into the unknown and ice-encumbered ocean, and entered the Arctic Regions. Thus Flokko, a renowned pirate, following the track of a still more ancient hero, Naddok, settled in a land surrounded by frozen seas and covered with lofty mountains, A.D. 864.

At that time Norway was governed by Jarls, or Earls, under a system nearly allied to our Heptarchy in England; but at length the whole country was brought under subjection by King Harold Haafager. Many of the nobles however, disdaining to yield their liberties, migrated to more favoured lands. Ingulf, with his brother-in-law Horlief, led his followers to the Snowland or Iceland of Flokko, and there established a free republic, A.D. 874.

The flower of the Norman nobility either accompanied Ingulf or settled in the less distant Ferroe Islands; but the daring Rollo, driven from his native land by Haafager, and sailing with a chosen band of nobles, the ancestry of men whose names embellish every page of England's history, conquered



Neustria, and reinvigorated with fresh blood the exhausted and enfeebled Southrons. Ingulf and his Norman colony carried with them to Iceland the Sagas and the stately mythology of their old country. Odin still ruled their longed-for heaven, with his mighty sons, Vali and Balder. These still incited their warlike youth in battle, while Scandinavian literature was preserved in all its fulness by Icelandic bards.

Among the restless spirits who followed Ingulf to Iceland, was Thorwald, a rich and powerful jarl, whose son, Eric Raüde, having slain a neighbouring jarl in a duel, was sentenced to three years' banishment; embarking in a small open vessel, he directed his course westwards, and landed on the granite cliffs of an unknown continent. There he remained during three years of danger and hardship, the period of his banishment, and thus became the discoverer of Greenland, A.D. 982.

Returning to Iceland, he spread such brilliant reports of this newly-discovered land, which he called Engroënland, that, in the following year, twenty-five vessels of colonists assembled under his command, with a view to establish themselves in this favoured country; but such were the fearful dangers of the Northern Ocean, with its huge masses of moving ice, that only fourteen ever reached their destination. More however speedily followed, until both the east and west sides of Greenland became colonized by these valorous sons of the North.

In the year of our Lord 999, Leif, the son of Eric Raüde, went to the court of Olaus Tryggesson, king of Norway, who was then endeavouring to spread the doctrines of the Christian faith with all the zeal of a recent proselyte; and having wintered there, Leif returned to Greenland accompanied by a priest, who succeeded in bringing the first Arctic colonists into the fold of Christ.

The enterprising spirit of these Northmen, which had received so great a stimulus by the peopling of Iceland, Greenland, and the Ferroe Islands, was now at its height. Many wealthy Icelanders staked their fortunes on discovery, and amongst others, Biom, the son of Hergulf, being driven by contrary winds to the southward, in the year 1001, landed on a low coast, overgrown with wood. Returning to Greenland, his story attracted the attention of the adventurous Leif, who, in the following year, sailed in the same direction with thirty chosen men. After a prosperous voyage, they landed on the same kind of low land covered with wood, and ascended a noble river, probably the St. Lawrence, which abounded in all kinds of fish. They had discovered America: nearly five hundred years before the birth of Columbus the persevering Northmen had set foot on the New World; and there are proofs that the great navigator himself was well aware of their discovery.

The romantic tales of this new country led Thorwald, the brother of Leif, to proceed on another

expedition in the following year ; but after having established himself on a wooded island, he was killed in a skirmish with the natives (who, on account of their dwarfish stature, were called Skrælings), and was buried with a wooden cross at the head and foot of his grave,—the first Christian whose bones found a resting-place in the soil of the New World.

Several expeditions followed, but all met with disaster, and by degrees the colony of Vinland almost sank into oblivion. It is true however that in A.D. 1121 Eric, Bishop of Greenland, is said to have gone on a visitation to this distant part of his see ; but the colony gradually became less known, and was at last completely lost sight of. Many of the old Norman colonists were probably still heathen, and, as no intercourse was kept up, they became in the lapse of years so mixed up with the aborigines, that all trace of them was swept away.

Meanwhile Greenland increased in prosperity, and in A.D. 1122 Sigurd, king of Norway, appointed Arnold bishop of this Arctic Christian fold, and suffragan to the archbishop of Drontheim. On arriving there in A.D. 1123, he fixed his episcopal residence at Gardar, where a flourishing colony soon sprang up, and continued to advance in prosperity, until the year 1023, when it became tributary to Norway ; from A.D. 1261 it was governed by a regal deputy, in conjunction with the bishop.

It was in the latter part of the fourteenth cen-

ture that the Skrælings or Esquimaux, mentioned before as having been seen in Vinland by the sons of Eric Raüde, are said to have first made their appearance in Greenland; and from this period the history of the Norman colony becomes very obscure. The separate existence of the Normans, the descendants of those doughty knights who spread civilization over every country in which they settled, had ceased; and the communication between Greenland and the mother country, either by means of the daring rover, or the more peaceful, though not unarmed, merchantman, gradually became less frequent, until at last this sterile Arctic coast was entirely forgotten.

Such, in a few words, is the remarkable history of Norman Arctic discovery,—of that career of bold adventure which led the daring sons of the North from the deep fiords of Norway to the perilous seas of Greenland, and at length to achieve the discovery of the fertile shores of the St. Lawrence. It now only remains briefly to recount the same determined perseverance in Arctic research which manifested itself at a later period, though previous to that which forms the chief object of this little work.

The desire of gain, or of wide-spread fame, has usually been the urging motive which has sent forth bold adventurers in all ages, and there is little in this respect that distinguishes the so-called days of chivalry from those of commerce. It was

in the fourteenth century that the Portuguese performed their wondrous deeds in India and China; that the Conquistadores of Spain astonished the world by their vast discoveries and conquests; and that the British heroes of the Elizabethan age led their dauntless followers to the long-neglected shores of the Arctic regions. Violence and cruelty, it is well known, disgraced the track of the conquerors of India and of the New World; and little less can be said for our own navigators, who unscrupulously attacked the vessels of other nations which they met with in those frozen seas. It was the spirit of the age—an age of great deeds performed by lawless means—which tainted every European nation; and it must be confessed that the government which sanctioned the piracies of Drake and Cavendish cannot with justice be excepted. The principal motive however was a laudable one (the desire of reaching China by a shorter route, and thus increasing the commercial prosperity of England), which led the old navigators of this period to steer their course towards the polar sea. For nearly two hundred years the coast of Greenland had remained unvisited—from the time, in fact, that the Norman colonies became extinct to the year 1575, when Sir Martin Frobisher reached a land which he describes as rising like “pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow,” in N. lat. 61°, and which was evidently the south coast of Greenland. Sir Martin was soon followed by Master John

Davis, who, in the year 1585, arrived on the same coast, and anchored in a fiord near Cape Farewell. In 1587 he penetrated still further, reaching that bold and picturesque mass of granite to which he gave the name of "Hope Saunderson;" he succeeded also in crossing the straits which bear his name, where the discoveries of this great navigator concluded.

A more solid motive however than the mere discovery of unknown countries began at this time to actuate the English voyagers to the North, and a cargo of whale-oil amply repaid the first venture of the merchant. Mr. Jonas Pool may be considered the founder of the northern whale-fisheries. In his various voyages he reported having seen so many whales, and indeed brought home so many tuns of oil, that the curiosity as well as cupidity of the whole country was aroused; for this fishery seemed to open out a field of exhaustless speculation, as well as of almost certain profit. Others followed with various success, but none of these gained so much credit as Master F. Edge, who was sent out by the Muscovite Company in the year 1613. In the meantime attempts at discovering a North-west Passage were not abandoned, and it is wonderful with what energy the merchant adventurers of the seventeenth century sought to achieve a shorter route to Cathay and China. Not the least among these enterprising men was the intrepid seaman Baffin, who owes his fame not so much to

his vast terrestrial discoveries as to his great ability in nautical astronomy; for Baffin was not only the discoverer of the mode of finding the longitude by lunar observation, but he was the first to make use of astronomical observations with any degree of accuracy.

In the year 1616 Baffin sailed from Gravesend on board the 'Discovery,' of fifty-five tons, with the simple orders to "pass through the north-west passage, touch at Japan, and so return." On the 30th of May, Hope Saunderson, the extreme point reached by Davis, was passed, and Baffin was the first Englishman to land on that archipelago of islands which has since become so great a resort for whalers. Here some Esquimaux were found; and it is an important fact, that at the present day the most northern Esquimaux settlements (with the exception of the Arctic Highlanders) are at Opernavik, on the opposite shore of Greenland. These were the most northern beings seen by Baffin, who, passing with some difficulty through the ice-fields of Melville Bay, reached a latitude of  $78^{\circ}$  north, in Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, where he found the variation of the needle to be  $56^{\circ}$  west. Skirting the western shores of the extensive bay that bears his name, Baffin concluded this, the most successful of the Arctic expeditions of the period: he arrived at Dover on the 30th of August, A.D. 1616.

Two interesting Arctic voyages, though not in the direction of Baffin's Bay, add an important

feature to northern maritime adventure in the seventeenth century; and one of these expeditions, which passed a winter on the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay, was the first to perform that perilous and hardy feat.

Luke, commonly called North-west, Fox, and Captain James, sailed in 1631 for the Arctic Regions. Fox entered Hudson's Bay in June, and penetrating to that point which has ever since been called "N. W. Fox his furthest," returned to England after an absence of six months. Not so Captain James; he left England in the 'Henrietta Maria' of seventy tons, and made Greenland on the 4th of June; but encountering many and serious disasters, he was eventually forced to winter at Charlton Island, in Hudson's Bay. In this forlorn position the first mishap was the fatal illness of the gunner to the expedition, who begged in his dying moments to be allowed to drink a glass of sack; but "the wine froze in the bottle, as well as the plaster at his wound." Captain James contrived to build a house on shore for wintering in, but so intense was the cold that the men's noses, cheeks, and hands were frozen white as paper: blisters were thus raised as large as walnuts, and both oil and vinegar were hard like pieces of wood. But, what was more mortifying than all the rest, they found, that after getting over the severe winter, April was the coldest month: some of the men had "aches, others sore mouths, insomuch that the surgeon cut



away the flesh from their gums every morning, and thus they went through their miseries." Their diet consisted of porridge for breakfast, pork and peas for dinner, and beef which had been boiled in this porridge for supper; Alicant wine was kept for the sick. After a long and dreary winter, during which Captain James exhibited great courage, energy, and endurance, the 'Henrietta Maria' was extricated from the ice on the 2nd of July, and arrived at Bristol in October 1632. This voyage is particularly interesting, as being one of the first in which an Arctic winter was endured and faithfully recorded, and does honour to the gallant seaman who conducted it.

The voyages of Hudson,—which have immortalized his name, and opened the fur-trade of the wilds of North America,—of Waymouth, Willoughby, Button, Hall, and others of less importance, though not immediately connected with our subject, all show with what indomitable perseverance these navigators prosecuted their search for unknown lands. Like their Norman predecessors they fearlessly braved all the hardships of an Arctic climate, with no knowledge of the requisites for passing through the ordeal of a winter; and, like them, they opened a wide field for the enterprise of their successors. Frobisher discovered the continent of Greenland; Hudson's discoveries led the way to the establishment of the fur company, which extends its influence over so large a portion of

North America; Davis and Baffin opened the way to a lucrative whale-fishery; and the names and exploits of these great men have added a bright page to the history of British energy, science, and adventurous spirit, which has not been surpassed even by the subsequent achievements of Franklin, Parry, and Ross.

Having brought down the account of Arctic discovery to the middle of the last century, it will not be amiss to say a few words on the Greenland Settlements themselves, the history of which is little more than a relation of the difficulties that have been undergone by those who endeavoured to sow the seed of Christianity among the wretched natives who surrounded them. It is sometimes found that pure philanthropy will induce a high-souled man to forsake the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and, actuated by religious zeal and the desire of propagating a sublime and holy creed, to brave every kind of hardship and danger. Such a man was Hans Egede, a clergyman of Vogen in Norway, who, hearing of the wretched state of the Greenlanders, moral and physical, was induced to exert himself for their benefit; after fruitlessly striving for ten years to awaken a similar zeal among his countrymen, he at length induced the King to sanction his undertaking a mission to Greenland. Accompanied by his wife and four children, with forty other persons, this disinterested man sailed from Bergen in 1721, and after

a tempestuous voyage arrived at Baals river on the west coast of Greenland, and founded the Danish colony of Godhaab in N. lat. 64°. After vainly endeavouring to discover the long-lost Norman colony on the east of Greenland, he, with his companion Albert Top, commenced in good earnest to learn the language and attempt the conversion of the Esquimaux. This work was however very slow, being constantly interrupted and thwarted by the determined opposition of the Augekoks, or Esquimaux priests. These mortifications, added to famine, disease, and the rigour of the seasons, would have reduced a weaker mind to despair; but Hans Egede was not so easily overcome, and in spite of the horrors and misery that met his sight on every side, he, like Pizarro on the Isle of Gorgona, formed the resolution of remaining among the sterile rocks of Greenland, with his ten surviving companions, rather than forsake the duties he had undertaken. This noble endurance soon met with its reward; and it occasioned no slight joy in the colony to hear that the Moravian brethren, on being informed of the exertions of Hans Egede, had sent out missionaries to assist him in his holy work. These men were Christian David, Matthew Stack, and Christian Stack; and it is difficult to conceive the sacrifices these devoted Moravians must have made, in relinquishing the comforts of a happy German home, to minister to the wretched Esquimaux.

Their ordinary difficulties were of course no less

than those endured with so much fortitude by Egede and his companions; but, to add to their sufferings, a virulent small-pox broke out among the natives and carried them off by thousands, so that the country was well-nigh depopulated round the lately established settlement of New Herrnhuth; but even this great calamity did not stagger the missionaries in their enterprise to reclaim the remaining heathens. From year to year their privations were so great that two of them determined to return home, but Matthew Stack, Frederick Bæmish, and John Beck declared that nothing should induce them to forsake their call, and that, come life, come death, they would remain among the rocks of Greenland: "The Lord our God can preserve us," said they; "and if he is not pleased to do it, we shall fall into his hands." The venerable Hans Egede, with his devoted wife, had shared the sufferings of the Moravian missionaries up to this time, taught them the Esquimaux language, and encouraged them under their greatest distress. His faithful partner however, a true heroine, devoted to her husband and to the holy cause for which he had sacrificed so much, died in the winter of 1735; and in the following spring, Hans Egede himself, overwhelmed by this addition to his calamities, resolved to leave the scenes of his almost fruitless toil and return to die in his native land; he chose for the text of his farewell sermon, the 4th verse of the 49th chapter of Isaiah: "Then I said,

I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain ; yet surely my judgement is with the Lord, and my work with my God." We may search the annals of many an empire, and not find a truer hero than this devoted missionary.

After the departure of Hans Egede little progress was made. The Esquimaux were stupid, ignorant, and hardened ; those who came from a distance soon forgot what they heard, and the natives around Baals river listened with careless inattention ; still the missionaries lost none of their energy, and down to the year 1767 they were unremitting in their endeavours to improve both the physical and spiritual welfare of those among whom they laboured. At this time the number of Esquimaux converts in the three Moravian settlements was 998 ; subsequent to that period however they have somewhat diminished, owing to the mortality which prevents any increase in the population of this Arctic country, since the introduction of vices and diseases, incident, it might almost be said, to civilization.

The most southern Danish settlement is at Frederickshaab, established in 1742. The colonies of Holsteinborg, Leifly in Disco, and the most northern one, Opernavik, where there is a plumbago-mine, have all been established by Danish merchants, as depôts for collecting furs, oil, and skins, which are annually conveyed to Copenhagen. These settlements are inhabited in a great measure

by a mongrel population; for there can be little doubt that the pure Danes, who established themselves there from time to time, have in many instances intermarried with the natives, and greatly improved their physical condition; while the labours of the worthy Danish and Moravian missionaries have widely diffused spiritual instruction among the Esquimaux; it is to be hoped that eventually by the admixture of European blood the original stock will disappear and be replaced by a finer race of men.

## CHAPTER II.

## GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY.

THE first people who attempted the capture of the whale are supposed to have been the fishermen on the shores of Biscay. Whales were frequently stranded on the beach, and considerable profit was realized by the sale of the bone and blubber; so valuable indeed did these occasional prizes prove, that in a short time a band of adventurous fishermen fitted out a small craft, for the purpose of attacking and capturing the leviathan of the deep. Their success inspired others, until few fishing-vessels from these parts put to sea without some rude weapons, to enable them to contend with such of these monsters as chance should throw in their way.

It has been seen how successful were the fishing voyages of Master Jonas Pool and Master Edge in the beginning of the seventeenth century: these men were, in fact, the fathers of the English whale-

fishery; but, for many years subsequent to their return, the Dutch and other nations far surpassed us in the success of their ventures. The first enterprise of the Dutch in this fishery was in the year 1612, in the deep bays of Spitzbergen, where whales abounded; and during the seventeenth century this branch of trade increased so rapidly, that a regular town, afterwards called Smeerenberg, arose on the island of Amsterdam (Spitzbergen). Three hundred vessels annually frequented the surrounding bays, traders of every kind resorted thither, and for years it was looked upon by the States General as another Batavia.

From 1630 to 1640 however, the whales, having been harassed for many years, at length began to retreat from the coasts to the open sea; Smeerenberg was therefore gradually deserted; the blubber, instead of being landed and boiled down on the shore, was then merely packed in casks, and conveyed to Holland: in 1770 the Dutch whale-fishery began sensibly to decline, and in 1795 there were only sixty Dutch whalers.

The English meanwhile had, in their fishing enterprises, met with repeated failures. In 1635 Charles I. ceded the whale-fishery to the Russia Company, but so little use was made of this grant, that the trade can hardly be said to have existed until 1725, when the South Sea Company sent twelve ships to Greenland; they however abandoned it in 1737.



In the middle of the last century the whale-fishery began again to assume some importance, and in 1756 it was generally successful. In 1787 thirty-one ships sailed from Scotland, and returned with 84 whales and 6571 seals, yielding 1274 tuns of blubber. Two hundred whalers sailed from England at the same period.

About this time also the Hull vessels discovered the volcanic island of Jan Mayen, around which the fishing continued to be very successful; and from 1813 to 1818, 68,940 tuns of oil and 3420 tons of whalebone were imported into England.

The fishery on the west coast of Greenland was not commenced until a much later date than the fisheries in the seas around Spitzbergen, Jan Mayen, and East Greenland. The Davis's Straits fishery was first opened by the Dutch in 1719, after which time nearly half their whalers yearly resorted to the bays and fiords of Greenland,—South Bay, in  $66^{\circ} 30' N.$ , being their usual rendezvous. The English soon followed them, but it was long before they had the hardihood to force their way through the northern barriers of ice, and, following in the track of Baffin, enter the open water of the bay which bears his name. That clear-headed navigator saw the profit that would accrue from the Baffin's Bay fishery, at least two centuries before any attempt was made to realize the advantages he pointed out. In his letter to Sir John Wolstenholme, on the return of his successful

expedition in 1619, he speaks thus:—"And first, for killing of whales: certaine it is, that in this bay are great numbers of them, which the Biscainers call the grand baye whales, of the same kind which are killed at Greenland, and, as it seemeth to me, easie to be strooke, because they are not used to be chased or beaten; for we, being but one day in Whale's Sound, so called from the number of whales that we saw there, sleeping and lying aloft on the water, not fearing our ship or ought else, that if we had beene fitted with men and things necessarie, it had beene no hard matter to have stroke more than would have made these ships a saving voyage."

It was not until 1817 (the year before the first modern Arctic expedition sailed) that two or three English whalers ventured to sail up Baffin's Bay, where, in July and August, they found the sea abounding in whales. In the following year several other vessels passed the barrier of ice between  $74^{\circ}$  and  $75^{\circ}$  north latitude, and found a navigable sea in the northern part of the bay, formed by the drifting of the ice to the southward, and which has usually been called the North Water. Since that time a fleet of whalers have annually resorted thither, passing the barrier if possible in the beginning of July, and going south along the west coast of Baffin's Bay. Of late years the whales have not been so numerous, for, having been disturbed and actively pursued for a length of time,

they have changed their place of resort ; and consequently the number of whaling ships in these seas is now much less than formerly.

The whalers in Baffin's Bay are usually of 300 to 400 tons burden, very strong and well fortified against the ice. The crews, consisting of from forty to fifty men, are lodged in berths, each calculated to contain three persons. In the rigging of a whaler, great attention is paid to the adaptation of purchases, and enabling her to be worked with as few hands as possible ; for it often happens that the greater part of the crew are away in the boats, and three or four men have to tack a ship of 300 tons.

The crow's-nest is another peculiarity in the whalers : this was invented by Captain Scoresby, the famous whaling-master, and first used in 1807. When the vessel is surrounded by floating masses of ice, it is necessary to have a man constantly stationed on the look-out, at the mast-head. The sharp winds, frequently charged with minute particles of frozen vapour, cut his face most painfully, until a cylindrically-shaped pent-house was invented, formed of wooden hoops and covered with painted canvas, with a trap-door in the bottom ; this is lashed to the top-gallantmast-head, and enables the ice-master to look out in comfort : from its position and form it is called the crow's-nest.

The boats of a whaler hang from davits all round her, from abreast of the foremast to the

stern. They are always carver-built, with the bow and stern both sharp, and the keel depressed some inches in the middle, to allow of her turning more easily. The six-oared boats are twenty-six to twenty-eight feet long, and five feet nine inches broad.

The crew of a whaler receives a gratuity for each fish besides his monthly pay. The master and each harpooner receive, instead of wages, a certain sum before starting, and if the ship returns with no cargo they get nothing more. The master is usually paid three guineas for each whale, and 10s. per tun of oil; each harpooner receives half-a-guinea per whale, and 6s. per tun of oil; the chief mate two guineas a month whilst at sea, and a guinea for each fish; the specksioneer, or chief harpooner, 10s. 6*d.* per fish; and the boat-steerers, line-managers, and foremast-men have each 1s. 6*d.* per tun.

The vessels usually sail from Hull, Peterhead, Aberdeen, or Dundee, in the beginning of March; and those engaged in the seal-trade proceed at once northward, meeting the ice in about lat. 72°; as the season advances they try for whales, which are usually most plentiful in June.

When a whale is seen from the crow's-nest, a boat is immediately sent in pursuit, provided with two harpoons and six or eight lances; the crew consists of a steerer, a harpooner, a line-manager, and four rowers. The harpooner commands and

pulls the bow-oar, while the line-manager takes stroke; the steerer looks out, and gives notice to the harpooner when near enough. The harpoon is a barbed dart three feet long, with a socket at the blunt end, into which a handle is fitted. A piece of 2-inch\*, four fathoms long, is spliced round the shank of the harpoon, called the "foreganger," which is fastened to the handle, and keeps it in its place until the harpoon is thrown; the handle then falls out, and the dart sticks firmly into the body of the whale.

The harpoon-gun, now generally employed, was invented in 1731, but fell into disuse for many years. It is a swivel-gun, fitted in the bows of the boat, about twenty-four inches long, and the bore  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in diameter; the shank of the harpoon terminates in a cylindrical knob, fitting the bore; a ring, to which the line is attached, works on the shank, but remains at the muzzle until the gun is fired, when it flies back to the knob.

The whale-lines are 120 fathoms long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch; they are spliced together, six for each boat, and coiled down in racks.

When struck the whale immediately dives, taking the line with him, which flies out at a tremendous pace. The harpooner usually takes a turn or two round the bollard† to impede the rush of the

\* Rope is called 1-inch,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, etc., according to its circumference.

† A block of wood, fixed firmly in the bows of the boat.

whale as much as possible ; even then the line runs out at such a rate that he is surrounded with smoke by the friction, and it would inevitably set the boat on fire, if the wood of the bollard were not well seasoned. Meanwhile a flag is put up in the boat, which gives notice to the ship that the whale is struck ; the instant this signal is seen, the crew rush to the boats, and if it is night, the excitement is such that they jump out of their berths and fly on deck with their clothes in their hands, not to lose a moment in unnecessary preparation.

The boats leave the ship, and assemble near the place where the whale is expected to rise. If it is at the edge of a field of ice, he usually dives under it obliquely, and comes up exhausted at the edge, where it is attacked with lances about six feet long, and killed.

The exhaustion of the whale, on rising, is caused not so much by the harpoon, as by the great pressure he undergoes in the almost unfathomable depths to which he has penetrated. The area of a large whale is 1540 square feet, so that at a depth of 800 fathoms he undergoes a pressure of 211,200 tons\*.

When the whale is dead, the boats take him in tow, and bring him alongside the ship, ready for flensing†.

The common Greenland whale (*Balæna mysti-*

\* Thirty-five cubic feet of water weighing one ton.

† Flensing is taking off the fat and whalebone.

*cetus*) is the largest animal in creation. Its length varies from forty-five to sixty feet, and its circumference, in the broadest part, is from thirty to forty feet. The enormous mouth, when open, is ten or twelve feet high and sixteen long, of sufficient size indeed to allow a large boat to sail into it. There are two fins, nearer the snout than the tail, which is six feet long and twenty-six wide. On the top of the head are the spiracles, or blow-holes, which are longitudinal apertures six inches long. The colour of the skin is velvet-black, grey, and white, and the blubber, which lies between the cuticle and the flesh, is generally from ten to twenty inches in thickness. The whalebone serves as a substitute for teeth, and is composed of three hundred laminæ on each side of the head; the greatest length is fifteen feet, and the breadth ten inches.

The whale is now secured by a purchase called the "kent-purchase," which is made fast to the mainmast-head, the other end being hooked to the kent, or fat of the neck. The fall is hauled taut at the windlass, and the fish raised some inches out of the water.

After the men have refreshed themselves, the harpooners get on the whale, under the direction of the specksioneer, while two boats attend alongside. They first divide the fat into oblong pieces by means of blubber-spades, and then flay these off, by hauling on a small tackle inboard. The boat-steerers and line-managers receive the blubber

on deck in pieces of about half a ton each, and pass them down to be packed in the hold. The fat being taken from the belly, the fish is turned by means of the kent-tackle: the lip is then opened, and the whalebone dislodged. The whole of the blubber and whalebone being taken, the carcase is cast adrift, and instantly attacked by thousands of voracious gulls of all descriptions.

The great difficulty of the Baffin's Bay whalers consists in passing the barrier of ice, which begins a little to the north of Upernavik and extends to Cape York. The loss of one or more of these vessels is of almost yearly occurrence, from their being pressed, or "nipped," between two fields of ice. There is something peculiarly striking in the sight of a fleet of whalers lying motionless at the edge of the ice, when a large moving floe\* drifts down upon them, threatening them all with instant destruction.

When surrounded in this manner, and in danger of being completely jammed up, the crews leave the ship, and proceed to cut a dock in the ice, with ice-saws. These are about fourteen feet long, and fitted with wooden triangles, each of them being attached to a rope, which, passing through a block in the triangle, and dividing into *bell-ropes*, is worked by almost any number of men. This business is ac-

\* A *floe* is a piece of ice, of great extent, but the end of which is visible,—in contradistinction to a *field*, which reaches to the horizon.



accompanied by singing, and is perhaps the liveliest scene in the whole voyage. When the dock is cleared, the ships enter, and are for the time safe from the ice, which however has been known to come with such force as to break up the floe in which the docks are cut, piling up immense masses of ice, in every variety of shape, over the bows of the whalers, and overwhelming them.

But the most fearful danger is that of being forced to winter in these Arctic regions without requisite preparation. Unable to escape from the surrounding masses of ice, the crew of the ill-fated vessel behold their companions getting clear one by one, until they are left in their icy cradle, to pass a dreary winter, with the icebergs towering up around them, and a death-like stillness prevailing over everything, only broken occasionally by the crash of some huge block in falling—

“*Cæruleâ glacie concretæ atque imbribus atris.*”

The whaling fleet however usually returns home in the months of September and October.

Such is a slight sketch of the perils which menace the Arctic whalers. There is however a charm about the wild adventures and magnificent scenery in Baffin's Bay, and an excitement in the chase of the whale, the cutting of docks, and the hair-breadth escapes from destruction, which seldom fails to captivate the rough seamen engaged in it. Many of them have been thirty and forty voyages, and many

more end their lives and are buried on some barren island, amid the fantastic icebergs and the screeching sea-birds. The neat head-board carved by a friendly hand tells the short and melancholy tale, while the eider-duck frequently keeps watch over the dead by building her downy nest on the grave\*.

\* On one of the granite Vrow Islands is the grave of a whale-fisherman, covered over with moss, in which, above his breast, an eider-duck had formed her nest, containing two eggs.—July, 1851.

## CHAPTER III.

## MODERN ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE Arctic regions have for ages attracted the attention of the learned and adventurous. Impelled by various motives, the energy of almost every maritime nation in Europe has, from time to time, been directed towards the discovery of those hidden lands or seas which, in the most northern parts of the frigid zone, are hemmed in by almost impenetrable barriers of ice.

We have seen how the valorous Normans of old crossed the stormy Atlantic, and reached the shores of Greenland and America; how the brave old seamen of our Elizabethan age explored the unknown regions of Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay; how the fearless Danish and German missionaries established themselves among the barren rocks of a frozen continent; and how eagerly English seamen risk their lives in the whale-fishery amid the perils of an ice-encumbered sea. In our

own time however a different motive has induced England to make her gigantic, and partially successful, attempts at Arctic discovery.

At the general peace in 1815, public attention became gradually directed to the subject of discovery and the advancement of science; and when it was reported by Scoresby and others that during the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, there had been a great clearance of ice in the Arctic regions, Sir John Barrow and Sir Joseph Banks promoted the equipment of an expedition in search of a North-west Passage through Baffin's Bay.

In May, 1818, Captain Ross sailed on this adventurous voyage with two vessels, the 'Alexander' and 'Isabella,' and reached the northern part of the island of Disco on the 17th of June. After encountering great difficulty in passing through the barrier of ice usually extending between Cape York and the Devil's Thumb,—which line of coast was called Melville Bay,—the expedition arrived off the north-west part of that bay, the coast of which is covered with an enormous glacier, reaching in many places to the sea. Here Captain Ross fell in with a tribe of Esquimaux, whom he called "Arctic Highlanders,"—the most northern inhabitants of the world. They had sledges and dogs, but no canoes, and appeared to be in a more wretched condition than their southern brethren.

This is the only interesting event in the voyage. Leaving the west coast of Baffin's Bay, an optical

illusion prevented the ships discovering the entrance to those magnificent straits which form the outlets to its northern shore; and this expedition, barren in all practical results, returned to England in the month of November, 1818.

Unsatisfactory however as was the first modern Arctic expedition, the thirst for discovery was not discouraged by the failure of one commander; and in the following year Lieutenant Parry, who had commanded the 'Alexander,' fitted out another expedition, consisting of the 'Hecla,' 375 tons, and 'Griper,' 180 tons, to explore the North-west Passage by way of Lancaster Sound.

On the 11th of May, 1819, the expedition sailed from England, and on the 4th of August, after a prosperous voyage, entered the sound, and *passed over the mountains* which to Sir John Ross's vision had unfortunately stopped further progress in that direction. What must have been the feeling of these enterprising voyagers, when they found themselves sailing with a fresh breeze down an entirely unknown strait, bounded by perpendicular cliffs never before beheld by European eye, and with every prospect of performing that voyage which had baffled the attempts of centuries! This strait was called after Sir John Barrow, the great promoter of Arctic discovery.

There is something calculated to strike the mind with reverential awe in first entering upon an unknown region. The perpendicular cliffs of Bar-

row's Strait are composed of dark limestone, and the streams of melted snow falling from their summits have, in the course of time, worked deep fissures, which make the intermediate buttresses stand out in bold relief, and assume the extraordinary appearance of a succession of columns rising from the sea in frowning majesty, and supporting the blue vault of heaven on their snow-covered architrave. Every eye was directed with intense eagerness to the westward, and great was the disappointment when a line of ice was observed extending to the north from Leopold Island, and closely packed. A broad opening to the south was called by Parry "Prince Regent's Inlet," and was explored as far south as  $72^{\circ} 13'$  north, where a compact barrier of ice was found to stretch from shore to shore. Returning therefore to the northern coast of Barrow's Strait, the Expedition crossed the entrance of Wellington Channel, which was clear of ice as far as the eye could reach, and passed rapidly to the west.

Many islands were discovered in their progress, and a line of coast to the northward. Far to the south a lofty bluff was seen rising above the horizon, and was named "Cape Walker." The barren limestone shores of newly discovered land—Cornwallis, Griffith, Brown, Somerville, Lowther, Young, Garrett, and Baker Isles,—were passed in succession; but no boat landed till the Expedition reached the sandstone beach of Byam Martin

Island. Here the remains of six Esquimaux huts were found, evidently of great age, but curious and interesting, as being the first traces of man observed since the Expedition passed the portals of Lancaster Sound.

Proceeding westward, Parry crossed the meridian of  $110^{\circ}$  west, and thus the Expedition became entitled to a reward of £5000, granted by an Order in Council\*. They were here stopped by a barrier of ice, and the young ice began to form so rapidly that it was found necessary to seek safe winter-quarters. The coast to the north, after leaving Byam Martin Island, had been landed upon several times, and was called Melville Island; it is composed of sandstone, and, compared with the barren limestone rocks between this island and Wellington Channel, abounds in moss, and at certain seasons of the year in animal food. The vessels, after cutting a canal in the ice more than two miles long, were on the 23rd of September safely moored in a winter harbour on the south shore of Melville Island.

The Arctic winter that ensued was one of extraordinary rigour, (the last deer, many of which had been killed, was seen on October 17th,) and a desolate stillness prevailed, occasionally broken by the laughter-loving audience of an Arctic theatre on board the Hecla.

As the warmer months advanced, Parry deter-

\* Act 58 Geo. III., cap. 20.

mined on an attempt to explore the northern shore of Melville Island.

This was the first travelling party which ever endured the hardships of the frozen ground and cutting winds of this latitude at a distance from the ships. It is impossible to overrate the importance of travelling parties on foot, both for exploring and searching: more has been done by that means than will ever be attained by sailing; and if ever the North-west Passage is discovered in the latitude, or north, of Melville Island, it is probable that such an exploit will be performed by overland parties. The first attempt therefore at this mode of discovery is very interesting. The Expedition was equipped in the following manner.

The provisions were carried on a light cart with two wheels, carrying also two blanket-tents, wood for fuel, three weeks' provisions, cooking apparatus, ammunition, and three guns,—in all, 800 lbs. weight. The allowance per man was one pound of biscuit, two-thirds of a pound of preserved meat, one pound of sugar, and one gill of spirits. Each person carried, in addition, a blanket bag, and a haversack containing one pair of shoes, one pair of stockings, and a flannel shirt,—weighing, in all, from 18 to 24 lbs. The party left the ships on the 1st of June, and travelled by night, both to prevent injury to their eyes from the glare of the sun on the snow, and also to obtain more warmth while sleeping. Crossing some vast plains covered with



snow, and several rugged ravines, they reached the sea on the northern shore, and named a distant island Sabine Island, after that celebrated engineering officer who accompanied the Expedition. During this journey the party experienced great assistance in dragging the cart by rigging it with a sail.

Returning south, Parry left some lofty blue hills to the west, and reached a wild, picturesque spot, which was named Bushnan Cove, situated on the shores of a deep gulf penetrating the west coast of Melville Island. This was called Liddon's Gulf. In descending a steep and narrow ravine, the axle-tree of the cart broke in two, and the wheels were left behind; there they remained until 1851, when Lieutenant M'Clintock met with them on his wonderful journey, and used them for firewood.

Parry's party returned across the land, and arrived at Winter Harbour by the 15th of June, having travelled over an estimated distance of 180 miles, at the rate of twelve miles per day.

Such was the first Arctic travelling party in these latitudes, which, though starting in the warmest month in the year, and remaining but a short time away, accomplished the object for which it was equipped, and discovered land never visited until the late Expedition.

On the 1st of August, the Hecla and Griper, after having been fast locked in their icy harbour\*

\* The rise and fall of the tide in Winter Harbour was four feet four inches.

for ten months, at length got into clear water, and again attempted to press onwards to the west; but an interminable barrier of thick-ribbed ice stopped their progress; and after naming the extreme west point visible "Cape Dundas," and a coast-line clearly seen to the southward "Banks's Land," Parry thought it advisable to return to England\*.

On the 30th of August the entrance to Prince Regent's Inlet was found to be blocked up with ice, and the Expedition re-entered Baffin's Bay and left the scenes of its interesting discoveries on the 5th of September.

After a very rough passage across the Atlantic, Parry landed at Peterhead, and concluded one of the most successful voyages ever attempted in the Arctic Regions†.

The unsatisfactory conclusion of this, as of every other voyage in search of a North-west Passage, induced Captain Parry to advocate a search in the northern part of Hudson's Bay, and along the north coast of America; and accordingly two years and a half (1821-3) were spent in the discovery of Hecla and Fury Strait, and the adjoining land. But the unsatisfactory termination of this expedition led Parry again to turn his attention towards the regions beyond Lancaster Sound, where he

\* He had only two years' provisions on leaving England.

† The islands from Wellington Channel to Melville Island, which were at first called the North Georgian Group, have since been known as the Parry Islands.

had gained his greatest fame; and so strong was the confidence of Government in this distinguished officer, that he again received the command of the *Hecla* and *Fury*, which sailed on the 19th of May, 1824.

Disaster attended Parry's third voyage from the very outset. The immense quantity of ice blocking up Baffin's Bay, impeding the progress of the ships, and frequently placing them in the most perilous positions, delayed their entrance into Lancaster Sound until the 10th of September. The season was too far advanced to enable them to proceed much further west; the young ice formed rapidly around them, and it was with great difficulty that on the 27th they reached winter-quarters in Port Bowen, on the east coast of Prince Regent's Inlet.

The dreary winter was enlivened by an amusement quite novel in the history of the Parry Islands. Theatrical entertainments had been given in Winter Harbour, and 'The Rivals,' 'Miss in her Teens,' and 'The Mayor of Garratt,' had been acted on an Arctic stage in 1819-20; but it was left for Captain Hoppner, of the *Fury*, to propose, and the Arctic Expedition of 1824 to carry out, the first *bal masqué* ever heard of in these regions. It was during the dark and dreary days of an Arctic winter that these performances took place. Port Bowen re-echoed to the joyous laughter of the maskers. The gallant inventor of the amusement

kept up the disguise of a one-legged fiddler during a whole evening; and in after years, when his First Lieutenant\* commanded the Expedition of 1850-1, the memory of its success induced him to resort to the same pastime, as part of that recreation which is so necessary during the tedious winter months, to keep up the health and spirits of the men.

In the spring of 1825 several travelling parties were despatched in different directions. Captain Hoppner attempted to explore the interior, but the depth and frequency of the ravines rendered his progress slow; two other parties, of four men and an officer, likewise examined and surveyed part of the shore to the north and south of Port Bowen.

On the 20th of July the vessels got clear of their-winter quarters. The huge masses of ice drifted them rapidly down the inlet, and on the 2nd of August the *Fury* was forced on shore, and on the 21st, being again stranded, she had to be abandoned; the stores and provisions were left in a heap on the beach, and the crew was taken on board the *Hecla*, which arrived off Sheerness in October.

On the return of Captain Parry, the feasibility of reaching the North Pole attracted the attention of that indefatigable navigator; and in 1827 he was again given the command of the *Hecla*, to make this bold attempt. Sailing from the Nore

\* Captain Horatio Thomas Austin, R.N., C.B.

on April 4th, he anchored in Hecla Cove, Spitzbergen, June 22nd.

On June 24th Parry left the ships, with seventy-one days' provisions, in two boats, named the *Enterprise* and *Endeavour*, twenty feet long and seven broad, flat-floored, with a bamboo mast nineteen feet long, tarred duck-sails, steer-oar, fourteen paddles, a spreet, and boathook. Each boat, with stores complete, weighed 3753 lbs., or 268 lbs. per man (two officers and twelve men). There were also four sledges of 26 lbs. each. The allowance per man was 10 oz. of biscuit, 9 oz. of pemmican, 1 oz. of cocoa, 1 gill of rum, and 3 oz. of tobacco per week. The cooking apparatus consisted of an iron boiler over a shallow spirit-lamp with seven wicks, which, with one pint of spirits-of-wine, boiled twenty-eight pints of cocoa in an hour and a quarter.

Owing to their starting too late in the season, the ice was frequently found to be in a state of motion; they had to launch the boats, and then haul them again on to the ice; and sometimes, after travelling all day, they found that they had even lost latitude by the ice drifting south; so that, after enduring great fatigue, they only reached  $82^{\circ} 45'$  north, and on the 2nd of August returned to the Hecla, having travelled 569 miles during an absence of fifty-seven days\*.

\* Though this Expedition proved unsuccessful, I conceive the attempt to reach the Pole, provided that it is not surrounded

The next expedition through Lancaster Sound was a private one, under Captain Ross, who sailed in the *Victory*, of 180 tons, fitted with a small steam-engine and paddles. His object was to set at

by vast mountains of granite, to be by no means impossible.— If the theory of a polar basin be incorrect, and the regions around the Pole are imbedded in field-ice during the winter, as there is every reason to believe, from the quantity of ice Parry found drifting south, the plan would be to despatch a fully-equipped Arctic ship, and a strong little Norwegian prawl. The ship should winter in the Hecla Cove, and the smaller vessel press on during that season as far as possible, and winter in the Pack, say in  $83^{\circ}$  north, or  $84^{\circ}$ , or, if lucky,  $85^{\circ}$ . Early in the ensuing April the whole of the crew which composed her—say twenty men—should proceed in two parties to the north, having the Hecla to fall back upon, as their own vessel would probably have been destroyed or drifted out by the ice before their return. They should be each equipped for eighty days, with a sledge and boat. The distance to the Pole would be, from  $85^{\circ}$  north, only three hundred miles, or from  $84^{\circ}$  north, three hundred and sixty miles, which might be done at ten miles a day, in thirty or thirty-six days, thus reaching the North Pole long before the ice begins to break up, and returning by boat and sledge, according to the state of the ice, to the Hecla. This boat, I conceive, should be flat-floored, and supported by a strong sledge, with strong runners, and cross-pieces and bearer to fit the bottom of the boat, and made to take easily to pieces and stow away. The provisions would be stowed in a boat, which would easily hold eighty days; and the men would sleep on the ice in light tents, or in the boat, covered with tarpaulin and buffalo-skins. Thus, by wintering far to the northward, the travelling parties would have several hundred miles' start; and by leaving their vessel so early (I left Griffith Island on April 4th) they would be spared the annoyance of being drifted to the south, until they had reached the Pole, and on their return it would assist them. If, on the contrary, a Polar basin does exist, this plan would only be rendered more practicable and less laborious by using boat and sails.

rest the question of a North-west Passage south of Barrow's Strait. After a prosperous voyage he entered Prince Regent's Inlet, and having supplied himself with provisions from the stores abandoned by the *Fury* (the vessel herself had entirely disappeared), the *Victory* proceeded south, and discovered three hundred miles of new coast-line, which was called Felix-Boothia\*. Captain Ross secured his vessel in safe winter-quarters in September 1829. The excursions of his second in command†, assisted by the Esquimaux, enabled him to discover the North Magnetic Pole‡, in  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$  north, and  $95^{\circ} 46' 45''$  west, near Cape Nikolai, on the western shore of Boothia: the amount of the dip was  $89^{\circ} 59'$ , being within one minute of the vertical. As the vessel could not be extricated from the ice, she was abandoned in 1832, and Captain Ross led his men, with boats and provisions, to Fury Beach, where a fourth winter was passed, in a canvas house banked up with snow. In the following year the boats were launched, and after many days of hard pulling Captain Ross and his crew were picked up in Lancaster Sound by a whaler. The question of a North-west Passage in any direction south of Lan-

\* From Sir Felix Booth, an opulent distiller, who assisted the equipment of the expedition with £17,000, and on its return was made a baronet by William IV.

† Commander James C. Ross.

‡ The north and south magnetic poles are now supposed to be centres of magnetic intensity,—*moveable* points, revolving within the frigid zones.

caster Sound, has been for ever set at rest by this expedition and the recent discoveries of Dr. Rae in Repulse Bay.

The travelling parties of Franklin and Richardson, of Dease, Simpson, and Rae, on the shores of North America, are not sufficiently connected with my subject to be further noticed. There is a wide difference between the fir-clad banks of the Mackenzie or the Coppermine, and the naked rocks of the Parry Islands. Franklin and his brave companions, in the expedition of 1820, were enabled to live on *tripe de roche*\*, but in the Parry Islands sufficient could not be collected to satisfy one man for a single day. In Repulse Bay even, where no drift-wood is to be found, Dr. Rae used the club-moss (*Andromeda tetragona*) for fuel; but in the Parry Islands no such useful plant was met with between Melville Island and Cape Warrender.

It is evident therefore that even the shores of Arctic America are not to be compared in desolate wretchedness with those inhospitable regions which lie further north, and that the experience of the one cannot be applied to the other.

Between the return of Sir John Ross, in 1834, and 1845, little was done in the way of Arctic discovery. Whalers indeed are said occasionally to have gone up Barrow's Strait, and even the islands in Wellington Channel seen by the United States Expedition, and marked on the charts as Mr. Penny's

\* A species of lichen.



discoveries, were first observed by Mr. Parker, of the 'True Love' whaler; but it was not until the return of Sir John Franklin from the government of Van Diemen's Land, that the attention of Government was again turned toward the Arctic Regions.

At the instigation of Sir John Barrow, two bomb-vessels, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, lately returned from Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition, with small auxiliary steam-engines and screw-propellers, were fitted out under the command of Sir John Franklin, and sailed from England on May the 26th, 1845.

That gallant officer, who had already suffered so many fearful hardships in Arctic America, was then fifty-nine years old. The expedition consisted of twenty-three officers and one hundred and fifteen men,—in all, one hundred and thirty-eight souls. They arrived at the Whale-fish Islands, a group to the south of Disco, on the 4th of July, and on the 26th were seen moored to an iceberg in  $74^{\circ} 48'$  north latitude and  $66^{\circ} 13'$  west longitude, by Captain Dannet of the *Prince of Wales*\* (a Hull whaler). They have not been heard of since; and no traces, save the remains of winter-quarters of 1845-6, at Beechey Island, have been discovered.

Their long absence began, in 1847, to excite the apprehension of Government; and in June 1848

\* This whaler, with two others, the *Superior* of Peterhead, and *Lady Jane* of Newcastle, were lost in Baffin's Bay in 1849.

Sir James Ross, an officer who had accompanied almost every expedition, both Arctic and Antarctic, and has been further north and south than any man living, sailed in search of the missing expedition with two vessels, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*.

They reached Barrow's Strait in the end of August, and, owing to the state of the ice, were forced to winter in Leopold Harbour. During the following May and June\*, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M'Clintock explored the whole of the north and west coasts of North Somerset in two sledges, with crews of six men each, and returned to the ships on June 23rd, having been thirty-nine days absent. During these excursions they shot seven ducks, eight ptarmigan, one glaucous gull†, two silver gulls, one kittiwake, three doves, two boatswains, one red-throated diver, one snow bunting,—in all, twenty-six birds; they caught also a lemming, saw three bears, and wounded two of them. Other parties explored Cape Hurd, Cape York, and the east shore of North Somerset, as far as Fury Beach, where Sir John Ross's house and much of the Fury's provisions still remained. On the 28th of August the vessels got clear of Leopold Harbour, leaving a wooden house, twelve months' provisions, fuel, and a small steam-launch, on Whaler Point. From the 1st to the 25th of

\* Started May 15th, returned June 23rd,—thirty-nine days.

† Gulls arrive in May; early in June a flock of sandpipers and the first ducks were seen.

September the vessels were closely beset by the ice, and in the greatest danger of being crushed to pieces, but they eventually drifted into Baffin's Bay, and having at length extricated themselves, reached England in November.

Meanwhile the North Star (an old twenty-six-gun frigate of 500 tons) had sailed from England, with provisions for the Expedition of Sir James Ross, in the spring of 1849, but was forced to winter in Wolstenholme Sound on the west coast of Greenland, after having been sixty-two days in the ice.

Such is a brief account of the first unsuccessful attempts to relieve Sir John Franklin's ships.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CAPTAIN AUSTIN'S EXPEDITION.

ON receiving intelligence of the unsuccessful termination of Sir John Ross's expedition, the Government determined on sending out four more vessels, in the hope of rescuing, or at least of obtaining some information respecting the fate of, the missing vessels.

Captain Austin\* was selected, on the recommendation of Sir Edward Parry, to command the new Arctic expedition, consisting of four vessels, which were commissioned on February 28th, 1850. The *Resolute*, of 410 tons, was a bark built at Shields; the *Assistance*, commanded by Captain Ommanney,

\* Captain Austin was first lieutenant of the *Fury*, in her disastrous voyage to the Arctic Regions, 1824-5. He subsequently served in the *Chanticleer* (surveying vessel) in the Pacific Ocean, and has since commanded several steamers. He was at the attack and taking of Sidon in 1840. When appointed to command the Arctic expedition, he was Captain of the *Blenheim*, line-of-battle ship.

of 430 tons (to which the author was appointed), was built at Bombay by a son of Sir Robert Seppings, the famous naval architect, and had formerly been a trader in the China Sea; to each vessel was attached a screw steam-tender of sixty-horse power, the *Intrepid* and the *Pioneer*\*. With these ships the rescue of Sir John Franklin was to be attempted. The Government also deemed it expedient to employ two brigs under Mr. Penny, a whaling captain, to search Jones's Sound; these were fitted out at Aberdeen; nor would old Sir John Ross be left behind, but followed in a small schooner of his own.

Captain Austin's expedition had a supply of provisions for three years, and a transport was to complete it at the Whale-fish Islands. The complement of each bark was sixty men, and of the tenders thirty,—in all a hundred and eighty men. No vessels ever sailed from England with a greater prospect of success: all on board were enthusiastic in the extreme, and determined to exert their utmost energies and use all the means in their power to further the noble cause in which they were engaged; the vast tracts of country discovered and explored by Captain Austin's Expedition will remain for ever on the map of the world a proof of how that determination

\* These four vessels were bought by Government. Their names were changed on the occasion: the *Resolute* was formerly the *Ptarmigan*—the *Assistance*, the *Baboo*—the *Pioneer*, the *Ida*—and the *Intrepid*, the *Freetrader*. The *Resolute* was fitted out by contract by Green, and the *Assistance* by Wigram.

has been carried out. We sailed from England on the 3rd of May, passed Cape Wrath on the 15th, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived at the Whale-fish Islands, a group on the west coast of Greenland, south of Disco, by the 16th of June, where we were to receive the remainder of our supply of provisions from the transport\*.

\* The provisions of H.M.S. Assistance, on leaving England, were increased one-third at the Whale-fish Islands (except small stores, milk, chocolate, etc.), being three years' for sixty men, and two years' salt meat for thirty men, for the tenders, viz.—

Rum (40 over proof) 1455 gall.	Preserved soups . . . . .	7,060 lb.
Biscuit . . . . . 21,896 lb.	"    vegetables . . . . .	9,020 "
Salt beef . . . . . 13,984 "	"    potatoes . . . . .	4,928 "
Salt pork . . . . . 18,560 "	"    apples . . . . .	2,352 "
Flour . . . . . 56,200 "	Pepper . . . . .	200 "
Suet . . . . . 1,792 "	Mustard . . . . .	368 "
Currants . . . . . 350 "	Salt . . . . .	280 "
Peas . . . . . 77 bsh.	Dried yeast . . . . .	40 "
Chocolate . . . . . 4,148 lb.	Pemmican . . . . .	1,539 "
Tea . . . . . 1,148 "	Chocolate paste . . . . .	250 "
Sugar . . . . . 13,500 "	Preserved milk . . . . .	100 pts.
Oatmeal . . . . . 12 bsh.		
Vinegar . . . . . 41 gall.		
Tobacco . . . . . 3,467 lb.		
Soap . . . . . 2,365 "		
Lime-juice . . . . . 4,136 "		
Scotch barley . . . . . 1,280 "		
Rice . . . . . 300 "		
Pickles . . . . . 4,000 "		
Preserved meats 24,720 "		

STORES.

Coals . . . . .	72 ton.
Lignum vitæ . . . . .	3,000 lb.
Wood . . . . .	7 cords.
Candles . . . . .	3,000 lb.
Sperm oil . . . . .	400 gall.
Linseed . . . . .	100 "

All stowed in 519 casks, 434 cases, jars, bags, etc., and 7608 preserved meat-tins. The tanks held fifty-one tons,—twenty tons in provisions and thirty-one tons in water. The consumption of water was one-third of a ton per day.

The vessels were doubled and trebled at the bows, and in every way fitted to resist as much as possible the pressure of the ice. Crow's-nests were also provided, and a boom for the foot of the foresail as used by the whalers.

The Whale-fish Islands, eight in number, consist of large masses of gneiss, piled up in wild confusion and sometimes forming valleys, where moss, saxifrage and dwarf willow spring up, and small freshwater lakes are formed by the melting of the snow in summer. On the rocks, cracked in all directions by the frost, white and red lichens and the *tripe de roche*, a plant of a bitter taste but with some nutritious qualities, are occasionally found.

There are about eighty Esquimaux in the Whale-fish Islands, and a few half-castes governed by a Danish carpenter, who when the Erebus and Terror were there was consulted by Sir John Franklin on the state of the ice to the north. He resides in a wretched timber house on "Kron-Prins," the largest island,—yet a palace compared with the miserable Esquimaux habitations which surround him; here he collects the skins and oil, and delivers them over to the Danish vessel, which calls once a year.

The interior of the adjacent continent of Greenland is covered with an enormous glacier, which fills up the valleys and ravines, and reduces the whole extent of country, with the exception of a narrow strip of bleak and rugged rocks on the sea-coast, to one vast table-land, gloomy, cold, and uninhabitable.

The coast is composed of huge granitic rocks, piled up in the wildest confusion, and intersected by numerous fiords, or deep channels, which are to be

traced sometimes for a hundred miles into the interior, and generally terminate in glaciers; the latter forced on by the pressure of the upper ice-fields, fill the fiord, project far into the sea, and when undermined by the surge, break off in huge masses with a noise like thunder, and form those enormous icebergs which render the navigation of Baffin's Bay so perilous and frequently so disastrous.

The rocks are filled with cracks and fissures, in which garnets and quartz are found; but the vegetation is very scanty, being confined to sorrel, saxifrage, a dwarf ranunculus, some mosses and lichens, which serve as food for the reindeer, dwarf willow, and grass in the marshy ground.

The Esquimaux inhabit this dreary sea-coast from Cape Farewell to the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, and live entirely on the animals they kill by hunting. The Polar bears, which are very numerous and of enormous size,—sometimes eight or nine feet long, with thin snow-like hair, long necks and narrow heads,—are killed by the natives with the assistance of their dogs. In winter, instead of dens or caves, these animals make their homes under the snow, which, according to the Esquimaux, are constructed with pillars like stately buildings\*. The reindeer also are numerous in the southern parts of Greenland, where the natives spend much time in hunting them. White hares and foxes also are caught in stone traps, the remains

\* Hans Egede, p. 60.



of which are to be found wherever the Esquimaux have encamped, even on the shores of the remote Parry Islands. The dogs are of a wolfish appearance, with sharp erect ears, and tail curled on the back; eight or ten harnessed to a sledge, and dragging five or six of the largest seals, will make fifteen German miles in the day over rough ice.

Of birds, the ptarmigan, sand-pipers, phalaropes, ravens, owls, falcons, and snow-bunting, are found on land; while immense flocks of gulls, terns, and skuas breed on the small islands and in the clefts of the rocks; the eider, long-tailed and king ducks, brent geese, and every description of the Alcoæ and Colymbidæ are numerous.

The Greenland sea abounds in different sorts of animals. The whales have for many years attracted a large fleet of merchant vessels from England and elsewhere; and among the different species, the Narwhal or Sea Unicorn (*Monodon monoceros*) is the most remarkable. This animal, with its long horn projecting from the snout about fifteen feet, attracts great attention when first seen. The seals on the ice-fields and rocks of Greenland are of several kinds, and form the staple food of the Esquimaux. The sea-horse, with his two large tusks growing downward from his upper jaw about eighteen inches, is a most formidable animal. Fierce encounters sometimes take place between this animal and the white bear, when the latter is often killed.

The seals are speared by the Esquimaux, in their

light ka'aks or canoes, with great dexterity. To the spear is fastened a line of sealskin, six or seven fathoms long, at the end of which is a bladder to prevent the seal from diving after he is struck: it is pointed sometimes with bone, but near the Danish settlements, where iron can be procured, that metal is of course preferred. The canoe is sharp at both ends, and at most two feet broad, with a round hole in the centre, just large enough for a man to insert his body. In these the Esquimaux, with a double paddle, fly through the water with amazing celerity. Besides the ka'ak, they have a larger boat, the omenak, for their women, also made of sealskin.

The Esquimaux, though widely scattered among the rugged granite cliffs of Greenland, are far from numerous. Their appearance, with coal-black long coarse hair, broad shoulders, fetid odour, low foreheads, sunken eyes, flattened noses, stupid expression, and dwarfish stature, is very repulsive. Their dress consists of a sealskin frock with a hood, breeches, and boots; no apparent distinction being observed between the dress of the two sexes, except that the women tie their hair up in a knot, instead of letting it hang over their shoulders.

Their winter habitations are low huts built of stone, about a yard high and with a flat roof. The floor is four feet below the level of the ground, to preserve warmth, and the entrance is by a long narrow passage. Several families live together in

one of these miserable abodes. The fuel for their lamps consists of seal-oil, and dried moss supplies the place of cotton wicks, the smell of which when combined with raw seal's flesh, fish, and fat, is overpowering.

Sealskin tents, with the hairy side inwards, are their summer places of residence, and these are easily moved from place to place, as the inmates wander in search of subsistence.

The food of the Esquimaux consists almost entirely of seals' flesh and fish, which is usually eaten raw, but sometimes boiled or dried in the sun. Their habits are filthy in the extreme; water never touching their skin except by accident; while they do not hesitate to eat offal which would disgust a starving European.

Such are the Esquimaux of Greenland. The extreme cold, and the hardships to which they have been subjected for many generations, have had so baneful an effect upon their minds, that the wondrous works of nature in the regions they inhabit have not sufficed to soften down or imbue them with any higher feeling than the mere desire to satisfy their appetites. The bold granite cliffs of Greenland, the sense of solitude caused by the profound stillness, the towering icebergs, the sun at midnight, the wonderful mirages, the deep blue of the heavens, has apparently no more effect on them than upon the bear or fox. Indeed the latter betray far more intelligence than the lords of crea-

tion in this part of the world! With no method of improving the mind, and no words in their language to express abstract ideas, the stupid and insensate state of the Esquimaux's mind forms a striking contrast to the unobscured clear horizon and the calm beautiful scenery which surround him.

During the summer the Whale-fish Islands are frequented by innumerable flocks of the feathered tribe. The eider and long-tailed ducks, and divers, are numerous on the lagoons, and were shot in great numbers; the Alcidæ of all descriptions lodge in the clefts of the rocks, and myriads of gulls swarm upon the calm unruffled sea.

For eight days these islands echoed with the reports of our guns. Parties were abroad in all directions, and various devices were resorted to in order to entrap the unwary birds. The most amusing stratagem perhaps (one at least which met with the most applause) was that of two experienced old sportsmen, who floated down towards the birds in a small dingy, covered with a large white sheet, to give themselves the appearance of a lump of ice. On another occasion two officers (Markham and Hamilton) started on a shooting excursion, with a heavy four-oared gig. It was a beautifully calm evening, with a sublime view seaward, where the icebergs floated majestically, and the horizon was adorned with wonderfully fantastic mirages. After reaching the northernmost island,

which was hidden from the ships by the intervening rocks, and spending some hours, the one in shooting, the other in missing, various ducks and divers, they commenced pulling the boat toward the ships again. No sooner however had they got midway between two of the islands, than the bright blue sky became overcast, and the wind and sea rose rapidly. In vain they pulled the heavy boat with all their strength against the opposing waves; she was rapidly drifting out to sea. As a last hope an iceberg was caught hold of with the boathook; but the waves surged and foamed around it to such a degree that they were forced to cast off, and again toiled on at the oars, without however gaining any ground. The last point of the islands was not more than half a mile distant, but it seemed to recede as for hours they pulled the boat towards it—in-somuch that it was dubbed then and there Cape Flyaway.

There was now every prospect of being drifted out into Davis's Straits; but at length, with the desperate energy of reviving hope, and the wind at the same time abating, they reached the long wished-for point, and obtained a little rest; it was not however until noon the following day that they reached the Assistance.

The time was passed in these amusements until the Expedition was again ready for sea. On the 25th of June we proceeded northward, and passing Disco and the Danish settlement of Upernavik,

came for the first time in sight of the broad fields of ice abreast of the Vrow Islands, and made fast to an iceberg.

We were surrounded by bergs of all sizes, some grounded, others drifting. On the evening of the 26th I counted ninety-eight, of many different shapes,—some with pinnacles, others with domes, towers, hollow arches, etc., and in the still midnight huge pieces hourly broke off\* in all directions, with a loud and terrific crash; while every now and then the whole mass would fall over, making the sea boil around it †.

It was on the 1st of July that we first entered the ice, towed by the steamers through a narrow lane of water, bounded on one side by the broad fields of ice, and on the other by the perpendicular granite cliffs of Greenland. On the 2nd we made fast to an iceberg, with extensive floes of ice to the northward, and the Vrow Islands to the south and westward.

One of the Vrow Islands is faced on its south side by a perpendicular cliff of red granite, two thousand feet high, and covered with myriads of looms ‡. A crown of snow covered its upper edge,

\* This is called "Calving."

† The specific gravity of an iceberg requires that six-sevenths shall be under water; and consequently when, by the action of the water, it is much worn away, the whole mass loses its equilibrium and capsizes.

‡ Loom—the name given by the whalers to the thick-billed Guillemot,—*Uria Brunnichii*, 'Guillemot à gros bec' of Tem-

from which descended many clear rills, falling, unbroken by any projecting rock, into the sea. At the foot of this cliff three of our boats assembled, and killed 1080 of these birds, enfilading the ledges on which they sat, and bringing them down six and eight at a shot. When dressed by a skilful hand, such as the steward of our gun-room, they make the most delicious soup imaginable. Many dovekeys\*, several ducks, and a small seal, were also killed on that day.

The following day we proceeded through lanes of water to the north, accompanied by several whalers and Mr. Penny's brigs. The former however, finding Melville Bay so blocked up with ice that the season would be lost if they pushed onwards, turned their heads to the south. For some days afterwards we were entirely surrounded by ice, with not a speck of water to be seen. At length a lane of water opened, but the ice as suddenly closed, and we were forced to cut docks to escape being crushed to pieces.

Sometimes a narrow strip of ice would intervene between us and the sea to the north, when the steamers were made to charge full speed at minck. The beak is black; neck, back, and tail black; belly white; legs and toes black; length eighteen inches.

\* Dovekey—the whalers' name for the Black Guillemot, *Uria Grylle*, 'Guillemot à miroir blanc' of Temminck. Smaller than the former. The whole of the plumage is black, except a patch on the wing, which is white; legs red; length about fourteen inches.

the ice, while at the same time charges of powder\* were exploded, and thus a way was opened for the advancing squadron. When the ice partially gave way, the excitement was excessive, and every vessel pushed forward amidst the cracking of hawsers, singing, cheering, and confusion.

Thus were we impeded by the mighty ice, now tracking along the edge of the floes, or pressing into narrow lanes of water, sometimes stopped altogether and nipped by two fields of ice,—playing rounders, chasing bears, shooting thousands of rotches †,—with lovely weather, continual daylight, and strange fairy-like scenery. On August 14th we reached the open water off Cape York, in company

\* Holes were bored at different places in the ice, and charges of powder sunk beneath it,—from 2 to 5 lbs., according to the thickness of the ice. The ice was usually five feet thick; 2 lb. charges were exploded two feet and a-half beneath it, and the ice cracked all round for several yards; the pieces thus detached were easily removed. A 5 lb. charge was once exploded nine feet from the stern of the Assistance, and gave her such a violent shock as to make all the bells ring. Great caution is therefore necessary.

The blasting charges were contained in glass bottles, earthenware jars, or preserved meat tins. The cork or bung, through which the fuse is inserted, was rendered water-tight by luting, (a composition of beeswax and tallow,) and the fuse cut to twelve inches in length. The charge was made fast to a line, and lowered down to the required depth; the hole was then well tamped down with heavy ice. The fuse burned two feet in a minute.

† Rotche is the whaler's name for the Little Auk (*Mergulus melanoleucos*). It is rarely seen on land, except in the breeding season. They live on small molluscs and crustacea. Captain Parry shot one in 81° north, (the most northern bird ever seen.) They



with Mr. Penny's brigs, Sir J. Ross's schooner Felix, and a little vessel commanded by Captain Forsyth, R.N., destined for Regent's Inlet.

The clearness of the deep blue sky, and the wide expanse of dazzling ice, bounded by the lofty peaked mountains and glaciers of Greenland, rendered the scenery of Baffin's Bay beautiful in the extreme; but what adds more than anything to the picturesque and almost fairylike appearance of the prospect, are the extraordinary contortions of the land and icebergs caused by refraction.

Sometimes an iceberg is raised up into the shape of a lofty pillar, at another a whole chain of them will assume the appearance of an enormous bridge or aqueduct, and as quickly change into a succession of beautiful temples or cathedrals of dazzling whiteness, metamorphosed by the fantastic wand of nature. Ships too would in appearance rise up and stand on their heads, with the main trucks of the real and imaginary one touching. The grandeur of the scenery was rendered tenfold more beautiful and strange by these wonderful effects, and during the hard work of pressing through the ice, our weariness was relieved by beholding this magnificent panorama, constantly changing and

frequent channels of water separating fields of ice, in Baffin's Bay, in great numbers, and are excellent in soup. The plumage is black, except on the belly, where it is white; beak black; legs yellowish-brown; length eight inches and a-half; of the wing from the wrist four inches and a-half.

presenting new and more beautiful shapes, like the varying configurations of a kaleidoscope.

Our passage from the Vrow Islands to Cape York, through Melville Bay, took forty-five days; and such were the detentions caused by the ice, that off Cape Walker we were nineteen days making a single mile. The North Star was still more unlucky, being kept sixty-two days in Melville Bay!

Off Cape York we saw several men on the ice, and landing, found them to be the Arctic Highlanders of Sir John Ross. We took one, named Kalahierua, on board, and a story elicited from him about some ships in Wolstenholme Sound detained us to examine into its truth\*; while the Resolute proceeded to search Pond's Bay.

It was found that the North Star had wintered here, and the graves of four men, with the date of July 3rd, 1850, showed that she had been but recently liberated from her winter prison. But an appalling spectacle was discovered at a short distance. On the shores of Wolstenholme Sound were several huts, in one of which, huddled together in numbers, lay a heap of human beings. Covered with a sealskin, it was at first uncertain whether they were not our own countrymen; but on its removal, the long black hair, copper-coloured skin,

\* This was the origin of that fiction about two vessels invented by Adam Beck, Sir John Ross's interpreter, a Danish Esquimaux, who proved to be an outrageous scoundrel.

and high cheekbone, showed them to be the remains of some unfortunate Arctic Highlanders, victims of a recent epidemic.

It was resolved to retain Kalahierua on board, who was named Erasmus York; and we then proceeded westward, in tow of the Intrepid.

Crossing the northern part of Baffin's Bay, we saw the sun set at midnight for the first time since June, in a beautiful calm sea covered with large masses of floating ice which sparkled like diamonds under its rays. On the 18th of August we entered Lancaster Sound, and passed into an uninhabited region where we were destined to spend twelve months without communication with our fellow-men.

After passing Cape Warrender, Captain Ommanney and I landed at the entrance of a harbour never observed before. The ground was covered with mosses, dwarf willow, and saxifrage, growing in comparative abundance. Here also were the remains of several Esquimaux huts, long deserted and strewn with the bones of animals; and about two hundred yards further on I found twelve tombs built of limestone slabs, each containing the skeleton of a native; in one was a skull, with a violent fracture on the left parietal bone.

While we were ashore it came on to blow very hard; the Arctic terns\* screamed, whirling in circles round our heads, the waves covered with

\* The Arctic tern (*Sterna arctica*), 'Hirondelle de mer Arc-

large masses of ice surged and foamed among the rocks near the beach, which, added to the violence of the gale, gave us but faint hopes of regaining the ships that night. This newly-discovered harbour was called Port Dundas.

After encountering a heavy gale of wind, and being becalmed for several hours off Port Leopold, we reached Cape Riley, when a boat's crew was sent on shore to erect a cairn; and at this point the first traces of Sir John Franklin were found. Pieces of rope, preserved meat tins, and other remains were strewn upon the beach\*, while higher up the cliff was a cairn of stones, and a few charges of shot scattered about. All this created the greatest excitement, and conjecture was rife whence these remains had come; but at length the discovery of the name "Goldner" marked upon the meat-tins—the contractor who had supplied Sir John Franklin with provisions,—proved to a certainty that a party from the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been at Cape Riley.

A lead of water however opening up Wellington tique' of Temminck, has the bill coral red; forehead, crown, and nape black; wings pearl-grey; tail white; legs orange-red; breast grey. Length fifteen inches and a-half; wing eleven inches. They are almost always on the wing. It whirls in circles in the air, and suddenly darts down with great rapidity on its prey, small fish.

\* Here also was found a long staff, with a cross piece attached to it. On the cross piece were lashed four bits of iron hoop, bent like hooks. For what this could have been used no one has been able to conjecture.

Channel, we pressed forwards, leaving to Captain Austin, Sir J. Ross, the American Expedition, (so generously fitted out by Mr. Grinnell,) and Mr. Penny, the interesting task of searching the adjacent Beechey Island. Their respective vessels shortly afterwards arrived on the spot, and their joint discoveries were deeply interesting. On Cape Spencer Mr. Penny found a carefully paved floor of a tent, and bones of birds in large quantities; sledge tracks also were traced by the Americans one day's journey beyond Cape Innes, where a bottle was found. A large pile of tin canisters was also found on the north point of Beechey Island, and near it was a small oval space, enclosed by a neatly formed border of moss: further on was the foundation of a workshop. But by far the most interesting vestiges of the lost Expedition were three graves, with neatly carved oaken head-boards, and the following epitaphs:—

Sacred to the  
Memory of  
JOHN HARTNELL,  
A.B. of H.M.S.  
Erebus,  
Died Jan. 4, 1846,  
Aged 25 years.  
Haggai, c. i. v. 1.  
“Thus saith the  
Lord of Hosts, Con-  
sider your ways.”

Sacred to the  
Memory of  
W. BRAINE, R.M.,  
H.M.S. Erebus,  
Died April 3, 1846,  
Aged 32 years.  
“Choose you this  
day whom you will  
serve.”—Joshua, c.  
xxiv. v. 15.

Sacred to the  
Memory of  
JOHN TORRINGTON,  
who departed  
this life  
January 1st,  
A.D. 1846,  
On board of H.M.S.  
Terror,  
Aged 20 years.

Such were the winter-quarters of Sir John

Franklin in 1845-6. No record or document was found to denote in what direction he had gone; there stood the graves, and the recent vestiges of his crews having laboured on those very spots where the workshops and observatories were found; but they were gone, nor was there anything to tell the anxious searcher whither they had sailed. It was with feelings of mortification and regret that, in the beginning of September, the vessels left Beechey Island to continue the search.

Meanwhile the Assistance had been hemmed in by the ice in the centre of Wellington Channel, and was in such imminent danger of being crushed to pieces, that every preparation was made for deserting her. Each person on board was appointed to a particular boat\*; provisions were got on deck, and every two men were allowed one bag between them for spare clothes, attached to lines which were passed through the upper deck, ready to be pulled up at any moment. One day the vessel was raised six feet out of water by the pressure of the ice, and it became so probable that she would fall over on her broadside, that the men were employed with

\* The boats of the Assistance were—

1 Life boat	. 30 feet long,	nine feet broad,	(built by White, of Cowes.)
1 Whale boat,	25	„ „	(mahogany.)
1 Cutter	. 23	„ „	
4 Ice boats	. 25	„ „	(elm, six oars, single bank.)
1 Dingey	. 12	„ „	
1 Punt	. . 7	„ „	

shovels and pickaxes in smoothing a place on the ice for her to lie upon.

Several bears were seen during this time prowling about in search of seals. On one occasion I saw a bear swimming across a lane of water, and pushing a large piece of ice before him. Landing on the floe, he advanced stealthily toward a couple of seals, which were basking in the sun at some little distance, still holding the ice in front to hide his black muzzle; but this most sagacious of bears was for once outwitted, for the seals dived into a pool of water before he could get within reach. On another occasion a female Bruin having been shot from the deck of the *Intrepid*, her affectionate cub (an animal about the size of a large Newfoundland dog) remained resolutely by the side of its mother, and on the approach of the commander of the *Intrepid* with part of his crew, a sort of tournament ensued, in which the youthful bear, although belaboured most savagely, showed a gallant resistance, and at length rushing between the legs of the Corporal of Marines laid him prostrate on the ice, floored another man who had seized hold of his tail, and effected his escape.

At length we were enabled to get clear of the ice in Wellington Channel, and passing Cape Hotham were again hemmed in by our remorseless enemy. On September 6th, at 9 A.M., a large floe came down upon us with great violence, and pressing the vessel against the land ice, lifted her several feet

out of the water, and threatened almost instant destruction. Every one on board rushed on deck at the first shock, with the exception of the carpenter, a brave and useful man, who coolly sounded the well to ascertain the depth of water in the hold. For some hours the ship was in great danger of being driven on shore; the ice continued to grind and pile up around her, while all the ice anchors were laid out, one of which was wrenched in two by the tremendous strain, and thrown high up into the air. The wind however providentially changed, the ice slacked, and we were safe. The land we had now entered upon was entirely new. Parry indeed had sighted it, but no human being was ever before known to have landed on any part of the coast between Cape Riley and Byam Martin Island. There was therefore all the novelty of a new discovery, as we coasted along the southern shores of Cornwallis Island, and came upon a fine bay, which was named Assistance Harbour.

Proceeding to the westward, our progress was stopped by a solid barrier of ice, reaching from Griffith Island to Cape Walker; and here we were joined by the Resolute, Pioneer, the American Expedition\*, and Mr. Penny's brigs. The season for

\* Advance, Lieutenant Dehaven; Rescue, Lieutenant Griffith. The American vessels, at the approach of the winter, attempted to return home. On the 13th of September they advanced as far as Cape Hotham, but were beset at the entrance of Wellington Channel soon afterwards. On the 18th they were drifted



work however was nearly at an end ; the cold was becoming intense, and it was soon found necessary to seek for safe winter-quarters. Mr. Penny succeeded in reaching Assistance Harbour, where he wintered with Sir John Ross ; and our squadron was secured to a field of ice between Cornwallis and Griffith Islands.

Thus concluded the working season of 1850. We were now destined to pass the winter further west than any vessel since 1819, and there to prepare for those great efforts for the discovery of Sir John Franklin which were developed during the following spring.

up the Channel, north of Cape Bowden. They drifted slowly to the N.N.W. until the 22nd, when they observed a small island separated from Cornwallis by a channel about three miles wide (Murdagh Isle). To a channel leading north-west was given the name of Maury Channel. The island (called by Penny, Baillie Hamilton) to the N.N.W. was named Grinell Land. On October 20th the vessels were housed over and prepared for winter. During October and November they were drifted about in Wellington Channel. On December 1st they were off Gascoigne Inlet in Barrow's Strait. They continued to drift about six miles a day, and on New-Year's day, 1851, were off Cape Osborn. Dark sky, intimating open water, was observed to the northward in Baffin's Bay. On January 29th the sun appeared. The scurvy now began to be very prevalent. On the 20th of May they were off Cape Walsingham, and on the 27th they passed south of the Arctic circle. On June 6th the floe in which they were imbedded broke up, and they got into open water ; and in September, after remaining for some time on the coast of Greenland, they returned to New York.

## CHAPTER V.

## ARCTIC WINTER QUARTERS.

THE vicelike grasp of the encroaching ice soon fixed the vessels, and we were surrounded by all the accompaniments of an Arctic winter.

The sea entirely disappeared; nothing but one vast icy plain could be discerned from the highest hills of Griffith Isle; every animal, save the bears and foxes, had migrated to the southward; a death-like stillness, broken only by our voices, pervaded all nature; and the cracking of the ice on the beach at flood-tide, and the extreme cold of the clear piercing air, established the reign of Zero\*, heralding to us the advent of a severe Arctic Winter†.

Before the season for hibernation had regularly

\* In the Arctic Expedition, the thermometer being usually below Zero, that word was personified, and looked upon much in the same light as "Jack Frost" is, in an English winter.

† The Expedition was frozen in, in lat. 74° 34' north, and long. 95° 20' west, in a strait between Griffith and Cornwallis Isle. The Assistance was one mile from the former, which is a

set in, however, three parties were despatched to lay out depôts for the spring travellers. One pursued its course eastward, and communicated with Sir John Ross and Mr. Penny in Assistance Bay; while the other two went in a westerly direction, encamping the first night under a point, since called Cape Sheringham. No sooner however had they lain down to rest, than the tide rose, cracked the ice over which their tents were pitched, and drenched the unfortunate inmates with half-frozen water. A wild scene of confusion ensued, and the whole party, disturbed from their refreshing slumbers, fled up the beach by the light of the moon.

These two travelling parties, after experiencing very severe weather, and leaving depôts on Somerville Island and Cape Ross, returned to the ships by October 10th. They were the first attempts that had ever been made at travelling in autumn; for until Lieutenant M'Clintock established a depôt for provisions at a distance of at least thirty-five miles from the ships, in a month when the mean temperature was  $-3^{\circ}$ , no Arctic voyager had ventured to dare the rigours of this season.

During the latter part of autumn the tints in the sky are so magnificent, that it would be difficult to draw any comparison with those which we are accustomed to see in other parts of the world.

barren heap of rocks, about fourteen miles long and seven broad, and eight from Cornwallis Land, which is a much more extensive region.

It seems as if the sun displays his most glorious brilliancy in these regions, where his rays brighten the gloomy prospect only for a time, compensating by the increased grandeur of his presence for the long night which is to follow. On one side brilliant shades of violet, green, and purple shone forth; while on the other, lake, crimson, orange, and yellow gave a character of more gorgeous splendour to the eastern sky.

The Aurora Borealis began also to dart its ever-changing rays across the heavens. On the 1st of December a very complete arch, passing through the zenith, divided the celestial concave into two equal parts, of a whitish colour tinged with red; the stars were seen through it with great brilliancy, assuming for the time the same colour as the Aurora. On the 5th also some very bright coruscations were seen to dart their rays towards the zenith. Whenever this phenomenon appeared unusually intense in any particular quarter, a strong breeze generally succeeded from the same direction.

The parhelia, or false suns, were also very beautiful. The four false suns are on a brilliant halo which surrounds the real sun, the upper false sun being sometimes bisected by an inverted halo. The parhelia were connected by streaks of light tinted with all the colours of the rainbow, with rich golden rays shooting up from the sun toward the zenith, and down toward the horizon.

Paraselenæ, or false moons, were also seen during the winter, consisting of a white halo with false moons at the extremities of the horizontal diameter, sometimes tinged with prismatic hues. Such is the splendour of the celestial phenomena, that the pleasure of beholding them is alone worth a voyage to the Arctic Regions; and not only were we enraptured by the beauty of the tints of the sky, the Aurora, the parhelia, and the paraselenæ, but more brilliant meteors still sometimes excited our admiration. On December 2nd one of these phenomena shot through an arc of about  $25^{\circ}$  with great velocity, and on bursting, a globe of intensely bright pale green detached itself from a scarlet nucleus.

On November the 4th the sun for the last time peeped above the horizon, and then totally disappeared for ninety-five days; but a brilliant twilight continued to light up our noons for many days afterwards, and even in the depth of winter a dim light was visible towards the south, at twelve o'clock, making the surrounding darkness still more palpable. During the month of November it was sufficiently light to enable us to extend our walks to the beach of Griffith Island, to scale its rugged limestone cliffs, and ascend its snow-filled ravines.

One of the latter, almost opposite the ships, was remarkable for its grandeur. Filled with snow to a depth of seventy or eighty feet, its sides rose per-

pendicularly more than four hundred feet, split in all directions by the action of the frost, the fissures being filled with transparent ice of the most perfect azure, while above these rose walls of frozen snow covered with icicles, dazzlingly white. At certain intervals the snow seemed to have poured down the ravine from the overhanging cliffs, and there remained, a hard, firm, inclined plane at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ . I remember on one occasion an officer's slipping from the cliff, and sliding down this frozen road with fearful rapidity, until at length he reached the bottom of the ravine; but before he could regain his feet, the snowy bed opened, and he disappeared, thus finding in "the lowest depth a lower deep." It was ascertained that during the summer a torrent had hollowed out a course in the bottom of the ravine, arched over by the snow; his weight had broken the frozen roof, and he was precipitated unhurt into the bed of the now frozen torrent.

The view from the cliffs of Griffith Island presented a scene of gloomy stiffness. All nature appeared to have lost its usual rounded form, and to show itself divested of all that makes it fitted for man's dwelling-place, its wooded heights, grassy plains, wide expanse of waters,—in a harsh and naked angularity. The very piles of ice upon the beach, with their sharp peaks and jagged excrescences, looked like the skeletons of the rounded surf, that in more favoured climes would have sup-

plied their place. The ships had all the appearance of frozen pillars, their yards hung with long icy stalactites; and the broad ice-field, bounded in one direction by the horizon, and in the other by the bleak hills of Cornwallis Land, fantastically refracted, gave an unearthly effect to the scenery.

But the cold and darkness soon restricted our walks to the vicinity of the ships, where every preparation was made for winter. In the bottom of the hold a stove was fitted, from which hot-air pipes were led round the ship; and these, together with the galley fire and stoves in the gun-room and captain's cabin, enabled us to keep the lower deck at a very comfortable temperature during the whole winter. The upper deck was covered with hard snow for a depth of two feet, and was roofed over with a housing of wagon cloth. The sides were also surrounded by a wall of snow, and a broad promenade was smoothed round the ship. The snow was now so hard that it served the purposes of sculpture admirably: posts were erected at intervals between the ships, and splendid statues, white as Pentelical marble, of a bear, Britannia, etc., were carved by artists who, from the knowledge displayed of anatomy and graceful proportion, would have earned immortal fame had their creations been of a less perishable material.

The Arctic habiliments adopted were very extraordinary, and sometimes no less ludicrous. The usual dress was a fur coat and gauntlets, cloth

cap lined with fur, with long additions to cover the ears and back of the neck, and grey cloth boots coming half-way up the legs, with thick cork soles. High fur helmets, fur caps, beaver-skin helmets, comforters of all colours and dimensions, and even masks to preserve the nose from the piercing winds, were not uncommon; but notwithstanding all these defences against the severity of the weather, the extreme cold rendered walking very painful, when there was the least breath of wind; and frost-bites on the cheeks, nose, ears, and fingers were frequent. The temperature during the winter months was as follows:—

	Min.	Max.	Mean.
October.....	—14°	+17°	—3°
November.....	—30	+14	—7
December.....	—39	—4	—22
January.....	—47	—11	—32
February.....	—48	—13	—33
March.....			
April.....	—30	+30	—7

With these low temperatures, spirits, and below —39 mercury, are frozen; and, strange as it may appear, this volatile metal, during one of Captain Parry's voyages, was actually moulded into bullets, which were rammed down the barrel of a gun and fired at a mark.

When the cold was accompanied by gales of wind, which are not uncommon in these regions, it was impossible to stir outside the ship, and great volumes of drifting snow were borne aloft and



whirled along the ice, creating vast mountains around the ships, and sometimes entirely burying the smaller steamers. A curious effect is occasionally produced on the snow by these gales, which we noticed: it has been thus described by Baron Wrangel:—"He was guided in his journey by the wave-like stripes of snow (*sastrugi*) which are formed on the level ice of the sea by any wind of long continuance. The ridges always indicate the quarter from which the prevailing winds blow. The inhabitants of the Tundras of Siberia travel to a settlement several hundred wersts off, with no other guide through these unvaried wastes than the *sastrugi*. They know by experience at what angle they must cross the greater and lesser waves of snow in order to arrive at their destination, and they never fail. It often happens that the true, permanent *sastruga* has been obliterated by another, produced by temporary winds; but the traveller is not deceived thereby; his practised eye detects the change, he carefully removes the recently drifted snow, and corrects his course by the lower *sastruga* and by the angle formed by the two\*."

But even amidst these gales and snowdrifts, and the piercing cold of an Arctic winter, all modes of search for our missing countrymen were not abandoned. Small gold-beater's skin balloons were inflated, and sent off with hundreds of slips of paper containing information of our position, attached to

\* Wrangel's Siberia and Polar Seas, chap. vii., p. 141.

a small match, with the hope that some might drop near the Erebus and Terror. For the same purpose foxes were caught in traps, and liberated, after attaching to their necks a cylindrical tin case containing a document with the same information, in hopes of their falling in with some of our missing countrymen and being captured by them.

Left in a state of inactivity, to pass the time as we best could, during the gloomy hours of a long continuous night, many amusements were proposed. Guy Fawkes was burnt on the 5th of November, with a display of rockets and blue-lights; a saloon was opened on board the Intrepid, for singing, feats of strength, and other diversions, and two newspapers were published monthly, with the titles of the "*Aurora Borealis*" and the "*Illustrated Arctic News*\*." A theatre was erected on board the Assistance, on a scale of magnificence which, considering the small means at the disposal of the Expedition, was truly marvellous. In spite of all the difficulties the manager had to encounter, the brilliant and artistic scenery of the "Royal Arctic Theatre" was displayed, to the admiration and delight of the whole Expedition, for the first time on the 9th of November. The stage was erected on the upper deck, and the front was made of painted canvas. Doric columns with vases of fruit and

\* They have both since been published in England; the former by Colburn, under the title of "Arctic Miscellanies," and the latter by Ackermann and Co.

flowers were painted on each side of the curtain, and two snow statues of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, were placed on either side of the orchestra. The first two nights were confined to farces and songs; but on the 9th of January the famous extravaganza of "Bombastes Furioso" was brought on the boards with great applause; and on February 28th, the last night of the season, the historical drama of "Charles the Twelfth," and a *pantomime* written expressly for the occasion, were brought forward, which produced the greatest mirth and amusement. The pantomime was entitled "Zero, or Harlequin Light;" turning all the dangers and inconveniences to which we were exposed in those inhospitable climes, into evil spirits that were leagued against us. It supposes them continually watching every opportunity to surprise an unfortunate travelling party, till at length their power is destroyed by the appearance of the more puissant good spirits Sun and Daylight. Then the metamorphose takes place. The good spirit Daylight turns into Harlequin; Columbine jumps through an oil-skin sun, which had risen behind the back scene; and frosty old Zero, who has all along been the leader of the evil spirits, is turned into first Clown; a bear, which had been for some time prowling about, was then fired at, and out tumbled Pantaloon and second Clown. Then commenced the pantomime of fun and frolic, which

kept the whole party in a roar of laughter from beginning to end.

On board the *Resolute*, Captain Austin was not unmindful of the experience of a previous voyage, and in the form of a masked ball put into execution a device which he had learned under the able tuition of Captain Hoppner, when first lieutenant of the *Fury*. A *bal masqué* was accordingly announced on board the *Resolute*. Captain Ommanney arrived in a splendid sedan-chair, mounted on a sledge, drawn by eight men and attended by a goodly company, as Mayor of Griffith Island. Captain Austin was alternately a "chair-mender," a Carmelite, and a blacking-bottle. The lower deck of the *Resolute* was crowded with Arabs and Highlanders, old farmers and knights-errant, Jews and jockeys, old women and youthful damsels. The band played lustily until midnight; and the delights of that jovial evening were varied by punch and polkas, whisky and waltzes, cake and quadrilles. It was not until an early hour that the revellers returned to their respective ships, but not without creating considerable amusement to the more sober and steady of the party: the High Priest of Japan, tumbling against a snowy post, measured his length on the frozen sea; Bumble the Beadle was lost in a snowdrift; and the Moorish Chief positively refused to go home until daylight should appear,—a determination which, if perse-

vered in, would in all probability have necessitated his staying out some weeks, if not months.

Such were the sort of amusements which were considered absolutely necessary, and a part of every individual's duty to promote, to drive away the *ennui* that might otherwise have seriously injured both the bodily and mental health of the Expedition. Schools were also established on board each ship, in which the seamen learned reading, writing, arithmetic, trigonometry, and navigation; and the First Lieutenant of the Resolute interested his ship's company by giving lectures on former Arctic voyages. On the 26th of February, when the sun, which had been absent for ninety-six days, again appeared, a party went over to Assistance Bay, and returned with some of Mr. Penny's officers, who were present at our last theatrical exhibition. They had attempted a higher flight, and, without the means which we possessed, had produced one of Sheridan's five-act comedies. All the crews were in good health, and old Sir John Ross sent over two articles for insertion in our newspaper.

But the time of our remaining in winter-quarters was at length drawing to a close. As the month of April approached, preparations were made for the equipment of the travelling parties. The histories of all previous voyages were carefully examined; the greatest attention was paid to the weight of each article to be placed on the sledges; the routes,

time of absence, and depôts for each party, were all arranged with that minute attention to details so absolutely necessary in Arctic travelling; and the officer of every party had to lead his men a daily walk during the month of March, in order to train them to fatigue after the long confinement and inaction of the winter.

Thus carefully were those comprehensive plans conceived and arranged, which in their execution have met with such signal success. In the search for Sir John Franklin and our missing countrymen, Captain Austin's Expedition may justly lay claim to having explored and discovered vast tracts of land hitherto unknown, and done all within the power of man to effect—even to the loss of limb and life—in furtherance of the great and humane cause in which it was embarked.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ARCTIC TRAVELLING.

THE preparations for an overland search after our missing countrymen were carried on with unceasing energy during the whole of the month of March. Long walks, by way of training, were insisted upon, and as each travelling party had a flag, name, and motto, scattered bodies of men might have been seen, clothed in white duck over their warmer clothing to keep off the drift, and with banners displayed, winding their way up the frowning ravines, crossing the bleak and snow-clad hills, or advancing along the beach of Griffith Isle. Here was the Maltese cross, and the arm transfixing a bleeding heart; there the severed tree; in another direction, the Cornish arms; and again, the red cross of St. George, with many others, waving in the breeze; while those who marched under these several colours exercised their powers of endurance previous to starting on their sacred mission.

It was determined that the travelling parties should leave the ships in the middle of April, but a much earlier party was to be despatched to examine the depôts of provisions laid out in the autumn, and I was appointed to it, in company with another officer and seven men. The provisions were stowed on a sledge, together with a tent for sleeping in, and other necessaries\*.

The parties left the ships on the 4th of April, more than a month earlier than any travelling party from any of the former expeditions, and when the thermometer was almost constantly below zero. After dragging the sledge over much uneven ice, we arrived at the north-west point of Griffith Island, and pitched our tent for the night. The allowance of provisions for each person per day was as follows:—biscuit, 1 lb.; boiled pork, 6 oz.; pemmican, 1 lb.; rum, 1 gill; lemon-juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz.; chocolate,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.; tea,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz.; sugar for chocolate,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz.; sugar for tea,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

The shivering inmates of the tent received their

\* The sledges were made of American elm, and cross bars of cowdy-wood. The cross bars were lashed on with strips of hide, whilst warm and wet, so that cold would shrink them and keep all tight. The width of each bearer being  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches gave sufficient support by the lashings only, without any stays. If lashed in the cold, the runners would give out at the bottom. The dimensions of the tent were about six feet in perpendicular height, six feet in breadth, and eight feet six inches long; the breadth however was greatly reduced on the ice by the bagging of the sides, so that it was really not more than five feet or five feet two inches. The sides of the tent were about eight feet four inches.



allowance of a pound of pemmican, boiled in a cooking apparatus by means of a tallow fire, and a gill of rum. After this repast they took off their boots, wrapped their benumbed feet in blanket mocassins, and shook themselves (full dressed with the exception of external shirt and boots) into bags made of blanket, about seven feet long, and thus protected against the cold, disposed themselves to sleep. Thus passed the first night on the frozen sea, and on the following morning the real miseries of Arctic travelling commenced. After drinking a hot pannikin of chocolate, the frightful agony of forcing the feet into boots frozen hard as iron was to be undergone, while the breath, which had condensed on the roof of the tent, fell in thick showers over its half-frozen inmates\*. These were some of the miseries which we endured on first rising from bed; but at length, everything being packed up and the men harnessed to the sledge, we were again on foot, bending our steps towards Somerville Island, where, it will be remembered, a depôt had been placed during the previous autumn. On our arrival we found that the tin cases in which the provisions had been packed were torn to ribands, and their contents devoured by the bears, whose wonderful strength had even crushed the solid tin packets of frozen pemmican. Two of these animals approached us on the following day,

\* This nuisance might, I think, be obviated by having ventilating holes at certain intervals in the upper part of the tent.

and, after a long chase, the female was killed and converted into fuel.

Our luncheon consisted of a piece of pork fat, frozen so hard that it broke like biscuit, and half a gill of rum, to drink which out of a tin pannikin required considerable caution and experience, to prevent the cold metal from taking the skin off the imbibers' lips. How applicable are the lines of Hudibras in these regions!—

“Ah me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron.”

Luncheon indeed was but a sorry meal: we merely stopped in the middle of the march for one quarter of an hour, to eat our pork fat and to drink our allotted dram of spirits,—a proceeding which was usually accomplished while running up and down on the ice, to keep up the circulation and escape being frost-bitten. The glare of the snow during the march frequently caused *snow-blindness*, a species of ophthalmia of a most painful kind.

On the 11th of April, Mr. M'Dougall having made his report, we again started, at 8 A.M., to examine and replenish the autumn depôt on Cornwallis Island, and explore Brown Island and the coast to the westward of the depôt. We were dragged for some miles by the other travelling parties, who gave us three cheers on parting, and at 3.30 P.M. we arrived on the south-west point of

Cornwallis Island, which we named Cape Endeavour, after our sledge, and an island in the bay beyond we called Marryatt Island.

The next day, (according to my journal, from which I am now giving some literal extracts,) we started across the bay towards the next point, partook of luncheon a little south-by-west of Marryatt Island, and got a lat.  $74^{\circ} 45'$  north. At half-past four we reached a long low point, which we named Point Frazer, the bay being about ten miles across, and deep, surrounded by hills. We had a beautiful view of the bay beyond, in which is an extensive and deep inlet, also noticed by Mr. M'Clintock in the autumn.

*April 13, Sunday.*—Blowing fresh. I walked over Frazer Point, where there is a ledge of rocks very full of quartz. 10 A.M. Started with a fair wind (sail of much use), and at 6 P.M. came to on the floe, nearly opposite the deep inlet.

During the whole of the next day it was blowing so strong a gale of wind, with the thermometer at +2, that we were confined entirely to the tent. My solace, under these circumstances, was a volume of Hudibras. Passed a good night.

*April 15.*—Very foggy, and snowing hard. At 1.15 P.M. arrived on an autumn depôt point, which was entirely covered with snow. Found three cases of pemmican, twelve cases of chocolate, and two potato-cases, torn to pieces by the bears and quite empty, the same as at Somerville Island.

Employed ourselves for some time in digging a hole, to contain the renewed depôt, which we completely finished by 6.30 P.M. I took a walk over the hills, but there was too much mist for me to get any view of the surrounding country. Supper, and turned in.

*April 16.*—Thick misty day. Found, to our utter discomfiture, that the spirit-lamp was left behind at our last resting-place, and were employed during the whole of the forenoon in making one from a *bouilli* tin. This was absolutely necessary, as spirits-of-wine or the fat of bears, when we could kill them, was our only fuel either for procuring warmth or cooking. I took a walk along the beach, and found a long shallow lagoon between the first and second ridges of limestone shingle. This is the most desolate-looking part of Cornwallis Island that I have yet seen: covered with snow, with hardly a rock or large stone to relieve the eye, the broad plain stretches away and bounds the view on the tops of the hills; while, round the beach, the thick clouds hanging heavily over the floe, or ever and anon sweeping fitfully along the great hummocks of ice that are piled upon the shore, present a scene of unequalled wretchedness and desolation. A concert took place before supper. 7 P.M. On looking out of the tent, the only thing visible was a staff with my pocket-handkerchief flying from it, the mist obscuring everything else. Singing till midnight.

*April 17.*—Started at 8.30; skirting along the low land to the northward. The fog suddenly cleared off, and we discovered land stretching round us, and forming a deep bay. At 1.30 P.M. landed on a low shingly beach. I picked up a fossil bivalve and some corallines. Land very low, with hills inland. 3 P.M. Reached the end of the bay, and landed on the same kind of beach, the bay being about six miles deep. 5 P.M. Reached a long point, which we supposed to be part of Bathurst Island, and encamped there. Walked over the top of the point, where I found much moss and hare-dung. The tent was delightfully comfortable, owing, no doubt, to its crowded state, two of our company being obliged to lie upon the rest, and thus producing considerable warmth; my berth was always against the canvas at the furthest end from the door.

*April 18.*—Blowing fresh with much drift: we were consequently confined to the tent, which is pitched on the beach just inside a pile of hummocks of ice; from the door the hill gradually rises to a height of about one hundred feet, where the table-land on the point commences, being about a mile and a half long and half a mile broad. This evening we began to use the spirits-of-wine, and it took two gills and a half to boil a kettle for soup, and half a gill for water for grog—a process which, it must always be remembered, was performed in the same kettle.

*April 19.*—We remained at this point to obtain a latitude, so I took the opportunity of wandering over the table-land till noon. But the sun being obscured, we started for the next autumn depôt point after luncheon, and, having seen a snow-bunting on the way, arrived there at 5.30 P.M., when we found that the north-west division had left it on the night of the 18th, all well. Pitched the tent and had supper.

*April 20.*—Made our tea for breakfast by burning moss, and used no spirits-of-wine. At 9 A.M. started for Brown Island; very misty. After luncheon I went ahead, and landed on the north-east point of Brown Island, and walked all over it, returning to the tent, which was pitched on the north-east point. The south-west part of the island consists of perpendicular limestone cliffs, rising to a height of about 450 feet; the top forms a valley, where the inner faces of the cliff slope gradually inland, producing various hollows, in which are small lagoons and some moss. The north-east part of the island is formed by the *débris* which has been washed down from the high land, and consists of limestone shingle, sloping very gradually in terraces, and ending in a long low point, on which we were encamped. It came on to blow a heavy gale of wind. A very cold night. Thermometer —3.

*April 21.*—Remained here during the day, to obtain a latitude, which we found to be  $71^{\circ} 49' 10''$

north. In the afternoon M'Dougall got a round of angles. 6 P.M. Supper, and turned in.

*April 22.*—A bitterly cold morning, thermometer at 8 A.M.  $-17$ . Started at 9.30 for the ships, over a good floe for travelling. At 12, Capes Martyr and Endeavour appeared before us in a line; land opening gradually. A very cold wind blowing, with thermometer  $-20$ ; most trying to the ears, nose, and fingers. At 6 P.M. pitched tent on the floe for the night. Supper, and turned in. Though the thermometer showed fifty-two degrees of frost, we did not suffer so much from the cold as on the previous night.

*April 23.*—Started for the ships; during the early part of the forenoon the floe was very hummocky. At 10, came in sight of the ships. Had luncheon off the north-west point of Griffith Island, and, with a fair wind, the sledge arrived alongside the Resolute by 1.30 P.M.

We had been altogether nineteen days travelling; and though the thermometer was at one time as low as  $-30$ , blowing fresh, yet neither I nor any one else of the party suffered in any great degree from frostbites; and after a hard day's work we enjoyed no small comfort in our blanket bags, two of which were allowed to us, as we had but one wolf-skin. All the men wore carpet boots, with blanket wrappers and stockings (their feet being examined every night by one of the officers), instead of the canvas boots worn by the

other parties, which accounts for their not being frost-bitten, as the canvas boots are tight across the toes, and will not admit of free circulation. For several days we were confined to the tent by the violence of the gales, but during the nineteen days we had travelled 140 miles. This journey may be taken as a type of those which followed during the remainder of the season. Meanwhile the other parties, which were destined for more extensive search, and to be absent a much longer period, had assembled in two great divisions, under the respective commands of Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant M'Clintock, previous to leaving the ships under the north-west bluffs of Griffith Island. Here they were closely examined, to see that they were provided with everything that could contribute to the success of the great undertaking they had in hand; and, with a view to encourage them in their arduous task, and to instil into the men the spirit and enthusiasm which such a course demanded, and the privations they would be exposed to would inevitably call for, Captain Austin, who was to remain with the ships, addressed them in a short but emphatic speech on the 15th of April. "As the one entrusted with the Expedition," he said, "it has been a cause of sincere satisfaction to me to behold the unanimity and good feeling towards each other that has existed throughout our little community from the day we embarked under one head, and for one cause; and



I may add, that from the time these extensive operations, entailing labour and privation, have been made known, the high spirit and real earnestness with which all have entered into the preparation has afforded me the highest gratification, and enables me to look forward with much confidence to the future. In conclusion, I beg to assure all present that, although I shall not be personally sharing the toil with them, yet my anxious, warmest wishes and earnest prayers will be in constant action for their protection and guidance until their return."

It was a cold murky day, that 15th of April, with the wind drifting the snow in fitful gusts around the hummocks of ice that were piled upon the beach. The divisions separated at once, Captain Ommanney's proceeding toward Cape Walker, and Lieutenant M'Clintock's westward in the direction of Melville Island.

We will, in the first place, follow Captain Ommanney. On the very first day the strength of the wind, and the weight of the sledges, together with the uneven hard ridges of snow, rendered the work of dragging very laborious. During the night the travellers heard the ice crack and groan under their tents. As they approached Cape Walker the scene around was one of peculiar solitude and gloom, —nothing but a snowy desert, without a speck for the eye to rest on. "Human life seemed obtrusive and unwelcome in such a scene of desolation."

On the 21st the party arrived at Cape Walker, an abrupt and lofty headland; but a line of ice hummocks intervened between the sledges and the beach, which was not to be crossed except by unloading and double-manning them. Here a furious gale of wind confined every one to the tents; the gusts off the high land moaned and rattled round the canvas houses almost incessantly, and even blew through them, creating frostbites on the noses and fingers of the men while asleep in their blanket bags.

At this point Lieutenant Brown proceeded south, and discovered a considerable tract of previously unknown coast, and returned to the ships, having been absent forty-five days.

Captain Ommanney and the other parties advanced to the south-west along a low unknown coast of limestone formation, until, on the 30th, they reached a deep inlet, which was discovered by Lieutenant Mecham to form a strait, dividing the large island of Russell—one hundred miles in circumference—from Prince of Wales's Land. Beyond the northern outlet of this channel the land extends west-south-west for twenty-five miles of low dreary coast, covered with snow, where a deep gulf, fifty miles in circumference, was explored, which has since been called after Captain Ommanney, while Lieutenant Osborn searched some distance to the southward. They had now come to the extreme limit of their journey without meeting a

vestige of any European having ever set foot on those shores. From the shoalness of the water at considerable distances from the shore, and the great thickness and apparent age of the ice, it is probable that these seas are seldom, if ever, navigable for ships. Great had been the mortification of the travellers when no sign of Sir John Franklin's expedition had been discovered on Cape Walker, where it had been generally supposed that traces would have been found if he had proceeded in that direction: and now three hundred miles of land had been discovered and thoroughly examined, without a trace of the missing ships,—all that was seen was a barren coast, covered with snow and bounded by the frozen sea,—monotonous, dreary, and inhospitable.

On the 6th of June Captain Ommanney commenced his return homewards, and on the 12th, the day before he arrived at the ships, the party met with a laughable accident, although it might have had a serious termination. They had all of them but just got into their blanket bags, when a peculiar noise, as if something was rubbing up the snow, was heard outside. The gallant Captain instantly divined its cause, seized, loaded, and cocked his gun, and ordered the tent-door to be opened, upon which a huge bear was seen outside. Captain Ommanney fired at the animal, but, whether from the benumbed state of his limbs, or the dim glimmering light, he unfortunately missed him, and

shot away the rope that supported the tent instead. The enraged monster then poked its head against the poles, and the tent fell upon its terrified inmates, and embraced them in its folds. Their confusion and dismay can more easily be imagined than described, but at length one man, with more self-possession than the rest, slipped out of his bag, scrambled from under the prostrate tent, and ran to the sledge for another gun : and it was well that he did so, for no sooner had he vacated his sleeping sack than Bruin seized it between his teeth and shook it violently, with the evident intention of wreaking his vengeance on its inmate. He was however speedily despatched by a well-aimed shot from the man, the tent was re-pitched, and tranquillity restored.

After an absence of sixty days Captain Ommanney arrived on board the Assistance; Lieutenant Osborn, who had accompanied him, returned the preceding day. The former thus concludes his report : “It is a consolation to know we have thoroughly examined all the coast within our reach, and personally explored two hundred geographical miles of newly discovered land. Although unsuccessful in meeting with traces, my mind is firmly convinced of the impracticability of any ships navigating along this coast, for these reasons—shoals extend along the great part of it, and I could see no indication of currents or tide-marks, and, from the nature of the ice, it is impossible to say what time the

oldest of it may have taken to accumulate, probably for many seasons; consequently I entertain no hopes of ships ever reaching the continent of America south-west of Cape Walker."

Meanwhile the division under Lieutenant M'Clintock had proceeded rapidly to the westward along the southern shores of Cornwallis and Bathurst Lands: the cold was so intense that several men received frostbites on the toes, and were obliged to be sent back with the returning sledges to the ships. In one of these cases the mortification was so rapid that death ensued twenty-four hours after the sufferer had arrived on board\*. "It was with sincere regret," says Lieutenant M'Clintock, "that I bade farewell to those poor fellows, whom it had become necessary to send back. Unconscious of the danger of neglecting the extremities, and despising the pain which labour occasioned, they still desired to go on, and their sad countenances betrayed the bitter disappointment felt at being unable to proceed further on our humane mission." On the 1st of May the parties of M'Clintock and Bradford arrived on Byam Martin Island, where they separated; the former pressed on to the westward, and the latter, having discovered the east coast of Melville Island as far north as  $76^{\circ} 15'$ , returned to the ships after an absence of eighty days. Lieutenant Aldrich also discovered the west coast of Bathurst

\* Besides this death from frostbite, four men suffered amputation of their great toes, and one of part of his foot.

Land up to  $76^{\circ} 11'$ , and returned after an absence of sixty-two days.

On the 10th of May Lieutenant M'Clintock landed on the south-east point of Melville Island, being the first human being who had visited that distant land—the Ultima Thule of modern times—since 1820. He was now, with his six men, thrown entirely on his own resources, exposed to all the vicissitudes of a rigorous climate, and dependent on his own efforts, and the accidental condition of the ice, for advance or retreat.

While the sledge skirted the shores of Melville Island from point to point, with a sail set, which proved of great assistance, Lieutenant M'Clintock carefully examined all the indentations of the coast, and shot several hares and ptarmigan, which were now beginning to make their appearance.

On the 16th they passed through a gigantic range of hummocks of ice, resembling a ruined wall, averaging twenty feet in height, and apparently piled up by enormous pressure; and on the 19th a herd of musk-oxen (*Ovibos moschatus*) were seen grazing near Cape Bounty: two of these animals were killed, but only 8 lbs. of fat and 150 lbs. of beef was obtained from them. A small herd of reindeer were also seen.

Passing the winter harbour of Parry, the land near Cape Providence was found to consist of ranges of hills with a narrow belt of low land,

containing many well-sheltered and comparatively fertile spots. Further to the westward the cliffs, 450 feet high, rose directly from the sea, broken occasionally by broad ravines, in one of which there rose up a perpendicular sandstone pinnacle. Along this coast the ice is so rough, that Sir Edward Parry called it "hill and dale,"—as if the ocean waves had suddenly frozen, and become studded with hemispherical mounds of ice.

Rounding Cape Dundas, the extreme point seen by Parry, Lieutenant M'Clintock reached the furthest west ever attained by any European in these regions, which has since been called Cape James Ross\*; and ascending a cliff 700 feet high, observed Banks's Land, which appeared to be very lofty, with steep hills and large ravines. A coast-line, consisting of a part of Melville Island, was also discovered, seventy-five miles in length, and forming, with Banks's Land, the two coasts of a strait, which at the extreme western points was sixty-six miles in breadth†. This is probably the North-West Passage.

The party had now arrived at a distance of three hundred miles from the ships in a direct line, when

\* Lat.  $74^{\circ} 41' N.$ , Long.  $114^{\circ} 26' W.$

† From the position of Cape James Ross, the angle subtended between the western extreme of Banks's Land, and that of the newly discovered land, was  $57^{\circ}$ . These extremes appeared distant respectively about twenty leagues and twenty-five leagues, therefore the breadth of the Strait at this point must be sixty-six miles.

it became necessary to commence the return home; and accordingly they proceeded up Liddon's Gulf and on the 1st of June reached Bushnan Cove. Here it was that Sir John Franklin, or some of his crew, if they had wintered anywhere to the north of Melville Island, would have left some traces in an attempt to reach the continent of America; but not a vestige was to be found.

In this picturesque spot Parry had left his travelling cart on the 11th of June, 1820, and Lieutenant M'Clintock found the wheels, which he used for fuel, several tin water-bottles, and even the bones of the ptarmigan Parry had dined off. Thus, after an interval of thirty years, did these explorers revisit the place where the first Arctic travellers had encamped.

Crossing the land from the head of Liddon's Gulf, the party arrived at Winter Harbour on the 5th, and encamped near the mass of sandstone at its entrance, on which the names of the "Hecla" and "Griper" were carved.

The foundations of Parry's observatory were found, with pieces of wood, broken glass, nails, and a domino,—rare things in these desolate regions! Here also they found a hare, which dwelt within twenty yards of their tent, and remained on the most friendly terms with them during the whole of their stay, regarding them with the utmost confidence, and even allowing the men to touch her. There can scarcely be a more convincing proof



than this, that our missing countrymen had not been there. On the 8th of June the weather had become so warm, that drink was enjoyed off Cape Bounty without the aid of fire; and from that time the snow began to melt, which occasioned additional discomforts; for the tent and baggage on the sledge frequently got wet and the men had to wade incessantly through water up to their knees, so that the extreme cold and frost-bites of Spring were replaced by the wet and misery of an Arctic Summer. After a long and weary walk of 250 miles, Lieutenant M'Clintock arrived on board on the 4th of July, and thus terminated the most extraordinary journey in the annals of Arctic history. His party had been absent eighty-one days, during which time they had travelled over 770 miles of ground, averaging a distance of ten miles daily.

Such was the crowning effort of the Spring searching parties of Captain Austin's expedition; and Lieutenant M'Clintock thus modestly concludes his journal:—"Although some considerable degree of disappointment is at all times the result of an unsuccessful expedition, the more so when its object is to relieve our fellow-creatures in their utmost extremity, yet in justice to my own feelings, and to those men whose labours have enabled me to fulfil my instructions, I cannot conclude this account of a journey of eighty days without expressing the satisfaction their conduct has afforded me. Their ever cheerful behaviour, untiring perse-

verance, and patient enduring spirit, under many severe trials and privations, excited my warmest admiration. For the blessings of health, strength, and exemption from accident, without which we must have sunk under the difficulties of this undertaking, our deepest gratitude is due to "the Giver of all good gifts."

Another party from Captain Austin's ship discovered the deep bay dividing Cornwallis and Bathurst Lands, and which is terminated on the west by Markham Point, and on the east by a narrow inlet; while Mr. Allen, Master of the *Resolute*, examined the shores of Lowther and Garrett Islands.

Meanwhile the expeditions in Assistance Bay had not been idle. Mr. Penny, with considerable zeal and ability, had prepared two sledge parties, which examined part of the east and west shores of Wellington Channel; and he himself, in a dog-sledge, and afterwards in a boat, explored the islands previously seen by the Americans, and called by them Grinell Land. Here some open water, caused by a strong current, was seen in May, but of what extent is very doubtful. How many miles these parties travelled, and in what exact direction, it is impossible to say, from the want of observations, and the distances being greatly overrated. No vestige however of Sir John Franklin was found in the course of Mr. Penny's explorations; so that, beyond the winter-quarters at Beechey Island, not a trace had been discovered,—not a clue, by which

to determine his fate, or to guide us in continuing the search\*. Sir John Ross also dispatched a party into the interior of Cornwallis Land, but without reaching its northern shores.

Such were the exertions made during the spring of 1851, to discover and relieve our long-lost countrymen. Five parties of Captain Austin's expedition were away from the ships much longer than any that had preceded them, and braving the hardships of a month, the mean temperature of which was  $-7$ , and the maximum  $39$ ; they have, although unsuccessful in the main object, at least done their utmost, and well merited the praise which has been bestowed upon their gallant and untiring efforts.

\* A piece of elm, indeed, was found by Mr. Penny on one of the islands in Wellington Channel, lat.  $76^{\circ} 2' N.$ , eighteen inches long (a fragment of an inch-thick elm board), but it was decided by Sir John Richardson, that from the length of time it takes in these high northern latitudes to decompose and bleach woody fibres to the extent that this process had advanced, and to develop the lichenoid bodies (*perithecia*) found on it, it must have been exposed to the weather at least ten years, and probably much longer, and that therefore it has no connection with Sir J. Franklin's expedition. From its being tarred it must have belonged to civilized men; but it might have drifted up from a whaler in Baffin's Bay, as such things have been known to take place; for instance, a part of an oar was found on Cape Hotham, marked "Friendship,"—a whaler wrecked several years before in Baffin's Bay.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PARRY ISLANDS.

IF we look on the map of the world, to the northward of the great continent of America, a long line of blue will be seen running east and west from Baffin's Bay far into the unknown Arctic regions, and bounded on the west by a wide expanse of white, which denotes the land or ice as yet undiscovered.

The northern shores of this sea are divided into two extensive masses by Austin Channel; the one consisting of Cornwallis and Bathurst Lands, and the other of Melville Island. These, with a number of smaller islands, form the Parry group, which was discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1819-20, and first explored by Captain Austin's Expedition in 1850-51.

This barren country, from Wellington Channel to Bedford Bay, is composed of limestone, forming monotonous ranges of hills, broken here and there by the action of the frost, and by deep ravines;

while Bathurst and Melville Lands, from Bedford Bay to the westernmost point hitherto attained, are composed of sandstone.

To the southward of Barrow's Strait, the two masses of land called North Somerset and Prince of Wales's Land, the one explored by Sir James Ross and the other by Captain Ommanney, are of a different character. North Somerset consists partly of limestone and partly of sandstone, and gypsum has also been found here in considerable quantities; while Prince of Wales's Land, with the exception of Cape Walker, which is formed of sandstone and conglomerate, is entirely composed of limestone.

There are few more interesting studies than that which treats of the state of our planet, the strange monsters which inhabited it, and the convulsions it underwent previously to the creation of man. In the gradual development of organic beings, from the first appearance of the lowest radiated animals till Adam was formed in the image of his Creator, each class of animals seems in its turn to have exercised a paramount authority for a considerable period, until a new order of things ushered into the world still mightier agents with more complicated wants. At length all nature teemed with animal and vegetable life, of every size and form, from the humblest *Infusoria* to the *Bimana*, whose dominion extends over all created beings.

The fossil organic remains, both animal and

vegetable, which are strewn over every continent, to chronicle the generations of beings that lived and died ages before the Mosaic creation, have unfolded this marvellous history of the pre-Adamic world. The highest class of fossil animal found in the Parry Islands was a species of *Crustacea*, which is widely scattered along the shores of Griffith and Cornwallis Islands, and is called the Trilobite, from the hard rings covering its body and dividing it into three lobes. It was a voracious animal, feeding probably on the molluscs, annelids, and *Acrita*; but it is now extinct, and may be supposed to be the type from whence in the course of ages the more perfect lobster and crab are derived.

In the limestone of the Parry Islands, the *Cephalopoda*, or highest order of Molluscs, are represented by the *Orthoceras*, a siphuncled shell, like the Nautilus, uncoiled and straightened, which is found in great numbers. The only species of univalve in the order *Gasteropoda* which I found, was one of the *Turritellæ* or spire-shells, tolerably perfect. Several descriptions of fossil bivalves were collected on different parts of Griffith Island. But the most beautiful remains of another age were the Encrinites, which lay in heaps upon the slabs of limestone: they were a species of radiated animal, commonly called Stone-lilies, which found nourishment by moving their bodies through a limited space from a fixed position at the bottom of the sea. Corals also of various kinds were nu-

merous, some of them very perfect and forming semi-spheres.

These were the principal fossils found in the limestone of the Parry Islands.

The sandstone of Melville and Byam Martin Islands is evidently of the carboniferous era, from the coal which has been found on several parts of their coasts. Captain Parry collected considerable quantities; and between Capes Dundas and Hopner, and still further to the westward, Lieutenant M'Clintock found much coal, but of such quality that it would not burn alone.

During the winter these regions are covered with hard frozen snow, and all vegetation becomes invisible. The sea spreads forth its broad white surface, unbroken even by the majestic icebergs which are so numerous in Baffin's Bay, but which are never seen near the shores of the Parry Islands. This may be accounted for by the fact, that the small quantity of continuous land, together with the crumbling nature of the limestone, has prevented the formation of glaciers—the mighty parents of the icebergs; while on the more solid granite and gneiss of Greenland, the enormous weight of superincumbent snow is easily supported.

The numerous small lakes formed in all the hollows of land in the Parry Islands are frozen to the bottom, and are perfectly transparent; while the larger ones are deeply frozen over, but contain

small fish (*Salmo aulopus*) which were procured by Mr. Penny's people in the depth of winter. In the sea, the seals are believed to remain without migrating to the southward, and to retain life by keeping open holes in the ice, while a sufficiency of air penetrates through the snow. Some were seen on the ice in the middle of April.

Every other living creature leaves this desolate land, and seeks shelter in warmer climates by the end of September, except three hardy quadrupeds, of very different sizes, viz. the Bear (*Ursus maritimus*), the White Fox (*Canis lagopus*), and the Lemming (*Arvicola Hudsonica*). The former of these animals is supposed never to hibernate, but to prowl about the whole winter through in a probably fruitless search after seals. The foxes were frequently caught in traps, in the coldest months, usually in good condition, from feeding probably on the last-mentioned animal, the little Lemming. This is a small species of *Rodentia*, with burrowing feet like the mole, which forms its home under the snow, and lives on the little granary of seeds it has collected in the summer\*.

Such are the only living things that endure the winter of these inhospitable Arctic islands, which in that rigorous season are wild and bleak

\* We had one of these on board for some time, which used to run about the table at dessert, and eat bits of walnut and biscuit out of our hands; frequently nestling up our sleeves, or in the palms of our hands. It died before our return to England.



indeed. The beach is generally forced up into a succession of shingly terraces by the hummocks of ice which line the shores, while the cliffs are lofty and almost perpendicular, especially in Griffith Island, where they attain an average height of 500 feet.

Thus from September to May these regions are vast solitudes; but then some few animals begin to appear, although the snow still covers the land, and no thaw has taken place. The first that arrives is the White Hare (*Lepus glacialis*), which usually weighs about 10 lbs. and is excellent eating; the Ptarmigan (*Tetrao lagopus*), and the Snow Bunting (*Emberiza nivalis*). All these animals are perfectly white when they first arrive, but gradually change their colour as the summer advances.

When however the month of June is set in, and more genial weather arrives with the returning sun, the face of nature begins to wear a more cheerful aspect. The snow melts on the hills, and running into the hollows, small lakes are formed, which, though covered throughout the summer with large pieces of floating ice, form a striking contrast to the snowy wastes they have replaced.

Some scanty vegetation now begins to show itself on the otherwise naked rocks. Small tufts of moss, sorrel, purple saxifrage, a dwarf ranunculus, and *Stellaria Rossi*, appear in the sheltered spots, while the marshy grounds are covered with grass and moss. On one broad plain on the

western shore of Griffith Island was a granite boulder, under shelter of which a tuft of rank moss covered with bones appeared, showing that on this spot an aged bear had lain down to die, and like a true patriot added to the fertility and vegetation of his country. The whole plain indeed was covered with similar patches, and in the centre of each were universally found the bones of bears, foxes, or birds. It appeared to be the great cemetery, and consequently the most fertile plain, of Griffith Island.

The largest plants in the Parry Islands are the dwarf willow, which does not rise more than two inches from the ground, and whose stunted branches creep in lowly insignificance among the surrounding stones; and the club-moss (*Andromeda tetragona*), which however has only been seen at Melville Island, and there in small quantities.

The warm sun of July and August, always above the horizon, brings out swarms of mosquitos, which hover over the lakes; and Lieutenant M'Clintock even mentions having seen caterpillars near Cape Dundas; but it is probable that the cold prevents their ever arriving at the more perfect and beautiful stage of their existence.

The Reindeer migrate northward in May, but few have been met with to the east of Melville Island, where one was shot and thirty-four were seen. A few were also observed on the hills of Bathurst Land, and one of Mr. Penny's parties reports having

seen a herd on the shores of Wellington Channel. The Musk Oxen are entirely confined to Melville Island, where Lieutenant M'Clintock shot four, and saw forty-six. Beyond Point Hearne he got within two hundred yards of eight of these animals, which galloped suddenly away for a few yards, halted, and formed for defence in a semicircle, close together, with their heads down, and their strangely curved horns resembling a row of hooks in a butcher's shop. When within a hundred yards he shot the largest one, but the rest were not in the least discomposed, and continued in the same posture, until he retired to a considerable distance, when they renewed their search for pasture.

As June passes on, great flocks of ducks, gulls, and guillemots come to breed in the Parry Islands, where they are comparatively free from the depredations of wolves, only one of which was seen, and wounded in Liddon's Gulf.

By the beginning of July all the travelling parties had returned to the ships, and between this time and our liberation from the ice, shooting parties were organized to collect on the face of the cliffs, and the banks of lagoons, some fresh provisions for the sick.

On the south-east point of Griffith Island is a perpendicular cliff, 500 feet high, covered with dovekeys, glaucous gulls, fulmar petrels, and the ivory gull,—a bird whose plumage is as white as the

driven snow. Under the cliff a prodigious landslide of huge blocks of limestone had fallen. Some stood upright nearly square, and twenty feet in height; others in the shape of pyramids twenty-five feet high, and split into perpendicular layers, with the moss and purple saxifrage growing thickly in all directions; and thus they blocked up the beach from the foot of the cliff to the sea. It was indeed a scene of wild confusion. Standing near this tremendous convulsion of nature, with the perpendicular cliff towering overhead, and the gulls whirling and screaming in the air, how sublime to have witnessed the fall of these huge masses of rocks, weighing thousands of tons, and to have heard the tremendous crash, succeeded by a profound and deathlike silence!

A shooting party under Lieutenant Cator was stationed at this point until late in July, supplying the squadron with guillemots and gulls.

The lagoons of Griffith and Cornwallis Islands were frequented during the summer by numerous flocks of eider ducks (*Anas mollissima*), king ducks, a beautiful bird with tints of purple, green, and gold about the head (*Somateria spectabilis*), long-tailed ducks (*Fuligula glacialis*), and brent geese (*Anser torquatus*), many of which were shot by the sportsmen of the expedition. The red-throated diver (*Colymbus septentrionalis*) was sometimes, though more rarely, seen, probably from its being a bird of greater cunning. It builds its nest on

some little mossy islet in the centre of a lagoon, secure from the molestations of the fox. On a small low stony island in Allen Bay, surrounded by lofty hummocks of ice, which rendered the land almost invisible from the sea-level, the sole inhabitant was one of these wary birds. Red-necked phalaropes (*Phalaropus hyperboreus*) and curlew sandpipers (*Tringa subarquata*) were also frequenters of these wilds; and the ring dottrel (*Pharadius*) was seen, though seldom. Solitary ravens sometimes flew gloomily along the shore, with their necks encircled by a white band of congealed breath; and noisy little Arctic terns, silver gulls (*Larus argentatus*), skuas (*Lestris parasiticus*), and kittiwakes (*Larus tridactylus*), were among the less common of the winged tribe\*.

All these birds leave this desolate region by the end of September, so that the Parry Islands are only enlivened by their presence four months in the year.

Meanwhile, as the blue water once more begins to appear, and break up the vast plain which had so long usurped its place, the inhabitants of the

\* Birds killed by a shooting party round Griffith Isle; two guns; from June 26th to July 2nd:—Eider ducks, 6; brent geese, 2; fulmar petrels, 3; Arctic tern, 1; phalarope, 1; ptarmigans, 3; dovekeys, 14. Total, 30 birds.

Birds killed by a shooting party on Cornwallis Isle; five guns; beginning of July; ten days:—King ducks, 5; eider ducks, 3; long-tailed ducks, 4; sandpipers, 14; phalarope, 1; Arctic terns, 2; silver gull, 1; red-throated diver, 1. Total, 29 birds.

deep show themselves in great numbers. Seals (*Phoca vitulina*) sport about in shoals among the lanes of water in Wellington Channel and Barrow's Strait; white whales and narwhals are also numerous, and the fierce-looking walrus is occasionally seen. On a rock off Port Dundas an immense number were discovered basking in the sun, in August 1850. The food of these mammoths of the ocean consists of several species of minute *Crustacea*, *Annelida*, etc., which were dredged up from the bottom of the sea in great quantities, and the beautiful little *Clio borealis*, a species of Pteropod with a transparent body and little purple fins.

When the water appeared, we naturally felt a strong inclination to extricate our ships from the ice, which had held them close prisoners for more than eleven months, and to renew the search for our missing countrymen; accordingly a canal was dug, that the vessels might be enabled to approach the open water; and at the same time charges of powder were used to blast the corner of the ice-field which still hung on to the south-east point of Griffith Island\*. These measures were

\* With 216 lbs. of powder, a space 20,000 yards in length, and averaging 400 yards in breadth, was cleared away. The ice varied from three to five feet in thickness, with occasional patches of heavy grounded hummocks of ice. The estimated weight of the ice removed, exclusive of these heavy masses, was about 216,168 tons. The heaviest charges were of 16 lbs., lowered ten feet below five-foot ice.

eminently successful in their results ; and at length, on August 14th, the ice broke up, we were liberated from our winter-quarters, bade farewell to Griffith Island, anchored for a night in Assistance Bay, and on the morning of the 15th departed from the Parry Islands.

Soon afterwards the whole of the animal and vegetable life above described disappeared, and again the wide desolate ice-fields and the snow-clad hills presented themselves in all their sombre majesty and deathlike silence, unbroken now by the merry laugh and joyous mirth of Captain Austin's happy squadron.

Two lofty cairns were erected on Griffith Island and Cape Martyr, as memorials that we wintered in the adjacent floe, and the solitary grave of him who died in the execution of his sacred duty will be found by future navigators on the limestone beach. A neatly carved oaken board tells his short, sad story, and a border of moss and saxifrage is sown around his last resting-place. On his grave the latter plant was sown in the shape of an anchor, to denote the profession to which he belonged, as well as the hope which we trust attended his dying moments,—the last touching attention of those messmates with whom he had suffered, and among whom he died.

Such are the gloomy, frozen tracts of Arctic country which compose the Parry Islands. Scattered remains of Esquimaux encampments, hun-

dreds of years old, are to be found along the beach in every direction from Melville Island to Cape Warrender—vestiges doubtless of the migration of Asiatic tribes to the westward, and mournful tokens of the sterile wretchedness of these regions, so unproductive that even the Esquimaux were forced to leave them, and seek in Greenland the means of preserving a miserable existence. These ruined huts, however, are suggestive of the origin of the Greenlanders, and together with the resemblance in language, religion, and physical appearance, point out Siberia as the original cradle of the Esquimaux race.

The Shaman of Siberia is a mere conjuror, who professes to evoke the good and evil spirit, and is the counterpart of the *Angekok* or Magician of Greenland, who is supposed to have a *Tornguk* or familiar spirit. The language of the Asiatic nomades also strongly resembles that of the Greenlanders: they are both of the class containing monosyllabic roots, and in both the modifications of meaning are produced by the annexation of particles: they are similar also in sound. It is remarkable that both these languages are very deficient in adjectives, and there is almost a total absence of words to express abstract ideas\*. Thus we find both the language and religion of the Esquimaux resemble closely those of the Siberian nomades; and when at the same time traces of their progress,

\* See Baron Wrangel, ch. vi., p. 117.



from Behring's Straits to the coast of Greenland, are to be found along the whole coast of the Parry archipelago, North Devon, and the Carey isles; and of the same race inhabiting the shores of Arctic America, from Kotzebue Sound to Labrador, there can be little doubt that they spring from a common origin with the tribes of Northern Asia.

The numerous remains discovered by our travelling parties conduce not a little to settle this question, and point out the road taken by the northern travellers. Several huts were discovered in Melville and Byam Martin Isles. At Cape Capel were ten ruined winter huts, with bones of bears and seals, some of them cut with a sharp instrument. The general form of these huts resembles an oval, with an elongated opening at one end, and their size averages seven feet by ten: they appear to have been roofed over with stones and earth, and the roof is supported by the bones of whales. All along the coast of Bathurst and Cornwallis Isles the same ruined habitations, called in Siberia "yourts," were found, with very perfect stone fox-traps. In Griffith Isle, too, I found five summer huts, in one of which was part of a runner of an Esquimaux sledge. The same deserted yourts are scattered over Cape Warrender, Ports Dundas and Leopold, and the Carey Islands, which latter are within sight of the coast of Greenland. These testimonies of the route of the emigrants

may thus be easily traced from Melville Island to the eastern shores of Baffin's Bay, where their descendants are still living.

The causes which induced this extensive migration are to be sought for in the history of northern Asia, where we find that, from the fourth to the fourteenth centuries, a powerful erratic movement was constantly prevailing. The mighty irruptions of Zengis Khan and his successors,—among others that of his grandson Sheibani, who led a horde of fifteen thousand families into the wilds of Siberia, and whose descendants reigned at Tobolskoi above three centuries, from 1242 till the Russian conquest,—were among some of the influences which drove the Siberians to migrate northward and westward; but the pressure of the warlike and restless Cossacks, and the ravages of the smallpox, were the more immediate causes.

The Jakutes, who dwell on the banks of the Kolyma, have a tradition, that they are not the first inhabitants of the country, but that many races of men had occupied the region where they now dwell. Among these were the Tunguns, the descendants of the Mongols, the conquerors of the earth, who, according to Gibbon, “insensibly degenerate into a race of deformed and diminutive savages, who tremble at the sound of arms.” The Jakahirs also, the Omokis, and the Chelagis, had possession of that part of Siberia many years before various irresistible circumstances led the Jakutes

to establish themselves in that country. The two latter tribes, who lived by fishing and hunting, have entirely disappeared from Siberia. The Omoki, it is said, migrated northward\*.

The inhabitants at the mouths of the Lena and Kolyma formerly frequented a large island on the Polar Sea (since discovered by Anjou), to hunt for the bones of the fossil mammoth, and took their families with them in sledges, when it often happened that, being surprised by a thaw, they were carried away—no one knows whither—on huge pieces of ice that were rent from the larger mass; there can be little doubt that some of these hunters have been thus conveyed to the Parry Islands, and, leaving numerous traces as they went, at length reached the shores of Greenland. It is said that the fisheries of the walrus, at the mouths of the Obi, Jenesai, Lena, and Kolyma, have been known to the Chinese 2300 years, and that the large ivory tusks of that animal are greatly prized, as they retain their whiteness a long time†.

The fact therefore that numerous tribes have left Siberia,—added to their similarity in habits, shape of the features and skull, religion, language, and the vestiges of their route from Melville Island to Cape Warrender,—reduces the Asiatic origin of the Greenland Esquimaux to the closest verge of cer-

\* In their passage they left numerous yourts or huts at the mouth of the Indigirka. (Wrangel, p. 181.)

† Cuvier, *Ossemens Fossiles*, p. 142.

tainty; and the Arctic Expedition of 1850-51, in discovering the important remains among the Parry Isles, has assisted not a little in solving this question of the peopling of Arctic America. In the Parry Islands the wretched Esquimaux was unable to exist, and famine drove him from the inhospitable coast.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CONCLUSION.

A BAFLED search is always vexatious, and when years of no ordinary privation and suffering have been voluntarily undergone in the hope of rescuing a number of our fellow-creatures from what we cannot help feeling and knowing to be a terrible fate, the disappointment and regret are increased a hundred-fold.

The season for work however had again arrived, and it was time to renew in some other direction our hitherto unavailing efforts. But whither should we go? No vestiges of the Erebus and Terror had been found beyond their winter-quarters at Beechey Island,—nothing whatever to direct our further search. To the westward, in the direction of Melville Island, they were not likely to have gone, for the whole of that coast had been carefully examined for three hundred miles, and no traces of them had been found. To the south-west of Cape Walker

it was equally plain to us, from the nature of the ice, that no ships could have passed. Both sides of Wellington Channel had been examined by Mr. Penny's crews for some distance. Islands had been found to block up the passage, and here also, from the nature of the ice, it was, to say the least, highly improbable they could have passed without leaving some traces on those islands, which are said to abound in birds and eggs—those greatest of dainties to the Arctic voyager; but the sounds in the northern part of Baffin's Bay (especially Jones's Sound, where, before leaving the Orkney Islands, Sir John Franklin had expressed his intention, if other ways failed, of attempting the North-west Passage) had not yet been examined; in that direction therefore Captain Austin determined on continuing the search, previous to returning home; and accordingly the Expedition crossed the mouth of Wellington Channel, and proceeded down Barrow's Strait, which was tolerably clear of ice, on the 15th of August 1851.

Meanwhile Mr. Penny returned home, without renewing the search; and Sir John Ross, from want of provisions, also returned to England.

On arriving off Cape Warrender, Captain Austin took command of the two steamers, and proceeded to search Jones's Sound, while the Assistance and Resolute were ordered to rendezvous off Wolstenholme Sound. I landed at the foot of Cape Warrender, a lofty headland, to erect a cairn, and here

gathered a few tufts of club moss, the first specimens that had been seen between this point and Melville Island. There were also a few old deer antlers covered with moss, and near the beach a little Snow-bunting lay dead upon a rock.

After encountering a heavy gale of wind, and driving for several days among the broken-up pieces of ice in Baffin's Bay, we arrived off the Carey Islands, a group of ten or eleven rocks, composed of gneiss, in 76°45' north latitude. Five of them are from one to two miles in diameter, three of smaller size, and the remainder are nothing more than detached rocks. The highest parts are about four hundred feet above the level of the sea.

These islands were discovered by Baffin, who gave them their present name; Sir John Ross sighted them in 1818, and in 1827 a whaler must have sent a boat on shore on one of them, as a small cairn was found, with a piece of wood having that date cut upon it.

Thousands of looms were breeding among the perpendicular cliffs, and nine hundred of them were shot by parties from the two ships; and at the foot of the thickly inhabited rocks, large patches of the scurvy-grass (*Cochlearia Grælandica*) were growing, which we used as a salad, and found by no means unpalatable.

Leaving the Carey Islands on the 23rd of August, we arrived at our rendezvous of Wolstenholme Sound, and there awaited with considerable

anxiety the arrival of the Pioneer and Intrepid. In the distance we had the rugged coast of Greenland, unapproachable by reason of the ice which lined the shores, while masses of loose ice surrounded the ships.

Meanwhile the steamers had coasted along the glacier-bearing shores of North Devon, and entered Jones's Sound, a broad and open strait, measuring at the entrance about sixty miles from shore to shore, and bounded by lofty granite hills rising to a height of two thousand feet, and terminating in rugged peaks. The glaciers in many places reach to the sea, and numerous icebergs were seen, apparently just detached from the parent ice-mountain.

Having proceeded up the south side of Jones's Sound for forty-five miles, the progress of the steamers was arrested by a fixed barrier of ice extending completely across, about twenty-five miles. A cairn was therefore erected on an island in the Sound, and both sides having been carefully examined, without any traces of the missing Expedition being found, the steamers passed out of this noble strait, having discovered at its entrance a large island, since called Cobourg Island; they then attempted to proceed towards Smith's Sound, but the immense chains of huge icebergs checked their progress, and at length they found themselves off the coast of Greenland and near the entrance of Whale Sound, where they were for



several days in great peril of being dashed to pieces. On the 27th of August the Intrepid was driven by a field of ice against a large iceberg two hundred feet high with a terrific crash. Her destruction seemed inevitable, but the hopes of her crew were speedily revived by observing that she was gradually rising to the pressure. At 9 P.M. the pressure became intense, forcing her taffrail forty feet, and her bow thirty feet, above the level of the sea; the masses of ice running nearly ten feet above her bulwarks, and piled up one above another in a frightful manner. One whale-boat and the dingy were crushed, while the timbers of the vessels cracked and groaned, threatening all on board with destruction.

At 2 P.M. on the following day the pressure eased off, and the Intrepid was saved almost miraculously. The steamers joined the ships, the one on the 2nd and the other on the 6th of September.

The Intrepid was visited, while off the coast of Greenland, by the Arctic Highlanders, who had been seen by us in August 1850, and were supplied with clothing and other comforts. One of these people had lived on board the Assistance during the whole winter, and, though slow to learn English, had by his constant cheerfulness and good-humour, and his willingness to make himself useful, become a general favourite. He returned with us to England, and is now entered as a student at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

Taking into consideration the impossibility of reaching a secure harbour, the certainty if we wintered in any exposed part of Baffin's Bay of being drifted away into the Atlantic early in the spring, and the advanced season of the year, Captain Austin determined, agreeably to the spirit of his instructions, to return to England; and accordingly, after a good passage from Cape Farewell, we arrived off Scarborough in the end of September, and at Woolwich on the 1st of October, having been seventeen months absent, and sixteen without receiving any news or tidings of our friends.

Thus concluded the exertions of Captain Austin's Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. The whole coast of the Parry Islands, from Beechey Island (where Mr. Penny had discovered the winter-quarters of the missing Expedition) to the extreme western point of Melville Island—a distance of 350 miles—had been carefully searched; besides this, vast tracts of land, extending over more than five hundred miles, had been thoroughly examined by Mr. Bradford and Lieutenant Aldrich. To the southward also of Cape Walker four hundred miles was discovered, and as far as possible surveyed and explored. Jones's Sound was then examined, and both sides of Wellington Channel had been traced by Mr. Penny to a considerable distance; yet not a vestige was to be found of the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Though the main object remains unattained, yet the field for future expeditions has been considerably narrowed. We now know that the Franklin Expedition did not proceed towards Melville Island or Cape Walker: it is also highly improbable that they passed up Wellington Channel, which is blocked up by islands, and in which a current runs at the rate of five miles an hour; and the northern sound of Baffin's Bay is the only outlet which has not been searched. The probability therefore of their having been destroyed in Baffin's Bay, in attempting to return home, or while enclosed by the ice, and having drifted helplessly along, as Sir James Ross did in 1849, and the American expedition in 1850-51, becomes very strong.

It would be mere trifling in one who has seen those barren, frozen regions to hold out a hope that, without provisions or ammunition, and with the cold of that rigorous climate undermining and weakening their constitutions for seven years, any of those gallant men who followed Sir John Franklin in 1845, full of enthusiasm, can still survive. Much is said about the "club-moss," which, it is affirmed, might easily be used for fuel, when there is not a single specimen from Cape Warrender to Melville Island,—and a great deal also about the abundance of animal life. So far as we saw, there is not a living thing, save a few wary bears and foxes, from September to May; and even in the summer months, without powder or shot, birds

could not be obtained to support a hundred, or even fifty men for a month. We hear also of a theory about a polar basin, and a warm climate far to the northward; yet experience shows that the farther north Mr. Penny went in Wellington Channel, the colder was the climate\*; and in 1827 Sir Edward Parry saw immense fields of ice drifting from the northward when in  $82^{\circ}$  north. But for those, I repeat, who have themselves felt the piercing cold, and seen the impossibility of men sustaining life on their own resources on those bleak and barren shores, it would be heartless wickedness to hold out delusive hopes to the friends and relatives of those brave but unfortunate men.

A possibility, a remote and unlikely one indeed, but still a possibility, remains; that the Erebus and Terror may have passed up Wellington Channel, far out of reach of Mr. Penny's travelling parties, and there, as Lady Franklin still sanguinely hopes, they may still be found. But not only have no vestiges of their progress been discovered, either on the shores of the channel itself or on the islands, (described as abounding in birds during the summer,) but the land also on both sides seemed to

\* The heat up Wellington Channel decreases with an increase of latitude. Mr. Manson's Meteorological Journal at Assistance Bay:—Mean temperature in the shade, May the 11th to June the 8th, 1851,  $+19.9$  Fahr. Dr. Sutherland's Journal:—Mean of ten observations from his leaving  $75^{\circ}$  north to his return to it, highest latitude attained being  $76.20^{\circ}$  north (during the same time),  $+16.5$  Fahr.—*Blue-book*, p. 121.

close in and form a large bay, the distance between the two extreme points seen being only marked on the charts as twenty-five miles.

It is also just within the range of possibility that Sir John Franklin may have penetrated up Jones's or Smith's Sounds, and that there the remains of his vessels are to be found; but whether any of these remote shores still frown upon this ill-fated Expedition, or whether, as is more probable, the two ships have met the fate which has attended so many whalers before and since, and been crushed to pieces by the ice, there can be but little hope that any survivors still remain; for even if it were possible that all the hardships and privations, the cold and hunger, of so many years in the Arctic regions could have been withstood, it is incredible that no part of the Expedition should have attempted to reach either the whalers in Baffin's Bay, or the beach where the *Fury* was wrecked, at which point they knew provisions had been left; or the continent of America, where they would in all probability have fallen in with one or other of the numerous parties which were last year traversing the Parry Islands and the north of America in search of them.

But, as has been before stated, the possibility yet remains of the vessels being still in existence; and acting on that possibility, Government has sent forth another expedition, that every spot of ground in the Arctic regions, north and west of the Parry Islands, might be thoroughly searched. Captain

Collinson's vessels are now pressing eastward from Behring's Straits, while other ships have been fitted out for further search by way of Baffin's Bay.

The same four vessels which composed Captain Austin's expedition, with the *North Star* stationed at the mouth of Wellington Channel as a depôt in addition, left England at the end of April, 1852, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher. Many of Captain Austin's officers form part of the new expedition; no longer buoyed up by the joyous hope entertained when last they sailed—of rescuing the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* from their icy prisons,—but sustained by the noble resolution of exploring the unknown regions to the northward of Wellington Channel and Baffin's Bay, and of risking their lives, and suffering the well-known hardships which such an adventure must entail, to discover the fate of those adventurous spirits they are in search of.

M'Clintock is amongst them, that gallant officer so frequently mentioned in these pages, who performed the most wonderful Arctic journey ever recorded, and whose experience is surpassed by no man living; and Osborn, who discovered so much of Prince of Wales's Land, who commanded and does still command the *Pioneer* with so much zeal and ability; and whose zeal will enable him to entertain a last fond hope for the safety of the missing brave, many of whom were his companions in arms

in the Chinese war. There too is Meham, the discoverer of the extensive Island of Russel,—Hamilton, whose name is connected with the search of Young and Lowther Isles ; McDougall, the explorer of that great bay which bears his name, and several others.

God speed their noble exertions ! May they be more successful in this their second undertaking than they were in their first ; may they again add vast tracts of land to the map of the known world ; may they return to receive due praise for their noble self-sacrifice ; and above all, may they at length discover the fate of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, and unravel the mystery which as yet hangs over it.

Here then we must pause, till we are in possession of further intelligence. I have endeavoured, in this short and imperfect sketch, to show how Greenland was first discovered ; to point out the motives which led its several visitors and settlers to direct their steps thither ; and to relate the various features of its history. How at last, in searching for a North-West Passage, the Parry archipelago was discovered by the great man whose name it bears, and how voyage after voyage followed, until at length Sir John Franklin was lost amid its tortuous mazes.

The narrative of the searching Expedition which followed has been from my own experience ; and if in these pages I have been enabled to carry the minds of my readers through the stirring events

which occurred on the gloomy continent of Greenland, along which the Expedition of Franklin passed, and to picture to them the wild and bleak, yet grand and awe-inspiring, scenery of the Parry Islands, where his last traces were discovered, and where the efforts of our own Expedition were exerted, my object is gained, and my humble endeavours have succeeded in leading them to the Arctic Regions, in Franklin's footsteps.



# ZERO,

OR

## HARLEQUIN LIGHT\*.

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### CHARACTERS.

THE SUN . . . .	}	<i>Good Spirits.</i>
DAYLIGHT . . . .	}	
ZERO . . . . .	}	<i>Evil Spirits in the shape of Arctic horrors.</i>
BEAR . . . . .	}	
FROSTBITE . . . .	}	
ICEBERG . . . . .	}	
HUNGER . . . . .	}	
SCORBUTUS . . . .	}	
FOX . . . . .	}	

Tracking and Travelling Party of Four.

### DRESSES.

**ZERO.**—Full frosted wig, surmounted by a fanciful crown; long flowing beard; loose white robes with large sleeves, icicles hanging from different parts. Large thermometer with slide at Zero, and 50 marked on it in large letters.

**FROSTBITE.**—Tight dress; upper third of body and limbs white; middle red; lower blue, passing into black; long frosted wig.

**HUNGER.**—Long thin mask face, pale dress, loose and scanty.

**SCORBUTUS.**—Tight white dress, covered with purple and reddish-brown spots; mask pale, with bluish-red and blotched mouth.

**GOOD SPIRIT.**—Clothed in white, with chaplet and fancy wand.

\* See above, p. 77.

*Scene in the Arctic Regions. One of the ships in a perilous situation, nipped by ice; icebergs and moving floes drifting past. Strong blue light thrown across the stage. Drums, whistles, and all sorts of discord by Band. ZERO enters, and walks majestically up and down the stage; one or two of his Imps pass quickly across the stage at the back.*

*ZERO advances to the front.*

ZERO. Old Christmas has almost usurp'd our rights,  
 Frighten'd me! *Zero!* with his roaring nights;  
 But ah! I'll be revenged, when on the floe  
 These boisterous Tars shall find it all no' go.  
 In Melville Bay he's sought to use his might,  
 When lo! they blast and cut out of his sight.  
 And there they found a Penny\* that would pass,  
 Made of good metal, not of spurious brass.  
 Their progress once or twice I did arrest,  
 By closing floes and hummocks† thickly press'd;  
 They laugh'd, and took to playing quoits and rounders,  
 Captains, officers, and seven-pounders‡;  
 But I am formed for action, and each word  
 Shortens the time and makes revenge absurd;  
 I'll summon Frostbite, for by education  
 He laughs at feelings and destroys sensation;  
 With papers, plays, and *soirées* they defy,  
 Up to this moment my supremacy;  
 With magic-lantern and the *bal masqué*,  
 They think to cheat me,—don't I wish they may!

\* Mr. Penny, who commanded the mercantile expedition.

† Floes and hummocks—masses of ice.

‡ The ice quarter-masters:—old seamen who received £7 a month. Hence the nickname.

They've turn'd a steamer\* into a saloon,  
And tried to *gase* me with a news balloon.

[Calls FROSTBITE.

Frostbite, you idle rogue, quick, quick appear!

*Enter* FROSTBITE.

FROST. Master, your pale and rigid slave is here.

ZERO. Wait! I am in humour for reflection,  
Of which beware you freeze not in connection.  
Dark Winter too his course doth quickly run,  
Hasten'd by their good-fellowship and fun;  
My imps of horror they have laugh'd to scorn,  
Two dreaded, still remain a hope forlorn.

[Calls in a loud tone.

Scorbutus, hither come, and Hunger fierce!  
They well, I know, can any bosom pierce.

*Enter* SCORBUTUS and HUNGER.

SCOR. and HUN. What would our gracious liege  
that we should do?

ZERO. Try when within your grasp if they be true.  
Begone, and loiter not! Away! be quick!  
My spirits falter, I must have music;  
I love operas, Bellini's or a Verdi,  
Play "Sich a gettin' upstairs I never did see."

[Band plays the air: ZERO walks majestically up  
and down, keeping time with his thermometer,  
then looks out at the side-scenes.

(To FROSTBITE.) Confound those imps! they move un-  
common slow;

Go! call them back, more speed they ought to show.

[Exit FROSTBITE.

\* The Intrepid.

*Enter SCORBUTUS and HUNGER, about to speak.*

In haste I sent you there, my word I pledge,  
And off you move as if you dragged a sledge.  
Call my slaves here!

[HUNGER goes out and brings in Imps.

I think it right to mention  
There's steam against us,—curse the fast invention!  
[Singing without.

I hear some singing on the floe.

[Men sing "The sailor loves his bottle, oh!" at  
first in a low tone, then gradually increasing  
as they pass over the stage.

They come this way,—begone and hide awhile!  
At dangers they do nothing else but smile.

[Exit ZERO.

TRACKING PARTY, singing, pass across the stage,  
DAYLIGHT seen as Good Spirit hovering over  
them.

*Enter ZERO, following the men.*

ZERO. Oh they've passed me! Who, am I to blame?  
What's Zero if his imps grow tame?  
My power o'er these men is minus rather,  
Yet Fahrenheit of cold has made me father.

[ZERO goes out.

DAYLIGHT descends from above as a Good Spirit,  
and advances to the front.

DAYL. I dream'd, when slumber hung upon mine  
eyes,

Of love, of hope, and Arctic enterprise,  
When a soft voice broke through my troubled dreams,  
In tones as clear and liquid as are mountain streams

I rose, for well the music charm'd my watchful ear,  
 Turn'd and beheld a pensive maiden near.  
 She did entreat me in an earnest way,  
 But with your leave I'll sing her simple lay. [*Sings.*]

## THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

AIR—“*Farewell to the Mountains.*”

Bright Spirit of light, grant thy powerful aid,  
 Guide England's bold sons where the missing have stray'd ;  
 Or lend me thy swiftness, I'll rush through the air,  
 Their efforts encourage, their doubtful fate share.

Quite pale are the stars when morning appears,  
 And pale are our faces with love's silly fears ;  
 Asleep or awake, we still mutter a prayer,  
 That success may soon give them again to our care.

Oh! speed thee, each moment with danger is fraught,  
 All bosoms are sad till good tidings are brought ;  
 Bear with thee our sighs on thy life-cheering ray,  
 And chase with thy gay beams their sorrows away.

Knowing that lovers' songs ne'er have an end,  
 My help at once I promised her to lend ;  
 Then hither came, I hope to find you well,  
 But don't expect I've any news to tell.

[*Looks out at side-scenes.*]

Oh! here comes ZERO: now 's the time to act ;  
 His spirit's low—he's minus, that's a fact.  
 I'll hide, and counteract his evil deeds :  
 How fierce he'll be to find he ne'er succeeds.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ZERO, pushing down a slide on the thermometer.*

ZERO. It's time for me to make a noise and fuss,  
 So to begin, go down fifty minus\*.  
 It's not a bad thermometer, I tell ye,  
 Better than Carey's, or a Pastorelli†;  
 Besides, when Mercury begins to freeze,  
 It shows exactly thirty-nine degrees.

[*Looks out at side-scenes.*]

Another chance—oh! then indeed I'm blest.  
 Hear! all my slaves, attend to my behest.  
 When they have pitched their tent, your work begin,  
 Till then begone! and hide you all within.  
 They come—away, the times are out of joint,  
 When I am forced to tell you all avaunt.

*Enter Sledge-party, who encamp at the back of  
 the stage. DAYLIGHT seen at the side where  
 the sledge enters.*

OFFICER. We'll pitch our tent—this seems a shelter'd place.

[*FROSTBITE passes across behind first man.*]

By Jove! you've got a frostbite on your face;  
 Rub, rub it well! lucky it is but slight.

(*To the other men*). Look smart there with the things  
 —don't be all night!

1st MAN. Tom, if those were here as plann'd these  
 cruises,  
 How jolly hard they'd rub their ancient noses.

\* That is 82° below freezing-point,—the lowest we experienced.

† There had been a dispute as to which were the best thermometers,—Carey's, Pastorelli's, or Newman's.

We've dragged all day, and now we're tired quite.  
Get what we want, a stunning appetite.

2nd MAN (*finishing the tent*).

There, that's all right—just pass the rum and can,  
I'll light the stove, and cook the pemmican.

I wonder how my Peg would like these "wittles."  
Scissors! I've burnt my finger with the "Kittles."

3rd MAN (*drinking*).

I'm very thirsty, when the rum I sip  
The pannikin sticks fast unto my lip.

OFFICER *enters tent with* 3rd MAN. 2nd MAN  
*seen at entrance taking off his boots without*  
*his mits.* 1st MAN *near the sledge arranging*  
*its contents.* *Enter* FOX *stealthily at side.*

ZERO. Now, Frostbite, quickly! do your work right  
well,  
And fix his hand fast in your icy spell.

FROSTBITE *touches man's hand, which becomes fixed.*

2nd MAN. Confound it all, I'm bitten in the thumb.  
How soon your flesh becomes cold, white, and numb.

DAYLIGHT *waves her wand over the man's hand,*  
*and it returns to its former state.*

2nd MAN. Well, that's all right; and now to have  
a smoke.

FOX *enters, and steals a piece of pork.* 1st  
MAN *runs after him, exclaiming,*

Bring me the gun! Oh! here's a precious joke:  
A fox has stolen a piece of this day's pork.

3rd MAN (*from tent*).

That's what I call uncommon stupid work.

1st MAN *pushes sledge towards side, and enters tent.*

1st MAN *looks out of tent.*

What do you think of our Ventilation\*?

Does it meet your learned approbation?

We have no theories when in a tent,

Nor care which way the foul air finds a vent;

We bag our heads, then smoke ourselves to sleep,

And huddling close, each other warm we keep.

*[Shuts tent door.]*

ZERO. Bravo, my fox! go fetch Dean's† model bear;  
The morning dawns, now I for work prepare.

If I don't freeze them as they lie asleep,

May I no other promise ever keep!

Ah! now some pleasures come indeed at last:

How sound they sleep; I have them "hard and fast."

*ZERO enters tent; hisimps leave the stage; HARLEQUIN leaps through the Sun‡, and changes (the Good Spirit) DAYLIGHT into COLUMBINE; they dance a pas de deux.*

*BEAR enters and prowls round the tent; HARLEQUIN slaps the ground near the tent, which disappears, leaving the CLOWN grinning and making faces; he sees the BEAR, becomes dreadfully alarmed, and makes off for a gun; returns, snaps the gun, which refuses to go off; the BEAR approaches, when he succeeds in firing at it; BEAR falls, and out roll 2nd*

\* There had been much dispute among the learned doctors of the squadron as to the best mode of ventilating the ships.

† Mr. Dean, the ingenious carpenter, who made a bear for the pantomime.

‡ An oiled-silk sun which rises at the back scene.



CLOWN *and* PANTALOOON, HARLEQUIN *slapping the ground near the* BEAR.

HARLEQUIN *and* COLUMBINE *retire*; CLOWNS *commence tumbling and fooling with* PANTALOOON.

1st CLOWN (*to* PANTALOOON). Why, what animal are you?

PANT. A man.

1st CLOWN. How can that be, when you were got by a bullet out of a bear? Ho! ho! ho! you fool!

PANT. Give us an account of your late proceedings.

1st CLOWN. Well, here goes. [*Sings.*

I'm fond of sport, that is of fun :  
 I saw a bear, and took my gun ;  
 Away I went, at a great pace,  
 My foot it slipp'd in the wrong place,  
 So down I fell, when in a trice  
 I popp'd through a thin young crust of ice.  
 Tol, lol, idi, idi, idi, aido.

I crusty grew : it was not fair :  
 To get a wet I couldn't a bear ;  
 I dragged myself upon the floe,  
 The bear came near ; oh ! what a go !  
 I pulled the trigger, but the cap  
 Quite finished me, by one false snap.  
 Tol, lol, etc.

My legs they shook ; my heart, pit pat,  
 Hit my backbone a loud rat-tat.  
 He snuffed in me a morning meal,  
 And thought to fix on me his *seal* ;  
 When lo ! I thought of boys who put  
 Their head 'tween legs when bulls would butt.  
 Tol, lol, etc.

Place caps in mouth, and horrid shout,  
 The bulls they go to the right about ;  
 I tried the dodge, when, bless my eyes!  
 The bear stood still, quite in surprise :  
 I gave a shout, he show'd his heels,  
 Oh, lor! says I, much better I feels.  
 Tol, lol, etc.

The moral of this round let it pass.  
 Bears may make tragedy of farce ;  
 So if your fun that way doth tend,  
 Take my advice and take a friend :  
 Should you miss fire he takes your place,  
 Frightens the brute with his ugly face.  
 Tol, lol, etc.

2nd CLOWN (*to* PANTALOOON). What foxes are easiest to shoot ?

PANT. Sleeping foxes ?

2nd CLOWN. No, not so bad either.

PANT. Running ? walking ? etc.

2nd CLOWN. Tame ones, to be sure.

1st CLOWN. What house in this neighbourhood is the coldest ?

2nd CLOWN. Mrs. Corset's ?

1st CLOWN. No.

2nd CLOWN. What then ?

1st CLOWN. Why, the transit observatory, to be sure, first turning past Nelson's Monument.

2nd CLOWN. How so ?

1st CLOWN. Because no one ever "heard" of its having had a warming\*. Ha! Ha!

\* The Observatory: a snow edifice, which, on its completion, was to have had a house-warming at the expense of Mr. Cheyne, the learned astronomer; but from some reason the promised entertainment never took place.

2nd CLOWN. Then, I'd chain up the builder.

1st CLOWN. What good would that do, stupid? Well, why would you?

2nd CLOWN. Because he ought to have known no house can stand there unless it's had a wet.

1st CLOWN *fetches in a fox-trap, and places it at back of stage. All run off and watch it. White fox enters, and the trap falls. Enter CLOWNS, who open the trap. HARLEQUIN slaps the trap, and out comes E. York\**.

1st CLOWN. Why, a real native! Why is he like a man with a bad cold?

2nd CLOWN. Answer it yourself.

1st CLOWN. Isn't he a little H(Uskey) †?

2nd CLOWN. Why is the Royal Arctic Theatre like Covent Garden Market?

1st CLOWN. Because it's often filled with the fresh and spicy?

2nd CLOWN. No. Because it's supported by flowers and fruit ‡.

1st CLOWN. Why would you like to join the tenders?

2nd CLOWN. I should have a chance of keeping the steam up, and going ahead when I was screwed.

2nd CLOWN. It's my turn now for guessing the last. Here you are: why do all actors think the drop-scene like a tyrant?

1st CLOWN. Not being one, could not possibly say.

2nd CLOWN. Well then, because they are released and rejoiced at its fall.

\* The Esquimaux we had on board.

† One of the whalers' names for an Esquimaux.

‡ The decorations of the front.

*Enter people coming from a masquerade, walk about the stage, CLOWNS joking them.*

*Sedan chair enters with a masked female in costume.*

*CLOWNS run and bonnet chairmen, and open the door, drag out the female, one lugging one way, the other the opposite. HARLEQUIN enters; they put her back into the chair, and commence to fight. HARLEQUIN passes quickly; slaps the back of the chair.*

*1st CLOWN, having knocked down 2nd CLOWN, goes to the chair, opens the door, when out steps North Polar Star in rough dress, treads on CLOWN'S toe, advances to the front, and sings.*

AIR—*Ivy Green.*

A noble soul has that man, I ween,  
 Who braveth these regions cold:  
 No dangers that threaten his life are seen  
 When he seeketh the brave and bold.  
 Oh! the heart must be hard and bad indeed,  
 Or ruled by a coward's whim,  
 If it bounds not to think of the friendly deed  
 Perform'd in these lands by him.  
 Seeking where the lost have been,  
 A gallant band may yet be seen.

Through ages long past, the British name  
 Has been known in every clime,  
 And all must trust that the well-earn'd fame  
 Will endure to the end of time.  
 To rescue from death the friend, or foe,  
 Was ever the sailor's boast;  
 And now, 'mid the terrors of frost and snow,  
 His courage is needed most.  
 Seeking, etc.

Soon night will be past, and spring draweth nigh,  
 To gladden us all again,  
 When we'll seek around, with a watchful eye,  
 Nor at any toil complain.  
 They await us in England, the beauteous, the fair,  
 When our dangerous task is o'er,  
 And who would not greater hardships dare  
 To be prized by them once more?  
 Seeking, etc., etc.

[*Exeunt OMNES. Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE, who dance a pas de deux.*

CLOWNS and PANTALOOON enter, followed by men bringing in balloon gear. The CLOWNS drive off the men, and inflate balloon, which, when full, takes up 1st CLOWN, who exclaims, *Oh! aint I Green!* After a short time he descends without balloon, and advancing to the front with a slip of paper in his hands, reads news from home. *All well! And a happy new year to you! Now for my advice:*

A fool may sometimes wisdom speak,  
 Though wanting youth and beauty;  
 So let me say,  
 In Nelson's way,  
 England expects that every man  
 This spring will do his duty.

FINALE—GRAND TABLEAU.

# THE EPILOGUE

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON, AT

The Royal Arctic Theatre,

28TH FEBRUARY, 1851.

---

When first this curtain rose, we strove to say,  
All our success in your applause would lay :  
Thus trusting, we have tried, and not in vain,  
To hear your laughter o'er and o'er again.  
One sole regret we had, until tonight,  
That those so near\* could not with us unite ;  
And in this mimic world the hours beguile,  
Where all do feel the want of woman's smile.  
But now 'tis o'er, the flower of day expands,  
And greedy time new sacrifice demands †.  
The strength of youth, the wisdom of the sage,  
Must soon appear upon life's boundless stage ;  
Amusement then to duty will give place,  
And lines of thought will mark the anxious face.  
In merriment and fun we've joined together,  
Defying cold and every change of weather :  
Nobly each and all their means have used,  
First the amusers, then in turn the amused.  
In health and happiness the time has fled ;  
And bright success on all its rays has shed.  
That our next efforts may as well succeed,  
Is the great wish in which we're all agreed.

\* Penny's crews and Sir J. Ross's in Assistance Bay.

† The travelling parties.

# PICTURES

FROM

# T H E E A S T .

BY

JOHN CAPPER,

AUTHOR OF THE 'THREE PRESIDENCIES OF INDIA,' OUR 'GOLD  
COLONIES,' ETC.



LONDON :

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## PREFACE.



THE accompanying "Pictures" were sketched after a long sojourn in Ceylon, — the most favoured island in the Indian Ocean. They first made their appearance in 'Household Words' and the 'Edinburgh Journal,' and with the kind permission of Mr. Dickens and the Messrs. Chambers, the Author lays them in their present form before the public.

Should these sketches from life succeed in conveying to the reader a more vivid conception of some phases of life in our Eastern dependencies than may be derived from other sources, the Author will feel that his "Pictures" have not been altogether without their use.

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# PICTURES FROM THE EAST.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE GARDEN BY THE RIVER.

JANZS LEYDEN was as happy and jovial as it was possible for any ordinary Custom-house clerk to be, in the sea-girt, sunny isle of Ceylon. The sleepy apathetic peons were perfectly taken aback, as they watched the ebullition of Dutch mirth that gushed from the person of the little chief clerk. The oldest Custom-house underling did not remember to have seen so much jollity within the dark, dusky walls of that strange, straggling old building; no, not since they were little boys, and first learnt to enjoy betel. Janzs was so elated, that he made a very poor day's work of it, in his large, solitary, prison-like office; he pretended once or twice to be deeply immersed in some tables of exports; but it would not do: one column of figures danced about before his eyes, with its *vis-à-vis*, and the totals at

the bottom went up the middle and down again, to the merry country-dance, which he could not leave off whistling. When he began a letter, he got to, "It having come to the knowledge of the authorities that certain kegs of brandy have"—he suddenly remembered that the man he was addressing was hanged for smuggling last October. At last, after nibbling one or two pens, and untying and re-tying a few bundles of very neglected and extremely dusty papers with faded red-tape, he gave up the idea of being busy. The truth was, that Janzs was about to be married; that day week was to be the happy period, and as that was the first event of the kind in his life, he conceived himself privileged to be elated, and not altogether fit for office-work.

Finding an excuse for closing the Custom-house at an unusually early hour, the chief clerk saw that the establishment (two subordinates, and three peons) had departed and left the old office in proper order; and then, leisurely turning the huge key in the old iron-bound door, gave it to the head peon to deliver to the collector, who was, of course, quietly smoking his pipe in his own verandah. The sentry was seen to, a word exchanged with the corporal of the guard, and Janzs strutted out from under the huge dark archway, which led from the strong fort of Point de Galle toward the suburbs, where many of the better class of burghers then resided. In those days, even the chief clerk of a

public department could not afford to keep a carriage. None indeed but the very highest colonial officials could venture on such a piece of extravagance. This may be readily understood, when I mention that the whole of the money salary received by Janzs in one year, did not amount to more than some twenty pounds of our English currency. It is true there were additions in the shape of fees, and allowances of oil, wood, beef, salt, and other perquisites; nevertheless it did not on the whole amount to more than a very decent living for a young single man.

Such being the state of affairs, it cannot be matter for surprise that Janzs should have felt certain doubts about the future rising amidst his happy dreamings, as he wended his way home to his humble low-roofed bungalow; and thence to Katrina, who dwelt with her father not far away on an old Dutch farm.

If Janzs had been happy before, how much was his delight increased when the old Dutchman, his future father-in-law, alluded to a fine piece of pasture-ground and woodland which he intended to give him on the wedding-day! Money he had little enough of, but he had some rich land, and the young couple were to be put in possession of some thirty acres, which might one day be made to yield a comfortable addition to the clerk's little income. Here was a field for Katrina and Janzs to build hopes upon. Thirty acres of forest

and pasturage ! The thing appeared almost too extensive to contemplate in imagination. The Fort of Galle occupied but twenty acres, and was it possible that he, a poor custom-house clerk, should become the proprietor of half as much more land than was spanned by that sturdy, rambling, old fortress ?

The next day Janzs engaged a canoe to take them both to the identical spot ; and after duty—as soon as cargoes of rice, salt-fish, and coir-rope could be hurried through the usual official routine—he hastened from the old dark office, and conducted Katrina to the bank of the river that flows from the lofty mountain-peaks, past the Fort of Galle, into the Indian Ocean. Half an hour's navigation, by means of poles, took them to the scene of their speculations. They passed many a pretty retired nook, many green paddy-fields and palm-topes ; many deep shady dells, overtopped by clustering bamboos and towering arekas, where the echo of the cool splashing waterfall was only broken by the low, soft note of the wood-pigeon, or chattering voice of the monkey. They were delighted beyond their fondest expectations with the spot. It was so near to the town ; it was so delightfully situated ; it was so nicely timbered ; why, there were sufficient trees upon it to build half-a-dozen bungalows, and still leave enough for pleasant shade and firewood. And then, the soil ! Janzs, it is true, did not understand quite so much about agriculture as he did of entries and bonds and registers ; but

Katrina declared it was magnificent. She had never seen such soil ; why, it would grow anything ! In short, they both arrived at the conclusion, that a handful of copper *challies*, flung broadcast upon the ground on any showery morning, would take root before night and grow into rix-dollars. Returning home, they indulged in all sorts of wild speculations about the future. Katrina, naturally of an imaginative turn, ventured to hint at a regular farm, cows and all ; and Janzs afterwards declared that she even went so far as to suggest a flock of goats ; but little Katrina always denied the charge most stoutly. They were to cultivate everything that would be wanted for food or raiment, from chillies for curry up to cotton for dresses. In short, they were to have a little Eden of their own making, where discord and care should never enter ; where only sweetest blossoms and flowers and richest fruits should be found ; where nothing that was bad, where everything that was good, should be seen. It was to be a bright spot that “Garden by the River.”

Well, they were married and were happy, as all young married people are and deserve to be, and let us hope always will be. In Ceylon, amongst the Dutch descendants to this day, it is a common occurrence for young couples to take up their abode for the first year or two of their married life under the roof of the bride or bridegroom’s parents. It may be that economy sometimes renders this pru-

dent; or it may happen that the young wife does not feel quite experience enough to undertake housekeeping all at once, and prefers a little further schooling on many points of domestic details. Be this as it may, it was a common custom in the days I am writing of; and since Janzs was an orphan, they took up their residence with old Lourenz, his new parent. The week of feasting and festivities and congratulations over, they settled quietly down at the paternal farm, as contentedly and as happily as though it were all their own. The little stream at the bottom of the long lawn that wound round the shrubbery so coaxingly and silently, did not run more smoothly than the current of their new-found existence. Janzs toiled harder than ever at export and import duties, and occasionally expressed regret to the head store-keeper, an old white-headed Malay, that there was not double the quantity of shipping entering the port. At his new home the clerk had little to complain of. Many a sacrifice did old Lourenz make to the comfort of the young couple. Janzs had free and unlimited access to his tobacco-store and his dozen or two of venerable meerschaums. Janzs was allowed one of the oldest and most valuable drinking-horns for his own especial use; and moreover Janzs was permitted to sit, in the cool of the evening, under the same wide-spreading mango-tree, and then, pipe in mouth, fall gently asleep, while Katrina sang an old scrap of a Dutch song,



or plied her needle, or drove away the mosquitoes from her father and husband.

Yet, with all this, Janzs occasionally felt not quite at ease, and was ungracious enough to vent his restless mood in presence of the father, who heeded not his desire for a little more independence, but quietly refilled his pipe, and settled the question with the unanswerable argument—pooh! pooh! Sometimes the thoughts of that sweet spot of wood and dell by the river-side came across the minds of the young people, and they sighed as they thought of the remote chance of seeing it as they had once hoped. Now and then Janzs thought of raising money upon it, to cultivate a portion at least, and erect a small bungalow; but a stranger to such proceedings, he fancied the scheme was far too wild and visionary for a clerk upon twenty rix-dollars a month to entertain. Each time he sighed, and gave up the idea.

Katrina had observed that her father had of late been absent from the farm more frequently, and for longer intervals, than was his custom; and that, moreover, he smoked more pipes and disposed of more schiedam during the evening, under the mango-tree, than she ever remembered him to have done at any time of her life. This state of things lasted for a few months. Janzs longed more ardently than ever for emancipation; Katrina sighed for a farm of their own, and the father plied more potently at pipe and dram.

At length old Lourenz told his children that he had a mind to go and see how their little piece of land was looking; and if they would go with him, perhaps they could contrive amongst them all to plan something to be done with it. No second bidding was needed. A large covered canoe was prepared with cushions and mats, and the party started on their visit, taking with them Katrina's younger sister and brother. It was near the end of January—of all months the most agreeable in Ceylon; the evening was so calm, and soft and fragrant; the air appeared to be as though poured down from some other and purer sphere, wafting with it songs of rich melody, and scents of rarest flowers. Nature seemed hushed and wrapped in sweetest peace. The monsters of the forests were at rest. The mountains far away flung their deep, saddening shades over many a league of plain; and even restless man looked forth and felt subdued.

Their light and well-manned boat went boldly up the stream, caring very little about the huge trunks of trees that at this time of year are met with in most Indian rivers, as thick as pebbles in a mill-pond. Torn from their birthplaces by inundations, they float down the rapids; until, arrested in their course by some trifling obstacle, they get embedded in the course of the river. The topes and dells and groves appeared to Katrina and her husband more beautiful than ever on that soft

evening; and had not their own loved spot been before them, they would gladly have landed a dozen times, to walk about and admire the romantic scenery. At last a bend of the river took them suddenly to where a rising wood-clad field told of their little domain.

But that could not be their land. Why it had a beautiful little bungalow on it, and one of the sweetest gardens round it that could be imagined; all fenced and quite complete. There were out-houses too, and a huge pile of firewood, and a nice winding path right down to the water's edge. Neither Katrina nor her husband could at first believe that they had not halted at the wrong spot: yet there was the huge Jack-tree at the landing-place, and there were the yellow bamboos and the green arekas by the little stream that came tumbling down the hill-side like a child at play. Well, they both declared they had never seen such a fairy transformation: it was like a story in some Arabian book—only a great deal better; for it was all true, and would not disappear at daylight, as many such things were said to do.

There was no end to the discoveries made by Katrina and her sister, in their rambles over the place; and though all was in a very primitive form, there was the foundation for a thousand comforts, and as many pleasures besides. Old Lourenz seated himself very quietly under a huge bread-fruit tree, and enjoyed his pipe and the contemplation of

the happiness he had stealthily bestowed. Labour costs but little in the East ; and most of the materials for the building had been found on the spot. Houses are seldom built of brick in Ceylon, even for Government use. The best are usually made of "Cabook," a ferruginous clay easily cut from the hill-sides. It is quite soft when found, but quickly hardens on exposure to the air, and in time becomes more solid and enduring than any cement. Much of the work had been performed by the neighbouring villagers, for a little rice or tobacco ; so that a great deal had been done for a very little outlay. It seemed however to Janzs as though a little fortune must have been spent upon their land, and he was altogether lost in the contemplation of so much valuable property.

The following week saw them in actual possession, and Janzs taking lessons in farming from Katrina, who assured him that if he worked hard enough, and lived long enough, he would make an excellent cultivator. By small degrees, and with many kindly helps from friends and relatives, the young couple found they had a tolerable establishment growing up in their charge. The clerk, at the risk of blistering his hands, toiled in the open air, morning and evening, whilst Katrina overlooked a brace of coolies, who laboured through the heat of the day. It was quite wonderful to see how things grew and prospered round and about them. No one in the district of Galle produced such delicious

plantains as they grew; their poultry was allowed to be unquestionably the finest in the valley; their butter the sweetest in the province, and as to bees, none thrived so well as did those of Katrina. What was better still, Janzs had, about this time, an increase to his salary of five rix-dollars a month; so that, on the whole, it might with truth be said they prospered; and indeed they deserved to do so, and no one thought of envying them their humble, quiet happiness.

In this pleasant way a year rolled past. At that time a vessel came into the harbour from one of the Eastern islands, noted for its fine plantations of nutmegs, a cultivation then highly remunerative, but which the jealousy of the Dutch Government rigidly "protected," by carefully reserving it to themselves. The commander of this ship had brought up with him, in a very careful manner, many hundreds of young nutmeg-plants, at the request, and for the especial benefit, of the Receiver of Customs at Point de Galle. These were brought on shore in barrels of earth as ship's stores, and left in charge of Janzs, who shortly afterwards received orders to despatch them to the country-house of his superior. One barrel was presented by the collector to the chief clerk, who, well aware of the great value of the nutmeg-tree, conceived himself to be at once on the high-road to fortune.

It would be difficult to paint the satisfaction

with which he knocked out the head of the barrel, on its reaching the door of his little bungalow, and feasted his own and Katrina's eyes on the sight of a hundred young nutmeg seedlings. It appeared to him as though a hundred little guardian angels had suddenly condescended to pay him a visit, to take up their abode with him for the remainder of his natural life. But what were they to do with them? Plant them, of course. Yes, but how, and where? Katrina was, for once in her little life, most completely at fault on a point of agriculture; and it turned out on inquiry, that old Lourenz knew about as much of the proper treatment, agriculturally, of the nutmeg-tree as did Janzs, or any of his office peons, or the old bald-headed Buddhist priest who lived across the river.

Great was the satisfaction of the chief clerk and his active wife to find that one of the sailors of the vessel, which had brought up the plants, understood the mode of culture, and was willing to come out to their farm and put them thoroughly in the way of rearing fine nutmeg-trees. Leave was obtained from the skipper, and the sailor was soon installed as hired cultivator under Katrina's own inspection. When Janzs arrived home after the first day's operations, he was astonished to find a number of moderately-sized pits dug throughout his best ground, at regular and distant intervals. He was with difficulty persuaded that these gigantic holes were necessary for the reception of the

Lilliputian plants. The sailor assured him that unless the holes were made at least five feet deep, and as wide as the outer branches of the future tree were expected to cover, the plant would not thrive. The roots were of the most delicate texture; and it was only by forming for their reception a roomy bed of light generous earth, that they would be enabled to arrive at the vigour necessary for the full nourishment of the tree, and the perfection of abundant crops of fruit. Janzs held up his hands in pure astonishment; but he supposed it was all right, when the two coolies flung basket upon basket full of surface soil, and river-mud, and dead leaves and weeds into these holes; and when the sailor, gently as a nurse with a young infant, placed two seedlings in each hole, a few inches apart, filled in some more rich loamy earth around them, pressed them softly down, and then finished the ceremony by a copious baptism of river-water from a cocoa-nut shell, Janzs was so pleased with the imposing appearance of the new plantation, that he did not heed the sailor's reason for placing the little seedlings in pairs; it was to ensure a sound, healthy plant, the strongest of the couple being left, whilst the more delicate plant was pulled out at the end of the first six months.

This however was not all the care that was needed for the young plants. A score of contingencies had to be guarded against. There might be too much sun, or too much wet, or the wind

might loosen them and injure the roots. Cattle or wild animals might get at them, and browse on their tender leaves, which would be fatal to them. Insects might prey upon the young shoot or the new bark. So that although, as Katrina was assured, when the trees did survive all these dangers, they would be certain to yield a lasting and golden harvest, it would not be without a long trial of watchfulness and care. But she was not easily daunted; the prospect of the future cheered on her little heart against all misgivings. She made the sailor-planter show her how they fenced in nutmeg-trees at Penang and the Moluccas, how they sheltered them from the scorching rays of the noon-day sun, and how they protected them from the nocturnal attacks of porcupines and wild-hogs, by weaving prickly boughs around them on the ground. Katrina felt quite sure that she could manage the whole plantation, and bring every tree to full bearing; and the sailor took his leave, loaded with thanks and homely gifts. Janzs thought himself the luckiest and happiest of custom-house clerks, to possess such a wife, and such a garden of nutmeg-trees.

Years rolled on in Ceylon much as such portions of time are in the habit of doing in other places. They brought with them changes in men and things at the little sturdy fort of Galle, not less than elsewhere. Few changes perhaps were more apparent than those which were perceptible



in the nutmeg plantation I have described. The little whitewashed bungalow had spread forth wings on either side, and front and ends were shadowed by jessamines and roses. Topes of waving cocoa, and sago palms, and broad-leaved bananas flung a grateful shade over the lawn, and the sweet flower-garden, and the path to the river-side. The Lilliputian seedlings were no longer there, but in their places rose, proudly and gracefully, a whole forest of bright-leaved, flower-spangled nutmeg-trees; and amongst them might be seen, if you looked in the right place, Katrina, still busy, and smiling, and happy, with Janzs by her side, and a group of little rollicking children revelling on the soft green grass. Unwearying care and watchfulness had wrought wonders with those delicate nutmegs; and now the time had arrived when they were about to reap the rich reward of perseverance and industry. Janzs considered himself, as well he might, a man of some substance. In a year, or two, or more, all these beautiful trees would be in full bearing; and if, as they gave promise to do, they bore two or three hundred nuts each, there would be a little fortune for him; a larger yearly revenue than was enjoyed by his superior, the Collector of Customs, and all the clerks and peons together.

Fate however had decreed that all this was not to be. Those richly promising trees were doomed to an early and sudden death.

I mentioned how the Collector had obtained a vast quantity of these young nutmeg-plants. There were several thousands of them, and their cultivation had cost him some money, and more trouble. But whether it was that he selected bad land, or had them planted improperly, or neglected them afterwards, there is nothing on record to tell. Certain it is that his large plantation became a complete failure, much to his vexation. This was no whit lessened when he learnt, and afterwards witnessed, the entire success of his subordinate Janzs with his little garden of nutmeg-trees.

Van Dort, the collector, was a small-minded, mean-spirited creature, as you will soon see. He brooded over his disappointment for many a long day; until at length, in the very abjectness of his low heart, he thought that, if he could not succeed, neither should Janzs. He knew right well that there was an old Order in Council, forbidding any one in the States-General's possessions in the East Indies to cultivate spices, save and except in such islands as they declared to be so privileged; namely, Ceylon for cinnamon and pepper, and the Moluccas and Penang for the nutmeg and cloves. Confiscation and imprisonment for the first offence were the mild consequences of infringing this law. What the second offence was to be visited with was not exactly known; but better lawyers than Janzs were haunted with an indistinct vision, that in such a case was made and provided nothing

short of the gallows. Now Mynheer Van Dort was well aware of the existence of this severe order when he planted his large piece of ground; but he had reckoned on being able to sell his plantation and retire to Europe before the authorities at Colombo could hear any thing of the matter; for in all probability there were not three persons in the island who knew of the existence of such stringent laws. It occurred to him that, as he had failed and nearly all his trees had died, he might turn the success of his clerk to good account on his own behalf, by informing the Governor of the bold infraction of the laws by Janzs.

In those quiet bygone times there were but few events of importance to call for any exercise of power by the highest authority in the Colony. It was therefore with no little bustle that the Governor summoned his Council to consider and determine upon the contents of a weighty despatch received from Point de Galle. This was the letter of Van Dort the collector, informing them of the high criminality of his subordinate. It did not require much deliberation to settle the course to be pursued. The forbidden trees were ordered to be forthwith cut down, the property confiscated, Janzs to be imprisoned for five years, and the zealous Collector to be rewarded with promotion on the first opportunity.

Turn once more to the quiet, bright spot, the garden by the river. Janzs was home as usual from

his daily duties. It was evening. Katrina had given her last orders to the gardener and stock-keeper. The children were gambolling on the greensward under the large mango-tree. The favourite nutmeg-trees were heavy with blossom; the sun was still lingering amongst the topmost branches of the jambo-trees. Everything gave promise of one more of those many happy evenings so prized and loved by Janzs and his little wife; when a canoe dashed heavily against the river-bank, and forth from it sprang the fiscal of the district, attended closely by a half-dozen of sturdy, grim-looking Malay peons, armed with swords and pikes. The officer of the Crown knew Janzs well; and, though inclined to be friendly towards him, had no alternative but to tell him, in a few words, the purport of his visit, and the cause,—those bright-leaved trees waving to the breeze, and alive with merry blossoms. The poor clerk could be with difficulty persuaded of the reality of the sad news. A sight of the Governor's warrant however settled all doubts, and Janzs shortly afterwards staggered to the boat, between two peons, like a drunken man. Katrina saw him to the water's edge, and bade him be of good cheer, for all should yet be well; though her sinking heart gave the lie to her lips.

The work of destruction did not occupy much time. Four peons, with sharp axes, made but a small matter of those young and delicate trees;

and, in about half the time that was usually spent in watering them, they were all laid prostrate on the ground. The clicking of those bright axes fell sadly enough on Katrina's ear; each blow seemed to her to be a deadly wound aimed at herself, and as the last of the long-tended and much-loved trees fell heavily to the ground, her courage and spirits fled, and she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

Next morning she left that once loved spot, sad and spiritless; and taking her little ones with her, placed them in safety with her father. She then sought her husband in his prison, to comfort and console him as best she might. None knew from whence the blow came; so little indeed did the sufferers dream of how matters stood, that a few days after the catastrophe, Katrina waited on the Collector, and besought him, for the sake of Janzs' long service, to intercede for him, and obtain a remission of the cruel sentence.

Weeks passed away, and it appeared that there was small chance of any pardon from the Governor, who viewed with the greatest displeasure any contravention of the Imperial laws. Janzs abandoned himself to despair: his friends considered him a lost man. All but Katrina gave up hoping for him. She never for a moment lost sight of any chance which seemed to promise success. Night and day she sought some friendly aid to carry out her plan. That scheme was to present a petition

to the Governor in person: he was reported to be a just man, though despotic in the administration of the laws. Katrina felt certain that he knew not all the facts of their little history, though the Collector had assured her everything had been told him. Amongst others whom she sought for advice and aid, was the Minister of their little church, who listened to her with the patience of a child. He knew a good deal of their history, though not aware of the facts connected with the fatal nutmegs. He heard Katrina tell her sad story, pitied her, condoled with her, bade her be of good cheer, and finally sent her away full of faith and hope.

The good old Minister saw at once the wickedness of the Collector, for he knew who had laid the charge against Janzs. He went boldly, though carefully, to work; satisfied himself of the fact of Van Dort having planted nutmegs on a larger scale than his clerk, though unsuccessfully; drew up a petition to the Governor, obtained the signature of Janzs, and then proceeded with it to Colombo, and laid it with his own hands at the feet of their ruler. The good man was heard patiently, and in twenty-four hours after perusal of the petition, instructions were sent off to Galle to the Commandant to institute the most searching inquiry into the whole case.

It only remains to relate how the wicked Collector was detected, and dismissed the service. Janzs was not only restored to the possession of

his lands, but received the appointment of Collector of Galle, as compensation for his imprisonment. And so all went well. None was more delighted than Katrina, who however would not be satisfied until they were once more quietly settled on their pretty farm by the river-side. There, for long years afterwards, they lived in the enjoyment of health and ample means, which were, after all, brought them indirectly by their nutmeg plantation; and though none of those ominous trees were any longer growing, there were hundreds of others, which yielded ample stores of luscious, grateful fruit, and flung a cool and balmy shade over streams and flowers, in many a quiet nook of that sweet garden by the river.

## CHAPTER II.

## CATCHING ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant is associated with our earliest recollections of schoolboyhood. Well do I remember the huge black picture of the unwieldy animal in Mavor's Spelling-book, the letter-press describing the creature as "not only the largest, but the strongest of all quadrupeds," which is beyond all question; and furthermore, that "in a state of nature it is neither fierce nor mischievous," which is the very reverse of fact, as hundreds of sugar and coffee planters, as well as many a traveller, could testify. In later years I enjoyed a peep at the sleepy-looking creature, cooped up in a sort of magnified horse-stall, at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and well I remember wondering how so much sagacity and thoughtfulness could be attributed to so apathetic and cumbrous an animal.

The reader of Roman and Grecian history may gather how Pyrrhus for a time mastered the hardy



veterans of Rome, by means of these then little-known and terrible creatures ; and how Alexander found hundreds of them opposed to him in the army of the Indian monarch. Readers of more recent history may learn how these animals formed a portion of the vast armies of most of the Indian Nabobs, with which the British forces came in contact. But twelve short months ago the elephant graced the civic triumph of the newly-elected Lord Mayor of London, to the unmitigated astonishment and delight of thousands of little boys and elderly females.

Much however as I had heard and read of the elephant, I never properly appreciated this animal until I had been a dweller in Eastern climes. During a long residence in Ceylon, I was witness of such performances by these huge creatures, that my feeling towards them was raised from that of mere wonder, to something more akin to respect and admiration.

In the course of my early morning rides about the vicinity of Colombo, I frequently reined in my steed to watch the quiet labours of a couple of elephants in the service of the Government. These huge animals were generally employed in the Commissariat timber-yard, or the Civil Engineer's department, either in removing and stowing logs and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted

task, unaided, save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony; the lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and when I rode up they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe those uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and, by means of their trunks, lift it on the logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred-weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched; but the difficulty was no sooner perceived than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on the ground, with the other resting on the top of the pile so as to form a sliding way for the next logs; and having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four-legged labourers rolled up the slope they had thus formed the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the ele-

phants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were laid perfectly square with the rest.

The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weakness in the jungle bridges thrown across some of the streams in Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that, when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore-feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge to try its strength, and that if it feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal; and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

Having thus been much prepossessed in favour of these docile creatures, I learnt with considerable interest in the latter part of the year 1849, that an elephant kraal was in preparation in the Western Province of Ceylon, not many miles from Colombo.

The word "kraal" signifies simply a trap; inasmuch as the wild elephants are caught by partly driving, and partly enticing them within a large enclosed space, or trap. It is assuredly much safer sport than elephant shooting, and generally attracts a large number of spectators. I may here mention that, in spite of the scholastic authority of Mavor's Spelling-book, the wild elephants of Ceylon are far from being "neither fierce nor mis-

chievous." At times they descend upon the low country from their mountain fastnesses in such numbers and with such ferocity, as to carry with them destruction, and often death. Elephant kraals are therefore resorted to for the double purpose of ridding a neighbourhood of these dangerous visitors, and supplying the Government with fresh beasts of labour for their timber-yards and building establishments. On these occasions the natives of the district turn out *en masse*—from the rich Modelier to the poorest cooly—to assist, without remuneration; all being interested in the success of the affair.

The whole province was alive with excitement: nothing was talked of at mess-table, or at Government-house, but the approaching kraal. Half Colombo, it was said, would be there; and as the weather promised to be fair, I could not resist the temptation to witness the trapping of a score or two of those unruly monsters of the forest.

Such excursions are always undertaken by parties of three or more, for the sake of comfort. I joined four friends for the occasion: two gentlemen and two ladies, mother and daughter. They were well acquainted with the Government agent of the locality, who had promised them shelter, and good accommodation for witnessing the kraal. All arrangements having been completed, our servants, gaily turbaned, accompanied by a swarm of coolies bearing provisions, bedding, and other comforts,

started off one fine moonlight night; and at a little before day-break on the following morning, we followed them on the road: the ladies in a small pony-chaise, and myself and friend on our nags. Long before nightfall we reached the village adjoining the scene of sport. We needed no guide to the locality, for the narrow road was crowded with travellers hastening in one direction. Every description of vehicle lined the way; from the colonel's light tandem, to the native bullock hackery, with its ungreased squeaking wheels.

The scene at the village was singularly strange and exciting. It was close to the banks of the Calany, a river of some size and rapidity. Along the palm-shaded shore were moored numberless boats; many of them large flat country barges, or Padé boats, containing parties of visitors from Colombo, who had prudently determined to take up their abode in those floating residences for the night. The village huts had been thrown open to the English visitors, after having been well cleaned and whitewashed. Their doors were gaily ornamented with strips of red and white cloth, flowers, and the fresh pale-green leaves of the cocoa-palm. When the little cottages were lit up for the evening, they looked extremely pretty.

It was at once evident that there was not nearly sufficient accommodation for all the guests. One of our party started in search of his friend, the Government agent, but in vain; he had gone off

in quest of the elephants, reported as being rapidly driven in from the neighbouring country. Consequently we were left to our own resources. After some delay, we succeeded in obtaining the use of one small room for the ladies, whilst for ourselves we sought shelter for the night beneath the friendly and capacious roof of one of the Padé boats, where we found a hearty welcome from a party of young rollicking coffee-planters.

Day had not appeared next morning when we were afoot; and having sipped a cup of vile half-boiled coffee, we started to explore the wonders of the kraal, followed of course by our servants, with sundry tin boxes and a hamper.

The neighbourhood in which the kraal was formed consisted of rugged undulating ground, pretty thickly covered with stout jungle. Heavy, low forest-trees studded the stony land, interwoven with thorny brambles, cacti, bamboos, and a species of gigantic creeping plant, called appropriately, jungle-rope; for it is strong enough to bind the stoutest buffalo that ever roared. A number of narrow paths had been cut through the jungle, leading to the kraal from the village. Through one of these winding, prickly tracks, we bent our slow way, seeing little around us save hugely-branched trees and thickly matted underwood. Half-an-hour's walk brought us to a halt. We were at the kraal. I looked around, but the only indications of the industry of man in that wild spot were sundry

covered platforms, raised among the leafy branches of trees, some twelve feet from the ground. These places contained seats, and were already filling with visitors; we followed the example, and mounting the rude staircase, obtained a good view of what was going on. Before us lay a large open space, in extent about an acre, irregular in shape and of very uneven surface. A few stout trees were standing at intervals within it; beside which were to be seen groups of natives carrying long white wands, for all the world like so many black stewards of some public dinner or ball. Around this plot of ground grew a wall of dense jungle; and on looking into this, I perceived that it had been made artificially strong by intertwining among it the supple branches of trees, long bamboos, and jungle-rope of enormous thickness. At first sight this natural wall did not appear to be anything more than ordinary jungle, such as might easily be forced by any ordinary village buffalo; we were however assured by the native master of the ceremonies, the head *Corale*, that this jungle wall would resist the fiercest attacks of the strongest Kandian elephant. At one end of the enclosure I perceived a narrow opening, partly covered with light brambles and branches of trees. This was the entrance to the kraal; so arranged as to wear a natural appearance. Beside this carefully concealed gateway were hidden a number of active villagers, ready prepared with huge trunks

of trees and jungle-rope, with which they were to secure the passage against any attempts at return, so soon as the elephants were trapped.

The novelty of our situation, the wild solitude of jungle around us, the picturesque appearance of the many groups of natives within and about the kraal, the stories of elephant shooting and trapping, and narrow escapes, with sundry references to portly baskets and boxes of provisions,—all helped to make the day pass away rapidly and comfortably enough. Evening, however, brought with it a general debate as to what should be done, for there were still no signs of game being near; and few of us desired to spend the night in that open spot, unless under a strong inducement. The discussion ended by an adjournment to the village and the Padé boat, where we slept soundly.

The following day was spent pretty much as had been the first. Some of the visitors gave strong signs of impatience; and towards evening a few of worse temper than the rest declared the whole affair a complete hoax, and took their departure for Colombo. Just then intelligence was received, by means of scouts, that the elephants, to the number of forty, were in full march towards the kraal. This set us all on the tip-toe of expectation. Every one betook himself to his appointed place. Ladies shrank away from the front seats, and I detected one or two of my own sex casting anxious glances towards the stairs. An equal bustle was visible



within the kraal. The head Corale rushed about full of importance; the black stewards, with their white wands, grouped themselves into parties of three or four, at irregular intervals amongst the jungle surrounding the open space, and especially about the entrance; but what duty was to be performed by these gentry was more than I could divine. It is true I was told by a native chief, that it would devolve on them to drive back any of the elephants, when caught in the kraal, in the event of their attempting to force the surrounding defences. But the idea of these poor creatures—some of them mere boys—being of any service, with their little white sticks, appeared so insane and altogether ridiculous, that I felt I was being hoaxed by the Corale.

The shades of evening descended, and scouts continued to arrive from the "driving party," with injunctions to hold everything in readiness, for the herd was coming on. The few torches that had been left to dispel the gloom were put out, or removed from sight. The moon had not risen. Every tongue was silent, save a few low whispers at intervals. Eyes were eagerly strained towards the opening through which the herd were expected to rush. Every ear was on the stretch to catch the most remote sounds in that direction. One might have fancied, from the death-like stillness of the place, that we were there awaiting our own fate, instead of the fate of elephants.

We did not wait long in this suspense. A distant shouting burst suddenly upon our startled ears. It drew rapidly nearer, and soon we could distinguish the violent cracking and snapping of branches of trees and low jungle. Then we heard the quick tramp of many ponderous and huge feet. There was no doubt but that the animals were close upon us, for torches were visible in the direction from which they were coming: indeed the distant jungle appeared to be alive with lights. Every native stood to his arms, such as they were. I could see the white wands glimmering about in the black forest at our feet; some score or two of rifle-barrels, long and ugly-looking instruments, of native make, were protruded from various points. Several of the ladies of our party fainted; and I verily believe that some of the males wished inwardly that they were of the other sex, to have the privilege of fainting and being carried out of reach of danger. But there was small time for attention even to fainting ladies. Our eyes were fixed upon the moving and rapidly approaching lights. They appeared to burn less brightly as they came nearer; then some disappeared, and soon the whole were extinguished, and all was plunged in darkness. Still on came the furious monsters: bamboos crashed; the thick jungle flew about in splinters. A heavy tramping, and tearing, and snapping asunder of branches,—and there they were safely within the kraal. Then arose a shout as though

the clouds and earth were about to meet, or to do something out of the common way. I bent forward to catch a peep at the enemy. The native body-guard waved their white wands. The entrance was barred up in a twinkling, and the torches brought forward to enable us to witness the proceedings, when a volley of loud uproarious laughter fell upon our ears, blended with exclamations of angry disappointment. All eyes were strained towards the clump of trees in the centre of the enclosure, where we beheld a dozen or two of flaming *chules* or torches, waved to and fro by some score of half-frantic villagers; and there, as the glare of torchlight burst through the dense gloom, we beheld, crouching together, in place of forty huge elephants, a knot of village buffaloes, panting, and trembling, and tossing their heads. A survey of these creatures told us how the matter stood. There had been torches fastened to their horns, and one or two of them had the remains of *chules* hanging to their tails. There could not be a shadow of a doubt that the affair had been a cruel hoax, and we were not long in ascribing the origin of it to the real perpetrators—the party of young coffee-planters with whom I had slept in the Padé boat.

The laughter of the evening however was not yet at an end. The light of innumerable *chules*, now moving about, discovered to us three nervous gentlemen snugly perched high among the branches

of a tree close by our stand. They had made a rush up, in the first alarm of the onset; but however easy fear had made the ascent, they evidently found it a somewhat difficult task to descend. All eyes were at once fixed upon the unlucky climbers, whose struggles to reach the lower branches were hailed with roars of furious laughter. Elephants, and buffaloes, and hoaxers were for the moment forgotten. One of them was the District Judge, a somewhat cumbrous personage, another was a Collector of Customs, and the third a Commissioner of the Court of Requests, a thin wiry fellow, with a remarkably red face. There they were, kicking, and straining, and struggling, in as pretty a fix as any of the Civil Service had ever found themselves; and it was not until some bamboos and ropes had been handed up to them, that they were able to reach the stand, and thence wend their way off the scene.

By the time the kraal was cleared, the night was far advanced, and the moon high in the horizon. Advice then reached us that the elephants had made a detour from the line, and had taken it into their unruly heads to treat themselves to a gambol across some score or two of acres of prairie land, where they were amusing themselves with a good round game, despite the coaxing of a decoy consisting of two tame elephants. It was clear that nothing would be done on that night, and our merry parties betook themselves back to the village.

Our numbers were evidently on the decline next day. The patience of many had been exhausted. Towards evening intelligence was brought in that twenty-five elephants, of all sizes, were in full march towards us; and shortly afterwards the Government agent of the district, and the native chief of the district, came in from "the driving" to see that the proper reception of the jungle visitors had been arranged. Again all was hurry and bustle. Provision-baskets and nervous ladies were sent to the rear, wine-bottles were placed in reserve, and sundry parting salutes were made with packets of nsadwiches. Once more silence reigned over the kraal; torches were removed, the guards and watchers were doubled, and an extra supply of the little white wands brought to the front.

It was an hour past midnight when we heard the first distinct shouts of the drivers, who were slowly forcing the elephants towards the kraal,—the two tame ones leading the way, and pointing out the advantages of that particular path to their jungle friends. The sounds seemed to approach us at irregular intervals. Sometimes it appeared as though the animals were not to be moved on any account, and the shouting died away; again they drew rapidly near; then paused; then forward, until we fancied we could distinguish the fall of the elephants' huge feet amongst the thick underwood. At last there was no mistake about it; they were close upon us. Our anxiety

and curiosity became intense. The tearing and trampling amongst the jungle was deafening. Giant bamboos and branches of trees appeared to be snapped asunder by the on-coming herd, like so many walking-sticks,—in a way, in short, which made me tremble for the strength of the kraal, and of our own elevated platform.

But there was little time for reflection of any kind. A shot or two was fired in the rear of the advancing herd, followed by a trampling of the leading elephant. The moon at that moment began to peep over the distant range of low hills, and by its faint light I could distinguish the low jungle bending, and giving way on every side, and amongst it sundry huge black forms rushing about in savage disorder, like mountain masses upheaved by some convulsion of nature. The two decoys entered the enclosure at a brisk but steady trot, and stationed themselves under the clump of trees, without any notice being taken of them; indeed one of them nodded knowingly to the Corale near him, as much as to say, "It's all right, old fellow!" On came the wild elephants at a thundering pace, tearing and bending, and smashing everything before them; trumpeting and roaring at full pitch. In another moment they were within the boundaries of our fortress.

Never shall I forget the wild, strange beauty of that uproarious moment. The moon was now shining sufficiently on the kraal to light up the more

open parts of it; away under the deep shade on one side could be seen a dense, moving mass of living creatures: huge, misshapen, and infuriated, trembling with rage and fatigue. Lighted torches were gleaming thickly, like fire-flies, amidst the neighbouring jungle. Felled trees and rope barred up the narrow way, forming one monster gate; whilst busy groups of villagers, white wands in hand, moved to and fro, and watched the furious herd. More lights were brought to the front, and a blazing fire was kindled outside the entrance, which, whilst it served to light up the whole of the kraal, deterred the savage strangers from attempting anything in that direction.

It was soon evident that the prisoners were not going to take matters very quietly. Two of the stoutest of their number slowly advanced and examined the walls, to see where an opening might most easily be forced. And now we were not less astonished than delighted at the use made of those tiny white wands, which had before served only to raise our contempt. Wherever the two elephant spies approached the jungle-walls of their prison, they were met by one or two villagers, who gently waved before them little snow-white switches; and, lo! as if by some spell of potent forest magic, the beasts turned back, shrinking from contact with the little wands. Point after point was thus tried, but all in vain; the snowy magic sticks were thick within the jungle, and silently beat back the advancing foe.

While the two scouts were thus engaged on their exploring expedition, the tame elephants approached the remainder of the herd, and walked slowly round them, shaking their shaggy ears, and waving high in air their curling trunks, as though they would say, "Move at your peril." One of the captives, a somewhat juvenile and unsophisticated elephant, ventured to move from the side of its maternal parent, to take a survey of our stand, when tame elephant Number One went up to the offender, and sent him back with an enormous flea in his ear; tame elephant Number Two bestowing at the same moment a smart tap on the skull.

Busier work was at hand. The scouts, evidently disgusted with the result of their operations upon the outworks, appeared to be preparing for a *sortie*, and treated with the most reckless levity the admonitory taps of the elephant policemen, which however seemed to be far less unpleasant to them than a tickle on the snout from one of the pigmy white wands. It was plain that they intended to carry their object by a *coup de* trunk; but a score of rifles peered forth. The ladies shut their eyes, and stopped their ears; an elderly gentleman at my elbow asked, in a tremulous whisper, "what the guns were for." The inquiry was replied to by a loud trumpeting from one of the pair of rebels,—a harsh screaming roar, like the hollow sound of a strained railway whistle, very much out of repair. We had scarcely time to look at the poor brute



creating this disturbance, when we heard the sharp crack of a dozen rifles around us,—so sharp indeed that our eyes blinked again. Down tumbled one of the monsters, with thick torrents of hot, savage blood pouring from many a wound about his head and neck. His companion was not so easily disposed of, though badly wounded. Lifting his enormous trunk in the air, and bellowing forth a scream of defiance, he made a rush at the jungle-wall. The two elephantine policemen, who had been narrowly observing his proceedings, then cut in between him and the ramparts, and succeeded in turning him from his purpose, but only to cause him to renew his fierce attack upon another part of the defences. He rushed at full speed upon the part where our stand was erected, screaming and tearing up the earth, and lashing his great trunk about him, as a schoolboy would a piece of whipcord. I felt alarmed: it seemed as though our frail tenement must yield at the first touch from the mighty on-coming mass of flesh, bone, and muscle. Ladies shrieked and fainted by the dozen; gentlemen scrambled over each other towards the stairs, where a decidedly downward tendency was exhibited. I would have given a trifle, just then, to have taken the seat occupied the day before by the Judge or the Collector, high amongst the branches. But in much less time than I take to relate it, the furious animal, smarting under many bullet wounds, had reached the verge of our stand,

heedless of the cracking of rifles, whose leaden messengers flew round his head and poured down his shoulders, harmless as peas. One last crack, and down the monster fell, close to our feet. That shot was the work of a mere lad, the little son of a Kandian Chief, who, coolly biding his time, had fired his piece close at the creature's ear. Leaping from his place, the urchin flung aside his long tapering rifle, and drawing forth his girdle-knife, severed the elephant's tail from the carcase, as his just trophy.

These two having been disposed of, and a degree of calm restored, the general attention was directed towards the herd, which still remained in their original position. For a time fear seemed to hold them motionless; but when the extremity of their danger rose before them, a number of the boldest made a desperate rush at the entrance, but were easily turned back, when the watchers stirred up the great guard-fire, whilst from other parts of the kraal they were soon repelled by an application of white wands. In this way a good hour was spent, at the end of which time the creatures appeared to give up the idea of any further aggressive proceedings, and remained subdued and calm.

A dangerous task had still to be performed—that of securing the best of the herd for taming. Half-a-dozen of the most active and skilful of the villagers crept slowly and carefully towards the frightened group, each having a long stout cord of

jungle-rope in his hand, with a running noose at the end of it. With stealthy, cat-like steps, these daring fellows went amongst the herd, making some of us tremble for their safety. Each of them selected one of the largest and strongest of the group, behind which they crept; and, having arranged the "lasso" for action, they applied a finger gently to the right heel of their beast, who, feeling the touch as though that of some insect, slowly raised the leg, shook it, and replaced it on the ground. The men, as the legs were lifted, placed the running nooses beneath them, so that the elephants were quietly trapped unknown to themselves, and with the utmost ease. The men now stole rapidly away with the ends of the ropes, and immediately made them fast to the ends of the nearest trees. These ropes however were far from being sufficiently strong to hold an elephant who might put out his strength. It was therefore necessary to secure them still further, but by gentle means. The two tame elephants were then placed on active service: they were evidently perfectly at home, and required no directions for their work. Walking slowly up to the nearest of the six captured animals, they began to urge him towards the tree to which he was fastened. At first the creature was stubborn; but a few taps on his great skull, and a mighty push on his carcase, sent him a yard or two nearer his destination. As he proceeded, the man in charge of the rope gathered in the slack of it;

and so matters went on between this party—a tap, a push, and a pull—until at length three of the elephants were close to the tree. Two other villagers then came forward with a stout iron chain. The tame animals placed themselves one on each side of their prisoner, pressing him between them so tightly as to prevent the possibility of his moving. In a minute or two the great chain was passed several times round the hind legs and the tree, and in this way the captive was left, helpless and faint with struggling; the other five were similarly treated. After this our party dispersed, pretty well tired, and quite prepared for bed.

Early next morning I paid a last visit to the kraal alone: my friends were fairly worn out. The remainder of the elephants had been either shot or had forced their way out in one or two places. The six captured animals were quiet—as well they might be, after their long fast and incessant struggling. Towards the end of that day a very small portion of food was supplied to them, just sufficient to keep them alive. In this way they were to remain for a week or two, when, if found sufficiently reduced in strength and temper, they were to be walked about, fastened between two tame companions, who assisted very effectually in their daily education—not perhaps in the most gentle and polite manner, but still much to the purpose.

At the end of two or three months, these wild

and most dangerous monsters of the jungle might be seen quietly and submissively piling logs of ebony in the Government timber-yards, with a purpose-like intelligence little short of that of man.

## CHAPTER III.

## A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THERE is a class of our fellow-subjects in the East which appears to have been somewhat unfairly dealt with by writers of Indian books, and colonial historians, inasmuch as no notice has been taken of them, save in some of the official returns of the population issued by the Colonial Office, in which, by the way, they figure rather prominently as regards number. I allude to the burgher inhabitants of our large colonial towns within the tropics.

In Europe the term "Burgher" was applied, in olden days, to all citizens, or dwellers in principal towns, carrying on trades or professions therein. In the East, or rather within the tropics, it is used to designate the descendants of the old Portuguese and Dutch colonists—a class at once numerous and respectable. At the Cape Colony they form the majority of settlers; but in the tropical

settlements of Ceylon, Singapore, etc., they are greatly outnumbered by other races. When the former island was taken possession of by the British forces, many of the Dutch civil servants returned to Holland or went on to Java; but very many were too poor to travel, or preferred remaining where they had been born. Their descendants have continued to fill many leading posts in the colonial establishments, and nearly all the minor appointments in the Judicial and Revenue departments are bestowed upon these and the Portuguese burghers. The Dutch have been, and are to this day, very careful not to intermarry with any Cingalese; thus their habits and their characters have undergone but little change. The Portuguese, on the other hand, have been far less scrupulous on this point; and their descendants of the present day are to be seen of every shade and grade—from the well-clad medical student, to the half-starved, half-naked street-sweeper, or the bazaar-keeper.

Until very recently there was little, if any, social intercourse between the European and burgher classes: a line of demarcation had been drawn between the two races, which very few dared to pass. This extended to such of the proscribed colonists as held important posts under Government, who, while their abilities and characters were owned and respected by their European fellow-civilians, found no admittance within the threshold of their homes.

If however, the English colonists contrive to

monopolize the best berths in the service, the burghers have managed to secure to themselves the most comfortable dwellings, with the best gardens. The same jealous exclusiveness which has so completely separated these two classes, impels the European to take up his residence in a quarter' as far removed as possible from the suburbs usually occupied by the burghers. The English merchants and civil servants will be found located along the edge of some high road, within a very small patch of burnt-up paddock, once green. Their tenements are of no particular order, being mostly long rambling whitewashed places, very like huge rabbit-hutches. A few palms occasionally make an attempt at shading the dusty hot verandah in front; while the small tufts of cinnamon-bushes are to be seen withering away in parched sand, evidently disgusted with their circumstances. How different the dwellings of the burghers! Some of these, it is true, are in the midst of the *pettah*, or native town, but most of them will be found scattered about in quiet shady lanes. Many are quite hidden from the passer-by, amidst a dense little forest of fruit-trees, rose-bushes, and evergreens—concealed amidst leaves and flowers as snugly as though they were so many huge, red-bricked, birds' nests.

It is seldom, indeed, that anything occurs to break the dull monotony of life in the East. With no public amusements, no public promenades, colonists seldom meet each other save at the churches.



There are however a few days in the year when a little change in this clock-work existence takes place amongst the burgher population ; when grim-looking Dutchmen relax the stern rigidity of their bronzed features, and put on some gay suit of many colours. When portly, sleepy dames rouse up for the emergency, startle the quiet family halls with their busy tongues, and scare the old watch-dog with the vivid brilliancy of new ribands and clean lace. One of these very few and much-prized occasions is New Year's Day.

In the afternoon of the first day in January, 1850, I strolled out from the old, rambling, crumbling fort of Colombo, over a very shaky wooden drawbridge, through the broad prim-looking streets of the native town. The weather was fine ; that is to say, parchingly hot: the sky was undimmed by a single cloud. The bland sea-breeze played coyly with the feathery foliage of the tall palms and arekas, and waved against the azure sky many a tope of broad-leaved, bright-green bananas. The native bazaar, at the corner of the town, with one end jutting out upon the sea, was for once clean and gay. The dealers in fish, fruit, and curry-stuffs, appeared to have put on new clothes with the New Year. The huge white turbans, and gilt-edged muslin scarfs, glistened in the noonday sun; and gorgeous, many-coloured vests and wrappers vied, in the brilliancy of their tints, with the many-hued piles of fruits and balmy flowers. The very fish and vegetables

appeared cleaner than usual; while spices, condiments, and sweetmeats looked down from many a loaded shelf upon the passer-by.

Leaving this motley scene, where the song of the Hindoo dancers blended in wild harmony with the Cingalese tomtom, or drum, I passed on to the heart of the dwelling-place of the middle-class of burghers.

Before every house was an ample verandah, partly veiled by an open bamboo-curtain. In these lofty, cool retreats were seated the many families of the place, receiving or paying the good wishes of the season. Once upon a time the streets were graced by rows, on either side, of shady spreading *souriya*-trees, bending over the footways, and peeping in at the verandahs, to see how the inmates were getting on; winking the large eyes of their yellow tulip flowers at the daughters, and enticing pretty birds to come and sing amongst the leafy branches. But this was in the good old days of sleepy Holland. Now all are gone—green boughs, winking flowers, and singing-birds: more's the pity!

As I passed along, I met many groups of old, young, and middle-aged, evidently families, in full burgher holiday costume. They were in each case followed by two or more turbaned, fierce-looking domestics, bearing enormous trays, piled up with something hidden from vulgar gaze by flowing veils of muslin. I could not help calling to mind the

processions of slaves, in the Arabian Nights, which we are informed followed the steps of caliphs and sorcerers, bearing with them huge presents of precious things from subterranean worlds. I watched some of these domestic embassies, and perceived that they entered the houses of some of the neighbours; there was a great fluster and bustle, and no end to the talking and laughing in the long verandahs. I entered the dwelling of a Dutchman to whom I was known, and found one of these family groups within. A rare merry scene it was: the deputation had just arrived; friends were shaking hands; the great black slave of the Arabian Nights uncovered the hidden treasures on the tray, and, lo! there were discovered—not piles of glittering sequins, and emeralds, and rubies, as I had expected, but a few bunches of yellow plantains, some green oranges, a handful of limes, half-a-dozen pine-apples, and a homely-looking cake frosted with sugar. These were the universal New Year offerings amongst that simple community, given as tokens of good-fellowship and neighbourly feeling; and as such, welcomed and cheerfully responded to. Little corpulent glasses of cordials, or schiedam, were handed round amongst all arrivals, rich or poor; good wishes were exchanged; a few stale jokes were cracked; inquiries were made for the grandmother who was too infirm to join the party; and away went the neighbours with another slave and another heap of hidden gifts,

to the next acquaintance. These presents are not confined to mere equals; the most humble menial scrapes a few *challies* together for the occasion, and lays at his master's feet an oblation of fruits and flowers.

The very "grass-cutter," the miserable hanger-on of stables, contrives somehow to get a few pines and plantains on a blue-and-white dish; and poverty-stricken though she be, pours out her simple gifts before her master with gentle dignity.

Group after group went through the town. Gay parties continued to amuse themselves in many a dusty verandah. Scores of meerschaums sent forth circling clouds of fragrant white smoke; while many a dreamy Dutchman nodded in his high-backed, richly-carved chair of ebony. The hour of vespers approached. There were heard dozens of tinkling little bells; and forth came scores of damsels clad in pure white. Again the dusty streets were busy and alive, and many of the good Catholic verandahs lost their chief charmers.

Straying onward from this bustling neighbourhood, I reached the outskirts of the town, where are to be seen some of the prettiest and most retired of the burghers' dwellings. These are mostly fine old mansions of red brick, with solid, grim-looking gable-ends frowning down upon the old rusty gates, and the great round well by the forest of plantain-trees. I found myself standing before one of these, in a sweet green lane lined with lofty

palms, spreading gorekas, and huge India-rubber trees. The heavy wall in front hid the sturdy mansion from my view ; but the gates being open, I obtained a peep of the Oriental paradise within. Rare old fruit-trees on the grass-plot were well laden with clustering, many-coloured fruit ! They must have been in bearing when the old gentleman in the easy chair, and the pink cotton trousers, and black skull-cap, was a mere child. How cool the place looked amidst all that dense green foliage ! One might almost have caught a cold in the head by merely looking in at the gate. The sun evidently never troubled the little children playing on the grass under the thick clusters of mangoes, sour-sops, and plantains ; except perhaps for a few minutes at noon. What a jolly old house it was, to be sure, with verandahs as large as the Burlington Arcade in London ; and such windows ! They looked like so many roofs of hot-houses let sideways into the walls ; and as to the doors, one might have fancied, from their size, that the family were in the habit of keeping their carriage in the back parlour, or setting out the dinner-table in the doorway : there would have been abundance of room in either case, and a little to spare too !

There were nice beds of flowers on each side of the large grass-plot, and orange-trees ; and the passer-by peeping in far enough, as I did, might have caught a glimpse of one or two pairs of small pretty feet, and faces to match, hidden away cosily

among the roses and oleanders. Well, those are nice, quiet, enjoyable places, and much better than the hot, dusty, dignified rabbit-hutches of the English on the other side of the fort!

I passed on, as my fancy led me, until I came to another stout Dutch residence, which pleased me, though not so much as the other had done. It was altogether another description of house, though doubtless pleasant enough in its way. It stood close upon the road, with all the garden behind it, so that one saw nothing but red bricks and little Dutch tiles. There was no peeping in there, through any open gates; no catching the daughters quietly among the flowers.

The owner of the house chanced to be enjoying his evening pipe in the capacious doorway; and seeing me surveying the premises, he at once rose from his quiet seat and bade me welcome. When he learnt my desire to examine his mansion, he gladly conducted me through the great rooms to the garden. The principal room or hall was of enormous magnitude. I believe you might have driven a stage-coach, with very frisky leaders, round the dinner-table, without fear of touching the army of chairs ranged along the walls. I could almost fancy the builder had made a mistake, and roofed in a good part of the road. I looked up and thought I should never get a sight of the roofing, and wondered whether the sparrows building their nests so high there, ever felt giddy and fell down

upon the dinner-table. The other rooms were smaller, but all spacious enough, and well filled with ebony and calamander furniture. On the whole, the mansion was elegant and refined. There was a degree of polish about the windows, and a sort of rakishness in the couch-covers and ottoman drapery, which struck me, while the very screen in the doorway had a jaunty air which there was no resisting.

Right and left from the large house, extended backward two ranges of sleeping apartments and stores, with long stone terraces, filled with flowering shrubs in gigantic pots. At the farther end were rows of huge, suspiciously-shaped jars, looking as though they belonged to Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. At the termination of this pottery were wide flights of steps leading to a neatly laid-out garden, full of the richest flowers, and greenest shrubs, and most tempting fruit-trees the eye ever saw, or fancy pictured. There was a small fountain in the midst, with a seat by the side, and round it lay scattered children's toys. On the whole, this was a pretty place, but not so natural and home-like as the other; besides the stiff terrace and the jars of the Forty Thieves rather marred its beauty.

Such houses are mostly the dwelling-places of old Dutch families, the heads of which may be lawyers, or deputy registrars, or chief-clerks in a Government office, and are none the worse for that. But when I mention Dutchmen, by the bye, do

not let any one for a moment picture to himself the burly, bright-visaged, many-breeched gentry of friend Knickerbocker: that race has died out long since, within the tropics. Nankeen trousers, a white jacket and waistcoat—all fitting pretty closely on a rather slim-built figure—with a modern London beaver, make up the externals of the Dutch burghers of the East.

Determined to see all that related to the day among the burghers, I had accepted an invitation from a Dutchman, a worthy book-keeper grown grey in the service of one of the leading merchants, to join an evening party at his house. I arrived there between eight and nine o'clock, and found old Samuel Kuyper at the door, anxiously awaiting me. I was at once introduced to Mrs. Kuyper, a portly dame, whom I found seated in solemn silence, on a huge ottoman, at one end of the long room. In vain I uttered innumerable speeches, full of compliment; equally useless were my inquiries after her family. The lady, I found, understood not one word of English; and this is the case with most of the female members of these families.

The room we were assembled in, was one of the huge warehouse-looking places I have already described. There were acres of glass in the walls. You could see all that was going on in the supper-room, everything in the garden, and not a little in the bed-rooms. In front of these fields of windows, were long rows of seats nearly all occupied by



Dutch and Portuguese ladies of every age. They presented a strange contrast to the merry parties I had beheld in the day-time. All the fun and jollity were gone. It was not etiquette to laugh or to speak aloud before the dancing began, and so all sat stiff and silent, like so many mummies. Had our assembling been for a funeral, or for reading a will, the solemnity of the company could scarcely have been greater. It was painful. Our host however possessed good-humour enough for half the party; he was all smiles, from the heel of his shoe to the tips of his grey hair. More than once, I caught him rushing out into the garden to have a laugh all to himself. The wife was quite another sort of person: happy enough, no doubt, if she could but have felt quite sure about the supper; but I could see the cares of fifty years of mullagatawny written on her brow. Half a century of obstinate butlers, bad cooks, and impertinent maid-servants, to say nothing of generations of hooping-cough, small-pox, and measles, is surely trial enough for any ordinary woman. It had had its effects upon Mrs. Kuyper.

The young men grouped themselves about as we see soldiers on parade-ground: some were forming into squares, a few into single line, others again were leading off in columns. A few of the knowing shots were thrown out in advance as sharpshooters, and made attacks on the female forces, entrenched on the sofas and ottomans: but without any visible effect.

The monotony of this curious scene was at length broken by the entrance of a swarm of fierce-looking domestics, swathed and turbaned in rich profusion, bearing before them little square stands—a sort of card-tables in reduced circumstances—which they placed with all due solemnity before the dumb ladies on the sofas.

Other gay-looking servants followed, with—what would the reader imagine? Nectar or sherbet? No; with huge tureens of reeking hot *soup!* The gentlemen proceeded to pour out libations of mulgatawny into divers soup-plates on the little card-tables. It was curious to see how animated the ladies became, and how very kindly they took to the smoking beverage; evidently as hot as capsicum and a good fire could make it. I could but wonder of what material their throats were constructed; and when I perceived that the soup was followed by hecatombs of cake and goblets of hot-spiced wine, I felt as if on fire. The thermometer in the large open verandah outside, stood at somewhere about ninety degrees; yet these scalding potations were swallowed as though freezing from an ice-house. The honest, warm-hearted burghers feeling, no doubt, the soothing influence of the feast, prepared to add to their enjoyments by a dance.

The squeaking notes of an old violin, accompanied by a brace of tomtoms, diffused activity into the hitherto dull assembly. The dance was led off by—I perspire freely as I think of it—the hostess

and myself. It was none of your sleepy, walking affairs, such as may be met with in English society, but a regular hard-working quadrille, such a one as you might fancy Laplanders would enjoy during one of their severe winters. I need not relate my sufferings during that time of trial. Suffice it to say, that when I staggered out into the cool shrubbery, I found myself in a condition which could scarcely have been worse if I had spent a morning with the Fire-king, in one of his favourite ovens.

Dancing was followed by some very indifferent native theatricals, performed on the lawn behind the house; of which dancing girls, snakes, and a concert of tomtoms, formed a portion, much to the enjoyment of the guests, who seemed not difficult to please.

I felt no inclination for more dancing, or to partake of the enormous supper which I perceived to be in course of preparation, and accordingly, left unperceived, flung myself into my palanquin carriage, and bade the driver go home. The night was then magnificent. A bright and lovely moon flung many a new charm among the gorgeous foliage that waved and lightly danced in the cool sea-breeze. The vast Indian Ocean broke peacefully in phosphorescent curling waves along a pebbly shore. The air was soft and still, broken only by fitful echoes from some merry-making party in the distance.

My drive took me by the sea-shore, and as I

lay gazing out upon the far ocean, I noticed a little black shadow on the horizon, like a ship, or like the shadow of some monstrous winged thing. I was tired of looking, and sleepy withal; so I lay back and dozed. I looked out again, and started to find how dark it had become. The horse-keeper too was urging the animal to its utmost speed. The little black speck on the horizon had swollen to a mighty, hideous mass of thunder-cloud. Already half the heavens were shrouded in pitchy darkness. I opened my carriage windows and looked out. The storm was coming up with giant strides; some distance out at sea, a wall of smoking, hissing, bubbling rain joined the clouds and waters, and shut out all beyond. I could hear that mighty cataract of tempest fall with a roaring sound, nearer and nearer. Before me, all was dark and stormy: behind, the many groves of waving palms still slept in moonlit beauty. The distant hills were clear and bold, and seemed so near, as though my voice could reach them.

It was in vain my horse was urged onward: the storm was swifter than any living thing. The great black smoking wall came hissing on; and from its darkened crest, loud peals of thunder burst. I have been in many a storm in my day, but this was the most magnificent I ever saw. To go onward became absolutely impossible; so fierce was the tempest. The driver therefore turned the horse's head away from the sea, and patiently sat

it out. Peal after peal of thunder rent the air. It seemed as though all the powder-magazines in the world were being blown up. First there was a cracking and splitting, as of gigantic sheets of metal torn asunder; then a heavy rumbling, like ten thousand loaded wagons being galloped across an iron bridge. The air was no longer darkened; every foot of atmosphere seemed alive with lightning-life. By the glare, I could see some of the noble palms—at least seventy feet high—bending to the gale like willow-wands, and literally sweeping the ground with their feathery leaves. More than one, upon that terrible night, was shivered into splinters by the lightning; and many a stubborn one that would not bend, lay crushed and helpless on its sandy grave.

The howling of the wind, the thunder-peals, the heavy pattering of the huge rain-drops, had well-nigh stunned me. In nature however, as with man, the fiercest outbreaks are the soonest quelled. In half an hour the moon shone out again in undimmed beauty. The air was calm and hushed; and the parched earth and herbs, grateful for such a copious draught, sent many a fragrant blessing on the breeze, to tell their thanks.

## CHAPTER IV.

## COFFEE PLANTING.

IN the month of September, 1840, I started from Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, to visit a friend who was in charge of one of the many new coffee-clearings then in progress. I was accompanied by a young planter well acquainted with the country and the natives, and who had offered to act as my guide. The clearing was distant about twenty-five miles. The route we took has since become famous. Rebellion and martial law have stalked over it; and concerning it, the largest blue books of last session have been concocted.

We mounted our horses a good hour before day-break, so as to ensure getting over the most exposed part of our journey before the sun should have risen very high, an important matter for man and beast in tropical countries. Towards noon, we pulled up at a little bazaar, or native shop, and called for

“*Hoppers and Coffee.*” I felt that I could have eaten almost anything, and truly one needs such an appetite to get down the dreadful black-draught which the Cingalese remorselessly administer to travellers, under the name of coffee.

The sun was high in the horizon when we found ourselves suddenly, at a turn of the road, in the midst of a “clearing.” This was quite a novelty to me; so unlike anything one meets with in the low country, or about the vicinity of Kandy. The present clearing lay at an elevation of fully three thousand feet above the sea-level, whilst the altitude of Kandy is not more than sixteen hundred feet. I had never been on a Hill Estate, and the only notions formed by me respecting a plantation of coffee, were of continuous, undulating fields, and gentle slopes. Here it was not difficult to imagine myself among the recesses of the Black Forest. Pile on pile of heavy, dark jungle, rose before my astonished sight, looking like grim fortresses defending some hidden city of giants. The spot we had opened upon was at the entrance of a long valley of great width, on one side of which lay the young estate we were bound to. Before us were, as near as I could judge, fifty acres of felled jungle in thickest disorder; just as the monsters of the forest had fallen, so they lay, heap on heap, crushed and splintered into ten thousand fragments. Fine brawny old fellows some of them; trees that had stood many a storm and thunder-peal; trees that

had sheltered the wild elephant, the deer, and the buffalo, lay there prostrated by a few inches of sharp steel. The "fall" had taken place a good week before, and the trees would be left in this state until the end of October, by which time they would be sufficiently dry for a good "burn." Struggling from trunk to trunk, and leading our horses slowly over the huge rocks that lay thickly around, we at last got through the "fall," and came to a part of the forest where the heavy, quick click of many axes told us there was a working-party busily employed. Before us, a short distance in the jungle, were the swarthy, compact figures of some score or two of Kandian villagers, plying their small axes with a rapidity and precision that was truly marvellous. It made my eyes wink again, to see how quickly their sharp tools flew about, and how near some of them went to their neighbours' heads.

In the midst of these busy people I found my planting friend, superintending operations, in full jungle costume. A sort of wicker helmet was on his head, covered with a long padded white cloth, which hung far down his back, like a baby's quilt. A shooting-jacket and trousers of checked country cloth, immense leech-gaiters fitting close inside the roomy canvas boots, and a Chinese-paper umbrella, made up his curious outfit.

To me it was a pretty, as well as a novel sight, to watch the felling-work in progress. Two axemen to small trees; three, and sometimes four, to



larger ones : their little bright tools flung far back over their shoulders with a proud flourish, and then, with a "whirr," dug deep in the heart of the tree, with such exactitude and in such excellent time, that the scores of axes flying about me seemed impelled by some mechanical contrivance, and sounding but as one or two instruments. I observed that in no instance were the trees cut through, but each one was left with just sufficient of the heart to keep it upright ; on looking around, I saw that there were hundreds of them similarly treated. The ground on which we were standing was extremely steep and full of rocks, between which lay embedded rich veins of alluvial soil. Where this is the case, the masses of stone are not an objection ; on the contrary, they serve to keep the roots of the young coffee-plants cool during the long dry season, and in like manner prevent the light soil from being washed down the hill-side by heavy rains. My planter-friend assured me that, if the trees were to be at once cut down, a few at a time, they would so encumber the place as to render it impossible for the workmen to get access to the adjoining trees, so thickly do they stand together, and so cumbersome are their heavy branches. In reply to my inquiry as to the method of bringing all these cut trees to the ground, I was desired to wait until the cutting on the hill-side was completed, and then I should see the operation finished.

The little axes rang out a merry chime—merrily

to the planter's ear, but the death-knell of many a fine old forest-tree. In half an hour the signal was made to halt, by blowing a conch-shell; obeying the signal of the superintendent, I hastened up the hill as fast as my legs would carry me, over rocks and streams, halting at the top, as I saw the whole party do. Then they were ranged in order, axes in hand, on the upper side of the topmost row of cut trees. I got out of their way, watching anxiously every movement. All being ready, the manager sounded the conch sharply: two score voices raised a shout that made me start again; forty bright axes gleamed high in air, then sank deeply into as many trees, which at once yielded to the sharp steel, groaned heavily, waved their huge branches to and fro, like drowning giants, then toppled over, and fell with a stunning crash upon the trees below them. These having been cut through previously, offered no resistance, but followed the example of their upper neighbours, and fell booming on those beneath. In this way the work of destruction went rapidly on from row to row. Nothing was heard but groaning, crackling, crashing, and splintering; it was some little time before I got the sounds well out of my ears. At the time it appeared as though the whole of the forest-world about me was tumbling to pieces; only those fell however which had been cut, and of such not one was left standing. There they would lie until sufficiently dry for the torch that would

blacken their massive trunks, and calcine their many branches into dusty heaps of alkali.

By the time this was completed, and the men put on to a fresh "cut," we were ready for our mid-day meal, the planter's breakfast. Away we toiled towards the *Bungalow*. Passing through a few acres of standing forest, and over a stream, we came to a small cleared space well sheltered from wind, and quite snug in every respect. It was thickly sown with what I imagined to be young lettuces, or perhaps very juvenile cabbage-plants, but I was told this was the "Nursery," and those tiny green things were intended to form the future "Soolookande Estate." On learning that we had reached the "Bungalow," I looked about me to discover its locality, but in vain; there was no building to be seen; but presently my host pointed out to me what I had not noticed before—a small, low-roofed, thatched place, close under a projecting rock, and half-hid by thorny creepers. I imagined this to be his fowl-house, or perhaps a receptacle for tools; but was not a little astonished when I saw my friend beckon me on, and enter at the low, dark door. This miserable little cabin could not have been more than twelve feet long by about six feet wide, and as high at the walls. This small space was lessened by heaps of tools, coils of string for "lining" the ground before planting, sundry boxes and baskets, an old rickety table, and one chair. At the further end—if anything could be

far in that hole—was a jungle bedstead, formed by driving green stakes in the floor and walls, and stretching rope across them. I could not help expressing astonishment at the miserable quarter provided for one who had so important a charge, and such costly outlay to make. My host however treated the matter very philosophically. Everything, he observed, is good or bad by comparison; and wretched as the accommodation appeared to me, who had been accustomed to the large, airy houses of Colombo, he seemed to be quite satisfied; indeed he told me, that when he had finished putting up this little crib, had moved in his one table and chair, and was seated, cigar in mouth, inside the still damp mud walls, he thought himself the happiest of mortals. I felt somewhat curious to know where he had dwelt previous to the erection of this unique building,—whether he had perched up in the forest trees, or in holes in the rocks, like the wild Veddahs of Bintenne.

I was told that his first habitation, when commencing work up there, was then suspended over my head. I looked up to the dark, dusty roof, and perceived a bundle of what I conceived to be old dirty, brown paper, or parchment-skin. Perceiving my utter ignorance of the arrangement, he took down the roll, and spread it open outside the door. It turned out to be a huge *Talipot-leaf*, which he assured me was the only shelter he had possessed for nearly two months, and that too

during the rainy season. It might have measured ten feet in length, and possibly four in width—pretty well for a leaf. It was used by fastening a stout pole lengthways to two stakes driven in the ground; the leaf was hung across this ridge-pole, midway, and the corners of it made fast by cords; common mats being hung at each end, and under the leaf.

The “Lines,” a long row of mud huts for the coolies, appeared to be much more comfortable than their master’s dwelling. But this is necessarily the case, for unless they be well cared for they will not remain on a remote estate, such as this one was then considered. The first thing a good planter sees to is a roomy and dry set of “Lines” for the people, then the “Nursery” of coffee-plants, and thirdly, a hut for himself.

The superintendent assured me that none but those who had opened an estate in a remote district, could form any idea of the difficulties and privations encountered by the planter. “Folks may grumble as they like, down in Colombo, or in England,” said my friend, “about the high salaries paid to managers; but if some of them had only a month of it up here, in the rains, I suspect they’d change their notions.”

He had had the greatest difficulty at first in keeping but a dozen men on the place to clear ground for lines and nurseries: so strong is the objection felt by Malabars to new and distant plan-

tations. On one occasion he had been quite deserted; even his old cook ran away, and he found himself with only a little Cingalese boy, and his rice, biscuit, and dried fish all but exhausted. As for meat, he had not tasted any for many days. There was no help for it, he saw, but to send off the little boy to the nearest village, with a rupee, to buy some food, and try to persuade some of the village people to come up and assist him. When evening came on there was no boy back, and the lonely planter had no fire to boil his rice. Night came on, and still he was alone,—hungry, cold, and desolate. It was a Sabbath evening; and he pointed out to me the large stone on which he had sat down to think of his friends in the old country; the recollection of his distance from them, and of his then desolate, Crusoe-like position, came so sadly upon him, that he wept like a child. I almost fancied I saw a tear start to his large eye as he related the circumstance.

Ceylon planters are proverbially hospitable; the utmost stranger is at all times sure of a hearty welcome for himself and his horse. On this occasion my jungle friend turned out the best cheer his small store afforded. It is true we had but one chair amongst us, but that only served to give us amusement in making seats of baskets, boxes, and old books. A dish of rice, and curry, made of dry salt fish, two red-herrings, and the only fowl on the estate, formed our meal; and poor as the re-

past may appear to those who have never done a good day's journey in the jungles of Ceylon, I can vouch for the keen relish with which we all partook of it.

In the afternoon we strolled out to inspect the first piece of planting on the Soolookande Estate. It was in extent about sixty acres, divided into fields of ten acres by narrow belts of tall trees. This precaution was adopted, I learnt, with a view to protect the young plants from the violence of the wind, which at times rushes over the mountains with terrific fury. Unless thus sheltered by belts or "staking," the young plants get loosened, or are whirled round until the outer bark becomes worn away, and then they sicken and die, or if they live, yield no fruit. "Staking" is simply driving a stout peg in the ground, and fastening the plant steadily to it; but it is an expensive process. The young trees in these fields had been put out during the previous rains of July, and though still very small, looked fresh and healthy. I had always imagined planting out to be a very easy and rough operation; but I now learnt that exceeding care and skill are required in the operation. The holes to receive the young coffee-plant must be wide and deep; they can scarcely be too large; the earth must be kept well about the roots of the seedling in removing it, and care must be taken that the *tap-root* be neither bent, nor planted over any stone or other hard substance,—neglect of these important

points is fatal to the prosperity of the estate. The yellow drooping leaves, and stunted growth, soon tell the proprietor that his superintendent has done his work carelessly; but alas! it is then too late to apply any remedy, save that of re-planting the ground.

I left this estate impressed with very different notions concerning the life and trials of a planter in the far jungle, from those I had contracted below from mere Colombo gossip; and I felt that superintendents were not so much overpaid for their skill, patience, privations, and hard work.

Having thus seen the commencement of the Soolookande Coffee Estate, I felt a strong desire towards the end of the year 1846, to pay it a second visit, while in its full vigour. I wished to satisfy myself as to the correctness of the many reports I had heard of its heavy crops, of its fine condition, its excellent works, and, not least, of the good management during crop-time. My old acquaintance was no longer in charge; he had been supplanted by a stranger. However, I went armed with a letter from the Colombo agents, which would ensure more attention than a bed and a meal.

I journeyed this time by another and rather shorter route. Instead of taking the Matelle road, I struck off to the right, past Davy's Tree, celebrated as the scene of the massacre of a large body



of British officers and troops by the treacherous Kandians, and crossing the Mahavilla Ganga at Davy's Ferry, made the best of my way across the beautiful vale of Dombera, and thence towards the long range of mountains forming one flank of the Kallibokke Valley. At the period of my former excursion this long tract of fertile country was one unbroken mass of heavy jungle; now a dozen large estates, with bungalows and extensive works, were to be seen, enlivening the journey, and affording a much readier passage for the horseman; for wherever plantations are formed, good jungle-paths are sure to be made. The ride was a most interesting one; mile upon mile of coffee lay before and around me, in various stages of growth, from the young seedling just put out, to the full-bearing bush, as heavily laden with red ripe coffee-berries as any currant-bush in England with its fruit.

It was then the middle of November, and the very height of the planter's harvest. All appeared busy as I rode along, gathering on the old properties; weeding and "supplying" or filling up failures on the young estates. I halted but once for a cup of good, wholesome coffee, and gladly pushed on, so as to reach my destination in good time for breakfast.

The many lovely prospects opening before me caused some little delay in admiration; and by the time I had ridden through the last piece of jungle, and pulled up at the upper boundary of "Sooloo-

kande," it was not far from midday. The sun was blazing high above me, but its rays were tempered by a cool breeze that swept over from the neighbouring mountain-tops. The prospect from that lofty eminence was lovely in the extreme: steep ridges of coffee extended in all directions, bounded by piles of mossy forest; white spots, here and there, told of bungalows and stores; a tiny cataract rushed down some cleft rock, on one side: on the other, a rippling stream ran gently along, thickly studded with watercresses. Before me, in the far distance, lay outstretched, like a picture-scroll, the Matelle district, with its paddy-fields, its villages, and its Vihares, skirted by a ridge of mountains and terminated by the Cave Rocks of Dambool. At my feet, far below, lay the estate, bungalow, and works, and to them I bent my way by a narrow and very steep bridle-path. So precipitous was the land just here that I felt rather nervous on looking down at the white buildings. The pathway, for a great length, was bordered by rose-bushes, or trees, in fullest blossom, perfuming the air most fragrantly; as I approached the bungalow, other flowering shrubs and plants were mingled with them, and in such excellent order was everything there, that the place appeared to me more like a magnified garden than an estate. How changed since my former visit! I could scarcely recognize it as the same property. The bungalow was an imposing-looking building, the very picture of neatness and comfort.

How different to the old Talipot-leaf, and the dirty little mud hut! The box of a place I had slept in six years before would have stood easily on the dining-table in this bungalow. A wide verandah surrounded the building, the white pillars of which were polished like marble. The windows were more like doors; and as for the doors, one may speak of them as lawyers do of Acts of Parliament,—it would be easy to drive a coach-and-six through them.

The superintendent was a most gentlemanly person, and so was his Bengalee servant. The curry was delightfully hot, the water was deliciously cool. The chairs were like sofas, and so exquisitely comfortable, after my long ride, that when my host rose and suggested a walk down to the works, I regretted that I had said anything about them, and had half a mind to pretend to be poorly.

The store was a zinc-roofed building, one hundred feet in length, by twenty-five wide; it was boarded below, but the sides upwards were merely stout rails, for ensuring a thorough circulation of air through the interior. It presented a most busy appearance. Long strings of Malabar coolies were flocking in, along narrow paths, from all sides, carrying bags and baskets on their heads, filled with the ripe coffee. These had to pass in at one particular door of the store into the receiving-floor, in the upper part of the building. A Canghai was stationed there to see each man's gathering fairly

measured, and to give a little tin ticket for every bushel, on the production of which the coolies were paid, at the end of the month. Many coolies who had their wives and children to assist them in the field, brought home very heavy parcels of coffee.

Passing on to the floor where the measuring was in progress, I saw immense heaps of ripe, cherry-looking fruit, waiting to be passed below to the pulpers. All this enormous pile must be disposed of before the morning, or it will not be fit for operating on, and might be damaged. I saw quantities of it already gliding downwards, through little openings in the floor, under which I could hear the noise of some machinery in rapid motion, but giving out sounds like sausage-machines in full "chop." Following my guide, I descended a ladder, between some ugly-looking wheels and shafting, and landed safely on the floor of the pulping-room. "Pulping" is the operation of removing the outer husk, or "cherry," which encloses the parchment-looking husk containing the pair of coffee-beans. This is performed by a machine called a "pulper." It is a stout wooden or iron frame, supporting a fly-wheel and barrel of wood, covered with sheet copper, perforated coarsely outwards, very like a huge nutmeg-grater. This barrel is made to revolve rapidly, nearly in contact with two chocks of wood. The coffee in the cherry being fed on to this by a hopper, is forced between the perforated barrel and the

chocks; the projecting copper points tear off the soft cherry, whilst the coffee-beans, in their parchment case, fall through the chocks into a large box. These pulpers (four in number) were worked by a water-wheel of great power, and turned out in six hours as much coffee as was gathered by three hundred men during the whole day.

From the pulper-box the parchment coffee is shovelled to the "cisterns"—enormous square wooden vats. In these the new coffee is placed, just covered with water, in which state it is left for periods varying from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the judgment of the manager. The object of this soaking is to produce a slight fermentation of the mucilaginous matter adhering to the "parchment," in order to facilitate its removal, as otherwise it would harden the skin, and render the coffee very difficult to peel or clean. When I inspected the works on Soolookande, several cisterns of fermented coffee were being turned out, to admit other parcels from the pulper; and also to enable the soaked coffee to be washed. Coolies were busily employed shovelling the berries from one cistern to another; others were letting in clean water. Some were busy stirring the contents of the cisterns briskly about; whilst others again were letting off the foul water; and a few were engaged in raking the thoroughly washed coffee from the washing platforms to the barbecues.

The barbecues on this property were very ex-

tensive,—about twenty thousand square feet, all gently sloped away from their centres, and smooth as glass. They were of stone, coated over with lime, well polished, and so white, that it was with difficulty I could look at them with the sun shining full upon their bright surfaces. Over these drying grounds the coffee, when quite clean and white, is spread at first thickly, but gradually more thinly, until on the last day it is placed only one bean thick. Four days' sunning are usually required, though occasionally many more are necessary before the coffee can be heaped away in the store without risk of spoiling. All that is required is to dry it sufficiently for transport to Kandy, and thence to Colombo, where it undergoes a final curing, previous to having its parchment skin removed, and the faulty and broken berries picked out. Very few estates are enabled to effectually dry their crops, owing to the long continuance of wet weather on the hills.

The "dry floor" of this store resembled very much the inside of a malting-house. It was nicely boarded, and nearly half full of coffee, white and in various stages of dryness. Some of it, at one end, was being measured into two bushel bags, tied up, marked and entered in the "packed" book, ready for despatch to Kandy. Everything was done on a system; the bags were piled up in tens; and the loose coffee was kept in heaps of fixed quantities as a check on the measuring. Bags,

rakes, measures, twine, all had their proper places allotted them. Each day's work must be finished off-hand at once; no putting off until to-morrow can be allowed, or confusion and loss will be the consequence. Any heaps of half dried coffee, permitted to remain unturned in the store, or not exposed on the "barbecue," will heat, and become discoloured, and in that condition is known amongst commercial men as "Country Damaged."

The constant ventilation of a coffee-store is of primary importance in checking any tendency to fermentation in the uncured beans; an ingenious planter has recently availed himself of this fact, and invented an apparatus which forces an unbroken current of dry, warm air through the piles of damp coffee, thus continuing the curing process in the midst of the most rainy weather.

When a considerable portion of the gathering is completed, the manager has to see to his means of transport, before his store is too crowded. A well conducted plantation will have its own cattle to assist in conveying the crop to Kandy; it will have roomy and dry cattle-pens, fields of guinea-grass, and pasture grounds attached, as well as a manure-pit, into which all refuse and husks of the coffee are thrown, to be afterwards turned to valuable account.

The carriage of coffee into Kandy is performed by pack-bullocks, and sometimes by the coolies, who carry it on their heads, but these latter can

seldom be employed away from picking during the crop-time. By either means however transport forms a serious item in the expenses of a good many estates. From some of the distant hill-estates possessing no cattle, and with indifferent jungle-paths, the conveyance of their crops to Kandy will often cost fully six shillings the hundredweight of clean coffee, equal to about three-pence per mile. From Kandy to Colombo, by the common bullock-cart of the country, the cost will amount to two or three shillings the clean hundredweight, in all, eight or nine shillings the hundredweight from the plantation to the port of shipment, being twice as much for conveying it less than a hundred miles, as it costs for freight to England, about sixteen thousand miles. One would imagine that it would not require much sagacity to discern that, in such a country as this, a railroad would be an incalculable benefit to the whole community. To make this apparent even to the meanest Cingalese capacity, I may mention that, even at the present time, transit is required from the interior of the island to its seaports, for enough coffee for shipment to Great Britain alone, to cause a railroad to be remunerative. The quantity of coffee imported from British possessions abroad in 1850, was upwards of forty millions of pounds avoirdupois; and a very large proportion of this came from Ceylon. What additional quantities are required for the especially coffee-bibbing nations



which lie between Ceylon and this country, surpasses all present calculation.

It may be as well to remark in this place, that, in addition to the plantation-grown coffee of Ceylon, nearly as much more is produced by the Kandyan villagers in a half-wild, half-cultivated state. It is far inferior in quality, and is known in the commercial world under the name of "Native Ceylon."

## CHAPTER V.

## A WEDDING PARTY.

IN some parts of the East, and especially in the Island of Ceylon, there are many old customs which the progress of civilization has not as yet cast away ; and happily so, for they serve to keep a kind and friendly feeling between the different classes and races of those countries. One of these time-honoured customs is the presence of European or burgher employers at the weddings or family festivals of their Cingalese servants, who never omit inviting their masters and families on such occasions. Being a guest of an old resident of Colombo, I received an invitation to be present at the nuptials of his head cook, a Cingalese of good ancestry, who it appeared was to be united to the ayah or waiting-maid of a neighbour. They were both Catholics ; and as such, were to be married at one of the churches with which the native section of the town abounds. From some cause, my

host could not attend on the eventful day. I was therefore left to make my way alone to the happy scene, which I learnt lay at some distance from our bungalow, at the further end of the long straggling outskirts.

Noon was the appointed time; the Church of St. Nicholas the place; and in order that I might examine the locality I was about to visit, and which was entirely new to me, I left my quarters soon after our breakfast of rice and curry. It was a truly tropical day: the sea-breeze had not commenced to blow, and the cool land-wind had been fairly done an hour since. In mercy to the horse and the runner by his side, I ordered the man to drive slowly. The sky seemed hot and coppery—too warm to look blue; and the great orb of light and heat had a sort of lacquered hue that was oppressive in the extreme. Round the Great Lake, past the dry, stagnant, putrid fort-ditch, into that part of the Black Town known at Sea Street. How different from the quiet, broad Dutch streets, or the cool shady lanes and their fine old burgher mansions! Here all was dust, and dirt, and heat. A dense crowd of people, of almost all the nations of the East, was passing to and fro, not, as with us, along the pavement—for there was no footway—but horses, bullocks, carriages, donkeys, and human beings all hurried along pell-mell: Arabs, Moormen, Chinese, Parawas, Cingalese, Kandyans, Malays, Chitties, Parsees, and many others, were

jostling each other in strange confusion. I shuddered as I beheld a brace of overheated bullocks, in an empty cart, rush madly past me into the midst of a whole host of men, women, and children; but, strange to tell, no one seemed any the worse: there was, to be sure, a little rubbing of shins, and a good deal of Oriental swearing on the occasion, but no more. A vicious horse broke away from his Arab leader, and dashed across the street, and down a narrow turning, where women and children seemed to be literally paving the way; the furious animal bounded over and amongst the living pavement, knocking down children of tender years, and scattering elderly females right and left, but still harmlessly. I felt puzzled at this, but concluded that they were "used to it."

The thronged street, along which I was slowly travelling, appeared to be the only thoroughfare of any length, shape, or breadth. From it diverged, on all sides, hundreds of dwarf carriage-ways—turnings that had been lanes in their younger days. They were like the Maze at Hampton Court, done in mud and masonry. I have often heard of crack skaters cutting out their names upon the frozen Serpentine; and as I peeped up some of these curious zigzag places, it seemed as though the builders had been actuated by a similar desire, and had managed to work their names and pedigrees in huts, and verandahs, and dwarf walls. Into these strange quarters few, if any, Europeans ever care

to venture ; the sights and the effluvia are such as they prefer avoiding, with the thermometer standing at boiling-point in the sun. Curiosity however got the better of my caution ; and descending from my vehicle, I leisurely strolled up one of those densely-packed neighbourhoods, much to the annoyance of my horsekeeper, who tried hard, in broken English, to dissuade me from the excursion. Whether it be that the native families multiply here more rapidly, in dark and foul places, I know not ; but never had I seen so many thrown together in so small a space. Boys and girls abounded in every corner. As I passed up this hot, dusty, crooked lane of huts, the first burst of the cool sea-breeze came up from the beach, glowing with health and life. I looked to see how many doors and windows would be gladly flung open to catch the first of the morning wind, and chase away the hot, damp, sickly air within ; but I looked in vain. Not a door creaked on its rusty hinges, not a window relaxed its close hold of the frame ; the glorious light of day was not to be thrown in upon the foul walls and floors of those wretched hovels.

There was business however going on here and there. The fisher and his boy were patching up an old worm-eaten canoe, ready for the morrow's toil ; another son was hard at work upon the net that lay piled up in the little dirty verandah. Next door was a very small shoemaker, sharing the little

front courtyard with a cooper, who did not appear to be working at anything in particular, but was rather disposed to soliloquize upon buckets and tubs in general, and to envy the hearty meal which a couple of crows were making of a dead rat in the street. Farther on was a larger building, but clearly on its last legs, for it was held up by numberless crutches. It was not considered safe to hold merchandise of any description; and as the owner did not desire the trouble and expense of pulling it down, he had let it out to a Malay, who allowed strangers to sleep in it on payment of a small nightly fee. As I passed by, a crowd of poor Malabars, just arrived from the opposite coast of India, were haggling for terms for a night's lodging for the party, and not without sundry misgivings; for some looked wistfully at the tottering walls, and pointed, with violent gestures, to the many props.

Wending my slow way back towards the main street, I came upon a busy carpenter's shop—a perfect model of the kind. In that country carpenters are likewise carriage-builders, and the place I then stopped to examine was one of that description. It was a long, low, rambling shed, such as we might consider good enough to hold cinders or firewood: the turf-thatched roof had been patched in many places with tattered matting; the crazy posts were undermined by the pigs in the next yard, where they shared the mud and the sun with

a heap of wretched children, and a score of starving dogs. Every kind of conveyance that had been invented since the flood, appeared to have a damaged representative in that strange place. Children's shattered donkey-carriages, spavined old breaks, a rickety triacle of the Portuguese period, hackeries of the early Malabar dynasty, palanquins of Cingalese descent, Dutch governors' curricles, English gigs, were all pent up, with irrecoverable cart-wheels, distorted carriage-poles, and consumptive springs. Had I possessed any antiquarian experience, I doubt not I should have discovered amongst the mass an Assyrian chariot or two, with a few Carthaginian howdahs. The master-mind of this coach-factory was a genuine Cingalese, who, in company with a slender youth, was seated on his haunches upon the ground, chisel in hand, contemplating, but not working at, a felly for some embryo vehicle. After one or two chips at the round block of wood between his feet, Jusey Appoo paused, arranged the circular comb in his hair, and took another mouthful of betel; then another chip at the wood; and then he rose, sauntered to the door, and looked very hard up the little lane and down it, as though he momentarily expected some dreadful accident to happen to somebody's carriage in the next street.

Once more in my carriage, I threaded the entire length of Sea Street, with its little dirty shops; the sickly-smelling arrack-taverns; the quaint old

Hindu temple, bedecked with flowers and flags inside, and with dirt outside; and the whitewashed Catholic churches. Little bells were tinkling at these churches; huge gongs were booming forth their brazen thunder from the heathen temples; there was a devil-dance in one house to charm away some sickness, and a Jesuit in the next hovel confessing a dying man. There was a chorus of many tiny lungs at a Tamil school, chanting out their daily lessons in dreary verse, and a wilder, older chorus at the arrack-shop just over the way, without any pretence to time or tune. The screams of bullock-drivers; the shouts of horse-keepers; the vociferations of loaded coolies; the screeching of rusty cart-wheels, begging to be greased; the din of the discordant checkoe or oil-mill; all blended in one violent storm of sound, made me glad to hasten on my way, and leave the maddening chorus far behind. The open beach, with its tall fringe of graceful cocoa-palms, and its cool breeze, was doubly welcome. I was sorry when we left it, and drove slowly up a steep hill: on the summit of which stood the Church of St. Nicholas, my destination.

A busy scene was there. Long strings of curious-looking vehicles were ranged outside the tall white church,—so white and shiny in the sun, that the bullocks in the hackeries dared not look up at it. I felt quite strange amongst all the motley throng, and when I stared about and beheld those



many carts, and palanquins, and hackeries, I fancied myself back again in Jusey Appoo's coach-factory. But then these were all gaily painted, and some were actually varnished, and had red staring curtains, and clean white cushions. Nearer the church were some half-a-dozen carriages, with horses, poor enough of their kind, but still horses. I glided in amongst the crowd, unnoticed, as I too fondly believed, and was about to take up a very humble position just inside one of the great folding-doors, when I was accosted by a Cingalese, in a flowing white robe, and a gigantic comb in his hair, and politely led away captive, I knew not whither. Down one side-aisle, and across a number of seats, and then up another long aisle ; and to my utter discomfiture, I found myself installed on the spot, in the unenviable post of "Lion" of the day's proceedings. To a person of modest temperament, this was a most trying moment. There was not another white face there. "Cookey" had been disappointed, it seemed, in his other patrons, and knowing of my intended visit, they had waited for my appearance to capture me, and thus make me add to the brilliancy of the scene.

I bowed to the bride with as little appearance of uneasiness as I could manage ; but when I turned to the bridegroom, I had nearly forgotten my mortification in a burst of laughter. The tall uncouth fellow had exchanged his wonted not ungraceful drapery for a sort of long frock-coat of blue cloth,

thickly bedecked with gay gilt buttons and sham gold-lace; some kind of a broad belt of many colours hung across his shoulders; he wore boots, evidently far too short for him, which made him walk in pain; and, to complete the absurdity of his attire, huge glittering rings covered half of his hands. The lady was oppressed with jewellery, which, on these occasions, is let out on hire: she seemed unable to bend or turn for the mass of ornaments about her. White satin shoes and silk stockings gave a finish to her bridal attire.

As the party marched up to the priest, I felt as a captive in chains gracing a Roman triumph. No one of all that crowd looked at the bride; they had evidently agreed among themselves to stare only at *me*. I felt that I was the bride, and the father, and the best man. I looked round once; and what a strange scene it was in that long white church! There were hundreds of black faces, all looking one way—at *me*—but I did not see their faces; I saw only their white eyes glistening in the bright noonday sun, that came streaming through the great open windows, as though purposely to show me off. I wished it had been midnight. I hoped fervently that some of the hackery bullocks would break loose, and rush into the church, and clear me a way out. I know nothing of how the marriage was performed, or whether it was performed at all; I was thinking too much of making my escape. But in a very short time by the clock,

though terrifically long to me, I found myself gracing the Roman triumph on my way out. The fresh air rather recovered me; and what with the drollery of handing the cook's wife into the cook's carriage, and the excitement of the busy scene, and the scrambling for hackeries, and the galloping about of unruly bullocks, I felt determined to finish the day's proceedings. I knew the worst.

I followed the happy couple in my vehicle, succeeded by a long line of miscellaneous conveyances, drawn by all sorts of animals. Away we went, at a splitting pace, knocking up the hot dust, and knocking down whole regiments of pigs and children. Up one hill, and down another, and round two or three rather sharp corners, as best our animals could carry us. At last there was a halt. I peeped out of my carriage, and found that we were before a gaily-decorated and flower-festooned bungalow, of humble build: the house of the conjugal cook. Up drove all the bullock hackeries, and the gigs, and the carts, but no one offered to alight. Suddenly a host of people rushed out of the little house in the greatest possible haste. They brought out a long strip of white cloth, and at once placed it between the bride's carriage and the house, for her to walk upon. Still there was no move made from any of the carriages, and I began to feel rather warm. At length a native came forward from the verandah, gun in hand, I supposed to give

the signal to alight. The man held it at arm's length, turned away his head, as though admiring some of our carriages, and "snap" went the flint; but in vain. Fresh priming was placed in the pan: the warrior once more admired our carriages, and again the "snap" was impotent. Somebody volunteered a pin for the touch-hole, another suggested more powder to the charge, whilst a third brought out a lighted stick. The pin and extra charge were duly acted upon. The weapon was grasped; the carriages were admired more ardently than before; the fire-stick was applied to the priming, and an explosion of undoubted reality followed. The warrior was stretched on his back. Half the hackery bullocks started and plunged out of their harness, while the other half bolted. To add to the dire confusion, my villanous steed began to back very rapidly towards a steep bank, on the edge of which stood a quiet old-fashioned pony, in a gig, with two spruce natives seated in it. Before they could move away, my horse had backed into the pony-chaise: and the last I saw of them, at that time, was an indistinct and rather mixed view of the two white-robed youths and the old-fashioned pony and chaise, performing various summersets into the rice-field at the base of the bank.

Glad to escape from the contemplation of my misdeeds, I followed the bridal party into the little house. Slowly alighting from her vehicle, the lady was received by a host of busy relations; some of

whom commenced salaaming to her, some scattered showers of curiously cut fragments of coloured and gilt paper over her and her better half—probably intended to represent the seeds of their future chequered happiness and troubles; and then, by way of inducing the said seeds to germinate, somebody sprinkled over the couple a copious down-pouring of rose-water. The little front verandah of the dwelling was completely hidden beneath the mass of decorations of flowers, fruits, and leaves, giving it at first sight the appearance of some place between a fairy bower and a Covent Garden fruit-stall. The living dark stream poured into the fairy bower, and rather threatened the floral arrangements outside: the door-way was quickly jammed up with the cook's nearest and dearest relations of both sexes; while the second cousins and half-uncles and aunts blocked up the little trap-door of a window with their grizzly grim visages. The room we were in was not many feet square: calculated to hold, perhaps, a dozen persons in ordinary comfort, but on this occasion compelled to welcome within its festive mud-walls at least forty. A small oval table was in the centre; a dozen or so of curiously-shaped chairs were ranged about the sides, in the largest of which the bride was seated. The poor creature was evidently but ill at ease: so stiff and heavily-laden with ornaments. The bridegroom was invisible, and I felt bound to wait upon the lady in his absence. The

little darkened cell was becoming fearfully hot : indistinct ideas of the Black Hole at Calcutta rose to my heated imagination. A feverish feeling crept over me, not a little enhanced by the Oriental odours from things and persons about me. The breeze, when it did manage to squeeze itself in, brought with it the sickly perfume of the myriads of flowers and herbs outside. Upon the whole, the half hour or so which elapsed between our arrival and the repast was a period of intense misery to me, and vast enjoyment to the cook's family circle. There was nothing to while away the hot minutes : I had to look alternately at the bride, the company, and the ceiling ; while the company stared at myself and the lady ; and while she, in her turn, looked hard enough at the floor, to penetrate through the bricks to the foundation below. In the first instance, I had foolishly pictured the breakfast, or whatever the meal was to be, set forth upon some grassy spot, in the rear of the premises, under the pleasant shade of palms and mango-trees.

But the vulgar crowd must be kept off by walls ; and the little oval table in the centre of the cabin was to receive the privileged few, and to shut out the unprivileged many.

Dishes reeking hot, and soup-tureens in a state of vapour, were passed into the room, over the heads of the mob : for there was no forcing a way through them. A long pause, and then some more

steaming dishes, and then another pause, and some rice-plates; and at last, struggling and battling amidst the army of relations, the bridegroom made his appearance—very hot, and very shiny, evidently reeking from the kitchen. He had slipped on his blue cloth, many-buttoned coat, and now smiled at his wife and the assembled company as though he would have us believe he was quite cool and comfortable.

It devolved upon me to hand, or rather drag the bride to one end of the table; opposite to whom sat her culinary lord and master, as dignified and important as though his income had been ten guineas instead of ten rix-dollars. I seated myself next to the lady of the hut, and resigned myself to my fate; escape was out of the question. Nothing short of fire, or the falling in of the roof, could have saved me. Our rickety chairs were rendered firm and secure as the best London-made mahogany-seats, by the continuous unrelenting pressure of the dense mob behind and around us. The little room seemed built of faces; you might have danced a polka or a waltz on the heads of the company with perfect security. As for the window-trap, I could see nothing but bright shining eyes in that direction.

The covers were removed, as covers are intended to be; but instead of curiously-arranged and many-coloured dishes of pure and unadulterated Cingalese cookery, as I had, in the early part of the day,

fondly hoped for, there appeared upon them a few over-done, dried-up joints, *à l'Anglaise* ; a skinny, consumptive baked shoulder of mutton ; a hard-looking boiled leg of a goat ; a shrivelled spare-rib of beef ; a turkey, that might have died of jungle fever ; a wooden kind of dry lean ham, with sundry vegetables ; made up this sad and melancholy show. All my gastronomic hopes, so long cherished amidst that heated assemblage, vanished with the dish-covers, and left me a miserable and dejected visitor. Ten minutes previously I had felt the pangs of wholesome hunger, and was prepared to do my utmost ; at that moment, I only felt empty and sick. Could I have reached the many-buttoned cook, I might have been tempted to have done him some serious bodily harm ; but I could not move.

The host had the wretch of a turkey before him. Well up to the knife-and-fork exercise, he whipped, from the breast of the skinny bird, two slices of the finest meat—the only really decent cuts about it—and then, pushing the dish on to his next neighbour, begged him to help himself. Of course I had to attend to the hostess. I gave her a slice of the sinewy ham before me, with two legs of a native fowl, and began to think of an attempt upon the boiled mutton for myself ; but there was no peace for me. The bride had never before used a knife and fork, and, in her desperate attempts to insert the latter into one of the fowl's legs, sent it with a bound



into my waistcoat, accompanied by a shower of gravy, and a drizzling rain of melted butter and garlic. Feeling resigned to my martyrdom, I proceeded to cut up her ham and chicken, and then fancied the task was done; but not so. Her dress was so tight, the ornaments so encompassed her as with a suit of armour, that all her attempts to reach her mouth with her fork were abortive. To bend her hand was evidently impossible. Once she managed to get a piece of ham as high as her chin; but it cost her violent fractures in several parts of her dress, so that I became alarmed for what might possibly follow, and begged her not to think of doing it again: offering to feed her myself. Feverish, thirsty, and weary as I felt at that table, I could scarcely suppress a smile when I found myself, spoon in hand, administering portions of food to the newly-made wife. Never having had, at that period of my existence, any experience in feeding babies, or other living creatures, I felt at first much embarrassed, somewhat as a man might feel who, only accustomed to shave himself, tries for the first time in his life to remove the beard of some friend in a public assembly. Fortunately for me, the lady was blessed with a rather capacious mouth, and as I raised, tremblingly and in doubt, a pyramid of fowl, ham, and onions, upon the bowl of the Britannia-metal spoon, my patient distended her jaws in a friendly and hopeful manner.

During my spoon performances I was much startled at hearing, close to our door, the loud report of several guns fired in quick succession. I imagined at first that the military had been called out to disperse the mob, but as nobody gave signs of any alarm or uneasiness, that could not have been the case; so I settled in my mind that the friends of the family were shooting some game for the evening's supper. All that I partook of at that bridal party was a small portion of very lean, dry beef, and some badly boiled potatoes, washed down by a draught of hard, sour beer. I essayed some of the pastry, for it had a bright and cheerful look, and was evidently very light. I took a mouthful of some description of sugared puff, light to the feel and pleasant to look at, but in reality a most heartless deception, a sickly piece of deceit: it was evidently a composition of bean-flour, brown sugar, stale eggs, and cocoa-nut oil; the latter, although burning very brilliantly in lamps, and serviceable as a dressing to hair, not being quite equal to good Lucca oil, when fried or baked. To swallow such an abomination was impossible, and watching my opportunity, I contrived at length to convey my savoury mouthful beneath the table. This vile pastry was succeeded by a plentiful crop of fruit of all kinds, from pine-apples to dates. Hecatombs of oranges, pyramids of plantains, shoals of sour-sops, mounds of mangoes, to say nothing of alligator-pears, rhambatams, custard-apples, guavas, jumboes, and other fruits,

as varied in name and taste as in hue and form, graced that hitherto graceless board. I had marked for immediate destruction a brace of custard-apples and a glowing, corpulent alligator-pear, and was even on the point of securing them before attending on my dark neighbour, when a loud shout, followed by a confused hubbub, was heard outside in front. There was a cracking of whips, and a rattling of carriage-wheels, and altogether a huge commotion in the street, which at once put a stop to our dessert, and attracted attention from the inside to the exterior of the house. My spirits revived from zero to summer-heat, and thence up to blood-heat, when I learnt that the arrivals were a batch of "Europe gentlemen," friends of the cook's master, who had come just to have a passing peep at the bride and the fun. Their approach was made known by sundry exclamations in the English language, and a noise as of scuffling at the door. How our new friends were to get in, was a mystery to me; nor did the host appear to have any very distinct ideas upon the subject. He rose from his seat, and, with his mouth full of juicy pineapple, ordered a way to be cleared for the "great masters;" but he might as well have requested his auditory to become suddenly invisible, or to pass out through the key-hole. There was no such thing as giving way: a few of the first-cousins grinned, and one or two maternal uncles coughed audibly, while the eyes of the distant relations at

the window glistened more intensely, and in greater numbers than ever. The stock of British patience, as I rather expected, was quickly exhausted near the door, and in a minute or two I perceived some white-faces that were rather familiar to me at a certain regimental mess-table. Uncles and brothers-in-law were rapidly at a discount, and there appeared every prospect of mere connections by marriage becoming relations by blood. Some giant of a native ventured upon the hazardous speculation of collaring an officer who was squeezing past him, and received a friendly and admonitory tap in return, which at once put him *hors de combat*. The cook, enraged at the rudeness of his countryman, dealt a shower of knocks amongst his family circle; the visitors stormed the approaches, and at last carried the covered way; Cingalese gentry struggled and pushed, and tried in vain to repel the invaders; the *fair sex* screamed and tried to escape; the *mélée* became general and furious.

I gave my whole attention to the bride, who kept her seat in the utmost alarm; her husband was the centre of attraction to the combatants, and in the midst of a sort of "forlorn hope" of the native forces, the heavily loaded table was forced from its centre of gravity. Staggering and groaning beneath the united pressure from fruit and fighting, the wooden fabric reeled and tottered, and at last went toppling over, amidst a thunder-

storm of vegetable productions. It was in vain I pulled at the unhappy bride to save her; she was a doomed woman, and was swept away with the fruity flood. When I sought her amidst the wreck and confusion, I could only discover heaps of damaged oranges, sour-sops, and custard-apples, her white satin shoes, and Chinese fan, and the four silver meat-skewers. By dint of sundry excavations, the lady was fairly dug out of the ruins, and carried off by her female friends; the room was cleared of the rebellious Cingalese, and a resolution carried unanimously, that the meeting be adjourned to the compound, or garden at the back. Under the pleasant shade of a tope of beautiful palms, we sat and partook of the remains of the feast. The relations, once more restored to good humour, amused themselves in their own fashion: preparing for the dancing, and festivity, and illuminations that were to take place in the evening. Our own little party sat there until some time after sunset; and when we had seen the great cocoa-nut shells, with their flaring wicks, lighted up, and the tomtoms begin to assemble, we deemed it prudent to retire and seek a wholesome meal amongst our friends.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE COCOA-NUT PALM.

To a town-bred Englishman, the sight of the *Cocos nucifera* growing in its native luxuriance, would suggest little more than untidy orange shops, in which the nut is dealt out to retailers ; apple-stalls upon which the kernel is displayed, to tempt amateurs, at a penny a slice ; coir-matting woven from the fibre of the shell, and patent candles made from the oil expressed from the nut. He might also, possibly, suppose that to be the same tree he is indebted to for an excellent breakfast beverage : but in that he would be mistaken, for the cocoa of which chocolate is manufactured is the seed of the *Theobroma cacao*.

To a native of Ceylon, the cocoa-nut palm calls up a far wider range of ideas ; it associates itself with nearly every want and convenience of his life. It might tempt him to assert that if he was placed upon the earth with nothing else whatever to mi-

nister to his necessities than the cocoa-nut tree, he could pass his existence in happiness and content.

When the Cingalese villager has felled one of these trees after it has ceased bearing (say in its seventieth year), with its trunk he builds his hut and his bullock-stall, which he thatches with its leaves. His bolts and bars are slips of the bark; by which he also suspends the small shelf which holds his stock of home-made utensils and vessels. He fences his little plot of chillies, tobacco, and fine grain, with the leaf-stalks. The infant is swung to sleep in a rude net of coir-string made from the husk of the fruit; its meal of rice and scraped cocoa-nut is boiled over a fire of cocoa-nut shells and husks, and is eaten off a dish formed of the plaited green leaves of the tree, with a spoon cut out of the nut-shell. When he goes a-fishing by torch-light his net is of cocoa-nut fibre; the torch, or *chule*, is a bundle of dried cocoa-nut leaves and flower-stalks: the little canoe is a trunk of the cocoa palm-tree, hollowed by his own hands. He carries home his net and string of fish on a yoke, or *pingo*, formed of a cocoa-nut stalk. When he is thirsty, he drinks of the fresh juice of the young nut; when he is hungry, he eats its soft kernel. If he has a mind to be merry, he sips a glass of ar-rack, distilled from the fermented juice of the palm; if he be weary, he quaffs "toddy," or the unfermented juice, and he flavours his curry with vinegar made from this toddy. Should he be sick,

his body will be rubbed with cocoa-nut oil ; he sweetens his coffee with *jaggery*, or cocoa-nut sugar, and softens it with cocoa-nut milk ; it is sipped by the light of a lamp, constructed from a cocoa-nut shell, and fed by cocoa-nut oil. His doors, his windows, his shelves, his chairs, the water-gutter under the eaves, all are made from the wood of the tree. His spoons, his forks, his basins, his mugs, his salt-cellars, his jars, his child's money-box, are all constructed from the shell of the nut. Over his couch when first born, and over his grave when buried, a bunch of cocoa-nut blossoms is hung, to charm away evil spirits.

This palm is assiduously cultivated in Ceylon, in *topes*, or plantations ; and it was long believed that the rude native system of culture was the best : but experience has shown the fallacy of this opinion. Hence the Cingalese continue to find the manual labour, but the Englishman provides skill and implements.

There is a good road to within a couple of miles of the plantation I am about to describe ; so that the visitor has little difficulty in performing this much of the journey. The remaining two miles lies through a sandy track of very flat and rather uninteresting country. Here and there, amidst a maze of paddy fields, areca-nut *topes*, and patches of low thorny jungle, are dotted little white-walled huts. They are much cleaner than any such near the towns of Ceylon ; attached to each is a small slip



of ground, rudely fenced, and half cultivated, with a few sweet potatoes, some chillies, and a little tobacco and fine grain. It was midday when I started, on foot, to this estate. The sun was blazing above in unclouded glory. Under the shade of a breadfruit-tree, the owner of the first hut I got to was dozing and chewing betel-nut, evidently tasting, in anticipation, the bliss of Buddha's paradise. The wife was pounding up something for curry; the children were by her side—the boys smoking tiny cheroots, the girls twisting mats. It was fortunate for me that the sandy path was overshadowed by jungle trees, or my progress would have been impossible. Not a breath of air was stirring amidst that dense mass of vegetation; not a twig or a leaf could be persuaded to move; the long paddy (young rice) stalks glittered and sparkled in their watery resting places, as though they were made of the purest burnished silver. The buffaloes had taken to their noon-day watering places. The birds were evidently done up, and were nowhere to be seen; the beetles crawled feebly over the cooler shrubs, but they could not get up a single hum or a buzz amongst them all; even the busy little ants perspired, and dropped their lilliputian loads. Well, the dry ditch and thorny fence that form the boundary and protection of the estate were at least reached, and the little gate and watch-hut were passed. The watcher, or *lascoryn*, was a Malay, moustachioed

and fierce ; for the natives of the country can rarely be depended on as protectors of property against their fellow-villagers. A narrow belt of jungle, trees, and shrubs had been left quite round the plantation, to assist in keeping out cattle and wild animals, which are frequently very destructive to a young cocoa-nut estate, in spite of armed watchers, ditches, and fences. Passing through this belt, I found, on entering, an entirely new scene : before and around me waved gracefully the long shining leaves of three hundred acres of cocoa-nut palms, each acre containing, on a average, eighty trees. It was indeed a beautiful and interesting sight. Two-thirds of these trees were yielding ample crops, though only in their tenth year ; in two years more they will, generally, be in full bearing. Unlike the rudely planted native garden, this estate had been most carefully laid down ; the young plants had all been placed out at regular intervals and in perfectly straight lines, so that, looking over the estate in either direction, the long avenues presented one unbroken figure, at once pleasing to the eye and easy of access. But if these interminable masses of palms appeared a lovely picture, when regarded at some little distance, how much was their beauty heightened on a nearer inspection ! Walking close under the shadow of their long and ribbon-like leaves, I could see how thickly they were studded with golden green fruit, in every stage of growth. The sight was absolutely marvellous : were

such trees, so laden, painted by an artist, his production would, in all probability, be pronounced unnatural. They appeared more like some fairy creations, got up for my special amusement; resembling nearly those gorgeous trees which, in my youth, I delighted to read about in the Arabian Nights, growing in subterranean gardens, and yielding precious stones. They hung in grape-like clusters around the crest of the tree; the large golden ripe nuts below, smaller and greener fruit just above them, followed by scores of others in all stages, from the blossom-seed to the half-grown; it was impossible to catch a glimpse of the stem, so thickly did the fruit hang on all sides. I made an attempt to count them:—"thirty—fifty—eighty—one hundred"—I could go on further; those little fellows near the top, peeping up like so many tiny dolls' heads, defied my most careful numeration; but I feel confident there must have been quite two hundred nuts on that one palm. Above the clusters of rich fruit were two feather-like flowers, white as snow, and smooth and glossy as polished marble; they had just burst from their sheaths; and a more delicate, lovely picture could scarcely be imagined.

A cocoa-nut tree in a native Cingalese tope, will sometimes yield fifty nuts in twelve months; but the average of them seldom give more than twenty-five in the year. It is therefore very evident that European skill may be employed beneficially on this cultivation, as well as on any other.

I was at first rather startled at perceiving a tall, half-naked Cingalese away in the distance, with a gun at least half as long again as himself, long black hair over his shoulders, and bunches of something hanging at his girdle. He was watching some game amongst the trees; at last he fired, ran, picked up something, and stuck it in his girdle. What could it be? Parrot, pigeon, or jungle-fowl? It was only a poor little squirrel; and there were at least two scores of these pretty creatures hanging at the waist of the mighty hunter! Fortunately I could speak the native language, and was not long in learning the cause of this slaughter. It appeared that in addition to their pretty bushy tails, glossy coats, and playful gambols, the squirrels have very sharp and active teeth, and an uncommon relish for the sweet tender buds of the cocoa-nut flower, which they nip off and destroy by scores, and of course lessen by so much the future crop of fruit. Handfuls of the buds lay half-eaten around each tree, and I no longer felt astonished at this species of sporting.

The ground had evidently been well cleared from jungle plants, not one of which was to be seen in all this track: a stout and healthy-looking grass was springing up along the avenues; whilst at intervals, patches of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, guinea-grass, and other products—intended for cattle-fodder during dry weather when the wild grasses fail—gave tints of varied luxuriance to the scene.

The ground at this part of the estate sloped a

little, and I came to an open space, somewhat marshy in appearance. A number of cattle, young and old, were browsing about on the long grass, or sipping a draught from the clear stream which ran through the low ground. They were confined within a rude but stout fence, and on one side was a range of low sheds for their shelter. The cattle appeared in good condition; they were purchased, when very young, from the drovers who bring them in hundreds from the Malabar coast; and many were then fit for the cart, the carriage, or the knife. At the end was a manure shed, and outside stood a keeper's hut, with a store attached, in which were piled up dried guinea-grass, maize, etc.

The manure-pit was deep and large, and in it lay the true secret of the magical productiveness of the trees I had just seen. Good seed planted in light free soil, well cleared and drained, will produce a fine healthy tree in a few years; and if to this be added occasional supplies of manure and a few waterings during the dry season, an abundant yield of fruit will most assuredly reward the toil and outlay of the cocoa-nut cultivator.

Leaving this spot, I strolled through the next field, to see what a number of little boys were so busy about. There were a dozen black urchins, running about from tree to tree; sometimes they stopped, clambered up, and appeared to have very particular business to transact at the stems of the

leaves ; but oftener they passed contented with a mere glance upwards at the fruit. They had a sharp-pointed instrument in the hand : whilst at the wrist of each was hung a cocoa-nut shell. I paused to see what one of these children was searching for, half hid as the little fellow was amongst the gigantic leaves. Intently scrutinizing his motions, I observed that he forced the little sharp instrument into the very body of the tree : down it went to the inmost core of the giant stem : all his strength was employed ; he strained and struggled amongst the huge leaves as though he were engaged in deadly strife with some terrible boa or cheetah. At last he secured his antagonist, and descended with something alive, small and black, and impaled on the barbed point of his little weapon. A few questions elicited the whole secret. The cocoa-nut tree, it seems, has many enemies besides squirrels : the elephant, the wild hog, the rat, the white ant, the porcupine, the monkey, and a large white worm, either attack it when young, or rob it of its fruit when mature. But the most numerous and persevering enemy which it has to encounter from the age of three years until long after it produces fruit, is the *cooroominya*, or cocoa-nut beetle ; a black hard-coated creature, with beautiful wings, and a most powerful little tusk, which it employs with fatal activity to open a way into the stems of the palms. Its labours commence in the evening, and by early morning it will be buried half-a-

dozen inches deep in the very centre of the tree, where, if not detected and removed, it feeds on the soft pithy fibres, deposits its eggs, and does not depart in less than two or three days. These holes are always made in the softest and sweetest part of the tree, near the crown; and in young plants they prove seriously hurtful; checking the growth, and impairing the health of the future tree. In a morning's walk an active lad will frequently secure as many as a score of these *cooroominyas*, which, after being killed, are strung upon lilliputian gibbets about the estate, as a warning to their live friends.

Farther on I perceived, gathered in anxious consultation, three of the lads around a tree that was loaded with fruit; they looked up at the leaves, then at the root, then at the trunk. At last one little fellow started off, swift-footed as a hare, and was soon out of sight. The others began scraping the earth from the root as fast as possible; and all the information they would impart was "*leddie gaha*," or sick tree; so that there was nothing for it but to imagine that the little messenger had been despatched for the doctor. He soon came back, not with the medicine-man, but a *mamootie*, or Dutch hoe, and a *cattie*, or sharp bill-hook. And then the busy work went on again. In little more time than I take to tell the story, the soil was removed from about the root, a hole was discovered in the trunk, and its course upwards as-

certained by means of a cane probe. With the *cattie*, one of the boys commenced cutting an opening midway in the trunk of the tree. On looking up, I perceived that the patient gave unmistakable symptoms of ill-health. The long leaves were drooping at the end, and tinged with a sickly yellow; many of the nuts had fallen off, and others had evidently half a mind to follow the example. The flower, which had just burst above, hung down its sickly head, weeping away the germs of what had else been nuts. The hole was now complete; it was large enough for the smallest boy to force his hand in; and it soon brought away a basket-full of pith and powdered wood from the body of the tree. There, amidst the ruin, was the enemy that had caused so much mischief and labour. It was an unsightly worm, about four inches in length, and as thick as one's small finger, having a dull white body and black head. I then began to wonder what had next to be done, whether the tree would die after all this hacking and maiming. Would the medicine-man now be sent for? No. The interior of the wounded tree, as well as the aperture, was thoroughly freed from dirt and decomposed fibre—which might have aided in hatching any eggs left by the worm—and finally the root was covered up, and the opening and inside of the palm tightly filled with clay. I was assured that not more than one of ten trees, thus treated, ever fails to recover its health.



The nocturnal attacks of elephants are checked by means of lighted fires, and an occasional shot or two during the night. Wild hogs and porcupines are caught in traps, and hunted by dogs. The monkeys are shot down like the squirrels, and the white ants are poisoned. In spite of all these measures however an estate often suffers very severely, and its productiveness is much interfered with by these many depredators.

The soil over which I had as yet passed had been of one uniform description—a light sandy earth, containing a little vegetable matter, and but a little. Afterwards I arrived at a tract of planted land, quite different in its nature and mode of cultivation. It was of a far stiffer character, deeper in colour, and more weedy. This portion of the estate was in former days a swamp, in which the porcupine, the wild hog, and the jackal, delighted to dwell, sheltered from the encroachment of man by a dense mass of low jungle, thorns, and reeds. To drive away these destructive creatures from the vicinity of the young palms, the jungle was fired, during dry weather. It was then perceived that the soil of this morass, although wet and rank from its position, was of a most luxuriant character; a few deep drains were opened through the centre, cross drains were cut, and after one season's exposure to the purifying action of the atmosphere and rain, the whole of it was planted, and it now gives fair promise of being one day the finest field in the plantation.

From this low ground I strolled through some long avenues of trees on the right; their long leaves protected me from the heat of the afternoon sun, which was still considerable. The trees on this side were evidently older: they had a greater number of ripe fruit; and further away in the distance might be seen a multitude of men and boys busily engaged in bearing away the huge nuts in pairs, to a path or rude cart track, where a *cangany*, or native overseer, was occupied in counting them as they were tossed into the bullock cart. The expertness of the boys in climbing these smooth, broken, and branchless trees, by the aid of a small band formed by twisting a portion of a cocoa-nut leaf, was truly astonishing. In a moment their small feet grasped the trunk, aided by the twisted leaf, whilst their hands were employed above; they glided upwards, and with a quick eye detected the riper fruit, which, rapidly twisted from their stalks, were flung to the ground. Their companions below were busy in removing the nuts, which for young children is no easy task; the nuts frequently weighing fifteen or twenty pounds each, with the husk or outer skin on them. The natives have a simple but ingenious method of tying them together in pairs, by which means the boys can carry two of them with ease, when, otherwise one would be a task of difficulty. The nuts have little, if any, stalk: the practice therefore is to slit up a portion of the husk (which is the coir fibre in its natural

state), pull out a sufficient length without breaking it, and thus tie two together; in this way the little urchins scamper along with the nuts slung across their shoulders, scarcely feeling the weight.

I followed the loaded carts. They were halted at a large enclosure, inside of which were huge pens formed of jungle sticks, about ten feet in height; into these the nuts were stored and re-counted; a certain number only being kept in each, as the pens are all of the same dimensions. Adjoining, was another and still larger space, lying lower, with some deep ditches and pits in the midst. Here the outer husk is stripped off, preparatory to breaking the nut itself in order to obtain the kernel, which has to be dried before the oil can be expressed. Into the pits or ditches the husk is flung, and left in water ten or fourteen days, when it is removed and beaten out on stones, to free the elastic fibre from dirt and useless vegetable matter. This is a most disagreeable operation, for the stench from the half-putrid husks is very strong. The fibre, after being well dried on the sandy ground, undergoes a rude assortment into three qualities, in reference chiefly to colour, and is then delivered over to the rope maker, who works it up into yarn, rope, or junk, as required. Freed from their outer covering, the nuts are either sold for making curries, in which they form a prominent feature, or they are kept for drying ready for the oil-mill.

Having learned this much, I strolled through the small green field and along a patch of guinea-grass, to see what was going on in that direction. The neat-looking building adjoining was the superintendent's bungalow, and the long sheds and open spaces in their front and rear were for drying the nuts into what is termed *copperah*, in which state they are ground up for pressure. It was a busy scene indeed, and the operations require constant vigilance on the part of the manager: yet all the work is carried on in the rudest way, and with the most simple implements. Half-a-dozen stout lads were seated cross-legged on the ground, each with a heap of nuts by his side. The rapidity with which they seized these, and, with one sharp blow of a heavy knife, split them precisely in half, and flung them away into other heaps, was remarkable. It seemed to be done with scarcely an effort: yet on handling the broken nut, one could not help being struck with its thickness and strength. Smaller boys were busily employed in removing these heaps of split fruit to the large open spaces, where others, assisted by a few women, were occupied in placing them in rows close together, with the open part upwards, so that the kernels may be fully exposed to the direct rays of the sun. In this way they remain for two days, when the fruit, partly dried, shrinks from the shell, and is removed. Two more days' exposure to the sun in fine weather will generally complete the drying process. The

kernels are then called *copperah*, and are brittle and unctuous in the hand.

To convert this material into oil, the natives employ a very primitive mill, worked by bullocks, and called a *checkoo*; this process is very slow, and the oil never clean. Europeans have however obviated these objections, and manufacture the cocoa-nut oil by means of granite crushers and hydraulic presses, worked by steam power. This is only done in Colombo, to which place of course the *copperah* has to be conveyed. The refuse of the oil-presses, the dry cake or *poonac*, is very useful as food for cattle or poultry, and not less so as a manure for the palm-trees, when moistened, and applied in a partially decomposed state.

Not a particle of this valuable tree is lost. The fresh juice of the blossom, which is broken off to allow it to flow freely, is termed, as we have said, toddy, and is drunk, when quite new, as a cool and pleasantly refreshing beverage; when fermented, it is distilled, and yields the less harmless liquor known as arrack.

All these operations are not carried on with ease and regularity. The Cingalese are an idle race; like many better men, their chief pleasure is to perform as little work as possible. This necessitates a never-ending round of inspection by the European manager, who, mounted on a small pony, paper umbrella in hand, visits every corner of the property at least once in the day, often twice. Neither is it unusual for him to make "a round"

during the night. On the whole therefore he enjoys no sinecure.

The manufacture of arrack is entirely in the hands of the natives, who employ stills of the rudest construction; the permission to retail arrack and toddy is annually farmed out by the Ceylon Government: the renters are natives, who frequently pay as much as sixty thousand pounds for the monopoly,—about one-eighth part of the entire revenue of the island.

If we consider the very light and poor nature of the soil in which cocoa-nut cultivation is carried on, it cannot but be matter for wonder that those trees attain so large a size, and yield such bulky and continuous crops during so many years. Not unfrequently they reach a height of sixty feet, and yield fully fifty nuts each tree per annum, gathered in alternate months, and continue in bearing for seventy, and sometimes for ninety years. A calculation based on these data, shows that one acre of yellow sandy soil will produce, without the aid of manure, a weight of fourteen and a quarter tons in green fruit, and seven tons of leaves annually. To yield this once or twice may not seem deserving of much wonder; but that this production should continue for half a century, without any renovation of the soil, and only accidental supplies of manure, cannot but be considered a remarkable instance of the unaided fertilizing powers of nature.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

THE Coffee Estate on which I resided was situated in one of the wildest and most beautiful districts of the island of Ceylon, elevated far above the burning lowlands, where fragrant spices and waving palms told of rich soils and balmy winds. The plantation was on a broad table-land, fully three thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, thirty miles removed from the only European town in the interior, and at least five miles from any other white man's dwelling. Within a short walk of the lower boundary of my property was a small Kandyan village, containing within itself the very pith and marrow of Cingalese society—a true type of the entire community of the island. As I mixed so unreservedly and frequently with the people, and saw so much of their every-day life, it may be interesting to some to see a faint outline drawn of this place.

Malwattie, which was its name, signifies literally a "garden of flowers," and such in truth it was when I first visited it. The reader must not suppose it a place bearing the most remote resemblance to any collection of houses in this country. There is not such a thing as a row of cottages to be seen : shops are unknown in that primitive place ; and until later years no such incubus as a tavern-keeper or arrack-renter was known there. Every little hut or cottage was carefully shaded from the view of its neighbour ; fairly established on its own account—as much so as though the inmates had written up, in barbarous Cingalese characters, "No connection with the house next door." I never could learn that there was any superstition among Cingalese hut-builders as to the variation in the aspects of their domiciles ; but certain it was that no two dwellings faced precisely the same points of the compass. One would be north-east, and the nearest to it would be north-east and by east : you might fancy you had found another facing a similar point, but on careful observation you would see that you could not make it any better than north-east and by east-half-east. I tried the experiment for a long time, but was compelled at length to give it up. I had regularly "boxed the compass" round the entire village.

Partly from long established custom, and partly from a desire of shading their dwellings from the heat of the sun, the Kandyans bury their isolated



huts beneath a dense mass of the rankest vegetation. At a short distance not a sign of human habitation could be traced, were it not for the thickly growing topes of bananas, areca palms, and breadfruit trees, which are ever found around and above their quiet abodes.

Malwattie formed no exception to the general rule in this respect; it was as snugly hedged and fenced, and grown over, as was Robinson Crusoe's dwelling after the visits of the savages. Every tiny hut appeared to possess a perfect maize of its own for the express purpose of perplexing all newcomers, especially white men. The entire village did not cover more than a quarter of a square mile, yet it would have puzzled any living thing but a bird to have visited all the cottages in less time than half a day, and very giddy, tiring work it would have been.

Small as was this primitive community, it had its superiors. The leading men were the priest of the little Buddhist Vihara, or shrine, and the Korale, or headman. I will not distress the reader by putting the names of these men in print, as they would be perfectly unpronounceable, and moreover as lengthy as the approaches to their own dwellings. The entire names of the Cingalese community would fill a moderately-sized volume. I will therefore only speak of these men as the Priest and the Korale.

The latter was a rather respectable man, as

things go in Ceylon; he was negatively irreproachable in character. He had certainly never committed murder or theft on the Queen's highway. Perjury had not been charged against him; and as for the faithful discharge of his few official duties, no one had ever called that in question, though there were some rather curious tales afloat on the subject of the last assessment of the rice-lands. At the office of the Government agent of the district he was believed to be as active and honest as nine-tenths of the native headmen, though to be sure that was not saying much for him. The villagers looked up to him with the utmost veneration and respect; and no wonder, for on his fiat depended the amount of rice-tax their lands were to pay. He was a venerable-looking old gentleman, with a flowing white beard, a keen quiet eye, and an easy-going habit that might have been either dignity or laziness. It was his duty to render to the Government officers a just account of the industry, if such a term can be applied to anything Cingalese, of his village; to furnish returns of the increase or decrease of the population; to give notice of all crimes and offences committed, and in short to represent the local government in minor details. For all this, no salary was paid him. He was satisfied with the honour of the office; and yet, strange to tell, this Korale had so far increased his property by gaining nothing, that he was a man of some substance when I left the

place,—owning some hundreds of cattle, and rich in pasture lands. Education was unknown to him; he could scratch a little Cingalese on the dried leaves used in place of paper, and I believe could count as far as ten. His most complicated accounts were all on a decimal system; and by the aid of numerous symbols known but to himself, and the erudition of the friendly priest, he contrived to transact a multitude of statistical business with the authorities.

The abode of this old patriarch would have furnished a study for a lover of the antique. Everything seemed in keeping with his long white beard. The doors and windows, the couches and three-legged table, all were hoary with years. Even the atmosphere had a musty smell about it, as though it had been keeping him company ever since he was a little boy.

In the midst of thick foliage, as bright and green as the cottage was dark and cankerous, it seemed at a distance like a huge wart on the rich vegetation. The coffee, the banana, the cotton, the jambo, the pawpaw, besides an infinity of other useful things, grew in wild profusion. Of what we should call garden he had none, nor did he need any, for the friendly villagers kept his daily wants amply supplied from their own little scanty patches. At early dawn, the little narrow pathway leading circuitously to his door, might be seen tracked by men, women, and children, laden with fruits, vegetables,

and eggs, for the Korale's larder: he might well grow stout and glossy, and contented with his lot. There was such a supply of vegetable diet introduced through his crazy old doorway each morning, as might have fully satisfied the vegetarians of Great Britain, with something to spare for the pigs. But the old gentleman disposed of it all; for he had a little colony of feudal dependants hanging about his heels, living, or rather existing, in low cattle-sheds behind his own barn of a place. These serfs tracked him wherever he went; one held a paper umbrella or a talipot-leaf over him in his walks; another carried his stick of office; one beat off the musquitoes; another fanned him to sleep with a *punkah*. In short, they did everything for him, save eat and sleep, and these functions he performed for himself to perfection.

The old Korale was generally pleased with my visits, for they added to his importance in the eyes of the little community. He lived quite alone; his wife had been dead some years, and he had lost his only child by fever. His days were mostly passed in sleeping, smoking, and eating, varied occasionally with a stroll round his rice-fields, or those of his neighbours. It was seldom that he visited Kandy, the ancient capital: as for Colombo, or any part of the sea-coast, the wildest freaks of his imagination would never have induced him to contemplate a journey so far from the spot of his birth.

It was a curious sight to behold this ancient being leading such a hedgehog existence: rolling himself up in indolence, after every meal of rice and curry, in his little, darkened, cavern-like verandah; and there, if no guest arrived, falling asleep until the next meal aroused him from his torpor. I have found him thus, clad in semi-barbaric pomp, reeking with dirt, and swelled with importance, in a balloon-shaped Kandyan hat, a flowing robe and loose jacket, with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves fastened by silver bangles; an enormous mass of white muslin, wrapped, fold upon fold, around his waist. A pretty little mountain stream fell trickling and bubbling past the door, over stones and sticks, and flowers and herbs, until it was lost in the rice-fields below, playing and gambolling as though each tiny wave had been some frolicsome wood-nymph. Little could be seen from that shady portal, and not much more heard beyond the hum of myriad insects and the distant cry of birds of the jungle.

Often have I sat with the Korale chatting on local and other matters, for he was a man of gossip, though of limited ideas. I tried in vain to make him understand the position and importance of other countries: of their great superiority to his island, and of the peculiarities which distinguished us people of the west from Orientals. He could not be persuaded that Europe was larger or a better place than Ceylon; that better corn and vege-

tables were grown in England than on the Kandyan hills; or that a modern drawing-room was a more comfortable sort of place than a Cingalese Korale's reception-room with earthen floor and leafy ceiling. Of some description of politics he had gleaned a faint idea from the reported contents of one of the local newspapers, very democratic in its principles. He had an inkling that things were not going on as they should do, and that a republic must be the sort of government suited to the present wants of man. Yet, strange to say, he connected with his ideas of reform a return to those things which the liberality of the British Government had abolished,—forced labour and flogging at the discretion of the headmen!

The Priest was of a far different stamp: not an educated man in an European sense of the word, but still with some glimmering of mind within—just serving to render internal darkness visible. He of course could read fluently, for it was a portion of his duties to recite verses of their Pitakas or sacred writings, morning and evening, in the Vihara. He possessed a fair share of curiosity, and a desire to know something of other places and things. Nay, more, he frequently heard me read a whole chapter of the Scriptures, with which he was much pleased, and frankly admitted that Christianity was the best religion next to Buddhism.

His Vihara and dwelling were at one end of the range of little hills, on the slopes of which the

village of Malwattie was situated, though above them considerably. It was the only roof covered by tiles; and, unlike the rest, might be seen at some distance peeping out from amidst a whole bunch of foliage. To arrive at it the traveller had to wend his way along a weary length of loose stones that led over low swampy ground, round the edges of rice-fields, and up the sides of rather steep hills—a slip from which bid fair to plunge the wayfarer down some very ugly places. It was a path that should be trodden by none but a tight-rope dancer, or a native of the country.

The view from the door of the shrine was highly picturesque, commanding a survey of many miles of mountain, forest, and prairie country, through which herds of cattle were dotted like so many very small mice. His abode was mean in the extreme, with scarce sufficient to make life supportable. The rules of his order forbid him to acquire any property, and he subsisted from day to day on charity,—just as did his friend the Korale, though needing it much more.

The Priest often visited me on the plantation, and examined with much curiosity the various books and pictures about the bungalow. On one of these occasions an incident occurred which threatened at first to cut short our intimacy, but was eventually forgotten or laughed at. I had frequently pressed my yellow-robed friend to partake of my meat and taste a little port wine, of

which I knew most of these people are very fond—but in vain; he professed the utmost dislike to any strong drink, independently of the restriction laid on them by their rules. One day, while conversing with him, I was called away to the coffee-store by one of the labourers, and left him alone, sitting by my little jungle sideboard. As I was returning immediately afterwards, and when near the door, I heard a great coughing and spluttering, and strange choking noises. Upon entering, I found the priest almost dead with a fit of coughing. He had staggered against the wall; his eyes were streaming with water, his hands clenched together, while down his long golden robes a jet-black stream had found its sable way. A bottle lay at his feet. The truth flashed across me in a moment. The wary priest had gone to my sideboard to steal a taste of the forbidden wine, and had, unfortunately, taken a good draught from a quart bottle of *ink*.

Next in village importance to the characters already named was one Ranghamy, the head constable, deputy-sheriff, tax-collector, and there is no saying what besides. He was right-hand man to the Korale, not quite so stout, but more thick-headed, save when his own interest was concerned, and then it was remarkable how his faculties brightened up, and illumined the social atmosphere of Malwattie. Ranghamy was not a native of the village, nor of the district; nobody seemed to know whence he came, except the Korale, and he had



long since forgotten. The hydra-headed official had a numerous progeny of Ranghamies of both sexes, besides a large herd of sleek, well-favoured cattle; yet, oddly enough, he had neither lands whereon to pasture the one, nor salary wherewith to feed and clothe the other. Still they were all fed, and clothed, and pastured. The junior head constable, and the little female deputy-sheriffs, and the tax-collectors in arms, were clad in whiter robes than any other young villagers. As for the cattle, they might have been exhibited at the Smithfield show, and won all the prizes by several stones of fat. Whether they grew thus corpulent from any miraculous interference of Buddha, or were fattened by some scientific process upon constables' broken staves and collectors' decayed tax-books, or whether they were daily driven upon other people's lands, who dared not complain to the Korale, and if they did, could not expect the head constable to impound his own bullocks;—which of these might have been the case I never learnt, though I had my suspicions in the matter. Ranghamy was said to have realized considerable sums by hiring out his cattle to the moormen, who convey rice and salt from the sea-coast on pack-bullocks to the interior. Of this prosperity his dwelling gave abundant proof, for he had not only English crockery and cutlery, but a decanter mysteriously covered up with a floor mat, in which it was whispered wine was once seen. Two pictures in frames, in glaring

colours, graced the walls, while on a kind of shelf was placed, by way of ornament, a chemist's white ointment jar with a faded gilt label.

Not far removed from the constable in locality and dignity of office, was the village peon and post-holder, as graceless and lazy as any within the central province of the island, and that is saying a good deal. It would have been a difficult thing to have shown that Puncheyrallic, the post-holder, did anything to entitle him to the name beyond bestowing an occasional kick on the letter-carriers or runners as they passed through the village; yet the man grumbled at receiving no more than five rix-dollars, or seven shillings and sixpence a month, for the discharge of these onerous duties. Puncheyrallic had a rather bustling little wife, who did all the heavy work for him, except the kicking: the pigs, the garden, the fowls, all were in her charge; and while she and the very small children cooked the meals, and kept the house in order, their lord and master lay on his back, beat the tomtom or native drum, or perhaps gambled with a neighbour for a few copper challies.

The remainder of the village was made up of families generally poor enough, who derived their sole support from the produce of their patrimonial lands. In many instances the domestic arrangements of these people, with a view of keeping their property from dwindling away by frequent subdivisions, were singular enough to an English mind.

There were two or three households in which several brothers had but one wife amongst them, and more singular still, they appeared to dwell together most harmoniously.

A picture of one of these groups is a portrait of them all. Poor to abject misery in all but rice and a few coarse grains, these people are invariably landholders, some of them on an infinitesimally small scale. At times the family will be large, swelled by the addition of an aged grandfather or grandmother, or some such relation, and with generally a numerous progeny of all ages. Beyond the culture of their rice, of primary importance, the space that produces their few additional necessaries, such as chillies, tobacco, and fine-grain, is little enough. A few possessed one or two buffaloes; most of them had a caricature of a pig and a few scarecrows of fowls; but there was only one milch-cow in the entire range of Malwattie.

It was truly astonishing to see how early the early the young children were put to tasks of strength. The boys were made to look after the buffaloes and the rice-fields, while the girls were set to weave mats, pound the rice from the husk, fetch water, and such work. Often have I seen a little delicate child, six or seven years of age, staggering up a tolerably steep path, with an infant astride across its little hip, and a huge earthen chattie of water on its head. Such early toil as this, equally early marriage, and generally poor

and scanty diet, lead to one inevitable result,—premature old-age and hastened death.

There was but one exception to the sameness of the population of Malwattie ; it consisted of a small household, not far from the foot of the hill near the Vihara, and closely adjoining the bullock-track or bridle-path leading past my estate from the high-road. Here, beneath a pretty tope of never-fading trees, where blossom, and fruit, and sweetest perfumes played their part all through the year, dwelt a blind old man and his pretty granddaughter. Of their history I had gleaned but little, just sufficient to make me feel an interest in their welfare. The tiny hut they dwelt in was not more diminutive than neat ; so clean and white, and fresh within ; without, all was beauty and order. Had a whole legion of mountain-sylphs and wood-nymphs been busily employed about the place all night long and every night, it could not have been kept in more perfect and picturesque neatness. The little fence around the cottage was so nicely trimmed ; the garden in front so well swept and watered ; the orange and lemon trees so carefully tended, and always so delighted to bear plenty of fruit for dear little Dochie to gather, that they did not bend and droop with the heavy clusters of golden wealth as some trees would have done, but actually danced and leaped about in the morning and evening breezes, as though their burden were no burden at all, but a capital joke.

Pretty little Dochie, gentle little Dochie, was not more than ten years of age when I first made her acquaintance, one hot morning in the dry season. I caught her gathering some oleander blossoms and roses, and country jessamine, and thought I had never seen anything half so lovely, barring her colour. I reined in my pony and asked her for a draught of water; instead of looking alarmed, as most of her class do when thus accosted, she smiled good-naturedly, and tripped into the little cottage. I was off my nag and in the pretty flower-garden when she came out with a cocoa-nut shell of, not water, but, bless the dear child, foaming rich white goats' milk. I am not quite sure, but I rather think I must have kissed her as I returned her the homely flagon; at any rate, we became the best of friends, and it ended in Dochie taking me to see her blind old grandfather, who was busily working at a net of some sort, and then to inspect one of the neatest little farm-yards I had ever seen out of dear England. The whole place was a perfect miracle of industry and neatness, and I could not help asking how she managed to keep it so. It appeared that their neighbours assisted, at certain seasons, in working the garden and bringing it into good order, and that the old man helped her to carry the water from the little bamboo spout, which the villagers had fixed for them to convey a supply from the hill stream at some distance, to the extremity of their property.

They appeared to be in want of nothing that could make them comfortable; as to money, they had little enough, their sole earnings being from the sale of her goats' milk, flowers, and fruit, to wayside travellers. She assured me, that when the pilgrims passed on their way to the sacred footprint on Adam's Peak, she sold as many flowers and as much fruit as the garden could produce, and enabled them to be quite extravagant in white cloths and handkerchiefs.

From that time forward, I never passed through Malwattie without a draught of fresh milk, and a little bouquet gathered by Dochie's pretty hand. At length it came to my dismounting regularly, and in course of time, amongst other things we talked of, were books and knowledge. Her dark bright eyes sparkled as I told her what wonders she might learn if she could but read English books. This strange art was now her sole thought, and one day she found courage to ask me how she could learn it. I hesitated, for I did not quite see how to help her; but when I offered to send her a book with the English alphabet, and moreover to teach her to read the letters, her joy was unbounded. In a few months my pupil had not only mastered the alphabet, but could spell small words, and knew several short sentences. Not content with this, I talked to her of religion, and explained the nature and history of Christianity, as well as my ability allowed me. I was not quite so suc-

cessful here, but I was content to pave the way for future labourers, and rejoiced to find her always anxious for truth.

It was, I think, quite a year after my first acquaintance with Dochie, that one morning I alighted as usual, and was surprised to find my pupil absent, and in her place a young Cingalese man, evidently of the low country. My surprise was equalled by his own. In a minute after, Dochie came bounding in with eggs and milk, and some little light cakes just prepared for the stranger, who, I then perceived, had his arm bandaged, and altogether looked fatigued and ill. I did not remain long that day, but learned, on retiring to mount my pony, that the stranger had sought refuge there very early that morning, having in vain begged through the village for a resting-place; he had been robbed and beaten during the previous night on some lonely track, and Dochie hesitated not one moment in welcoming him within their little dwelling, and, in her own singleness and purity of heart, acting the good Samaritan. I could but admire her kindness; and yet, mixed with admiration, was a feeling akin to jealousy. I wished that it had been my fate to have been robbed and beaten, if only for the pleasure of being tended by the gentle Dochie.

Again months rolled on, and the low-country stranger, and the robbers, were all forgotten. Changes had been meanwhile creeping over the

face of the hitherto changeless Malwattie, and those not for the better. The worst of all innovations was the establishment of an arrack tavern in the very heart of the village. The Government, in its anxiety to add to its revenue and increase its means of developing the resources of the country (I think that was what they termed it), had granted permission to the renter of the arrack licenses for the Kandyan country to establish a few score additional taverns, one of which novelties was located in Malwattie; and soon, where before had been quiet contentment, was nothing but brawling riot. It is true the executive presented an antidote with the poison, by establishing a free-school opposite the noisy tavern; but education stood small chance in competition with arrack, and for every new pupil at the desk, there was a brace of fresh drunkards. This led to an increase in the duties of the police, and soon after to a salary to the head constable; crime was on the increase; law-suits were instituted, families at peace for several generations became deadly enemies, and ere a year had elapsed since the introduction of the tavern, the whole social fabric of Malwattie was rent and disrupted into ugly masses.

I continued to visit my friends the Korale and the Priest, both of whom, especially the latter, spoke bitterly of the arrack nuisance, and looked upon the establishment of the school as a direct attack upon Buddhism. I saw plainly however



that there was another and deeper feeling, antagonistic to the educational scheme, in the bosoms of these leading men of the place. They felt that by diffusing enlightenment amongst the poorest of the villagers, the British Government would in time raise the masses of the people above the level of the headmen, in which case their influence would at once disappear. Their unflinching opposition was but little needed, for the native peasants could not be made to appreciate that knowledge which their immediate superiors did not possess. Too prone to take as their models those above them, the villagers were content to remain as they knew their fathers had been, and as they saw their Korales and Dessaves were. Unfortunately those in charge of Government schools have yet to learn that they have been toiling with the broad end of the educational wedge foremost; that in Eastern countries enlightenment can only flow downwards, never upwards; that to elevate the Indian serfs, you must first improve the intellectual capacities of those whom they ever have, and ever will regard as their patterns.

My progress with the flower-girl's schooling was satisfactory, and I had, besides, the pleasure of finding her inclined to cast aside the superstitions of Buddha. In these tasks I was at this time aided by the teacher of the Government school, a Portuguese burgher, who seconded my efforts most zealously. The months flew

rapidly past, and twice a week found me and Dochie seated beneath the shady foliage of a young orange-tree deep in our studies.

It was quite the end of the hot season, that I was compelled to leave my plantation and journey across the country, to the opposite coast of the Indian peninsula, in search of Malabar labourers to secure the coming crop. I was absent nearly four months, and found myself, one cool pleasant day in September, riding homewards across the broad open prairie-lands adjoining Malwattie. The rich foliage of the jungle and the gardens shone as brightly as ever in the afternoon sun. The hill-streams rippled as pleasantly down their stony courses. Yet the village was no longer the spot I once knew it: brawling and angry words were easily met with; its old patriarchal peace and simplicity had departed from it. I rode on musingly, and at length pulled up in front of Dochie's little garden; I started in my saddle at observing that it also was changed, and so sadly changed. The friendly orange-tree, with its yellow fruit and its pleasant shade, was not there. The oleanders were drooping to the ground; some of the fence was torn down, and a vile black bullock, that I could have massacred on the spot, was cruelly browsing over the flower-beds. The door was closed; the shutters were fastened. I imagined all sorts of calamities to have happened, everything, in short, but what was actually the case. I made one brief in-

spection of the now neglected place; then mounted my pony, and rode homewards, fearing lest some villager should break to me the tale of sorrow.

It was nearly evening when I rode up the winding path leading to my bungalow, oppressed with a feeling of I know not what. The old building stood, as it ever had done, quietly and humbly in the midst of the coffee-fields, but I saw at once there were some changes. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw, in the centre of the little grass-plot facing my front verandah, some small flowering shrubs, and an orange-tree, so like the one I had missed from Dochie's garden, that I began to fancy I was still down in the village, and that the little flower-girl was peeping at me from behind some of the coffee-bushes.

As I stood looking at the orange-tree, my servant placed in my hand a letter, traced in true native style on a dry leaf, in Cingalese characters. It was from my pupil herself, and told me in a few simple sentences all that had occurred. I breathed more freely to find her alive. She was married, she said, to a young and rich Cingalese trader, a Christian and inhabitant of Colombo. She hoped shortly to be admitted a member of our church, and thanked me deeply for what I had done for her. The old blind man, her grandfather, was with them, and they were all happy. They trusted I should always be so. In my garden she said she had caused to be planted the orange-tree I had so often admired and sat under, with a few flowers from her

garden. She prayed that, for many years to come, the tree would yield me plentiful crops of cool refreshing fruit.

The reader will perhaps smile when I say that after reading this note, I shed many tears of real sorrow and pain. Heaven knows I wished the poor girl well and happy; but though I never could have looked on her other than as a gentle, innocent acquaintance, loveable for her simple purity, I felt her departure keenly. To the many dwellers in the thronged cities of the west, the loss of such a companion of my wild, lonely, jungle life, may appear trivial enough; yet to me it was an event.

My servant told me what the little note had omitted. Dochie had been wooed and won with true Cingalese brevity, by the same young low-countryman who had been so kindly sheltered and tended by her, when robbed and beaten, as I have before told. He had been successful in trade, and had now a large store in Colombo.

It was long before I ventured again near Malwattie. To me it was no more a "garden of flowers," and least of all did I care to pass by the green fence and gate, where Dochie's pretty, smiling face had so often welcomed me. At last I persuaded the old Korale to set some of the villagers to work, and open a new path for me nearer his own bungalow, by which means I ever after avoided a spot, the sight of which served but to fill me with regret.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE HAPPY VALLEY.

IT was in the Christmas vacation of the year 1849, that I started on a journey to explore one of the wildest and least-known districts of Ceylon. The Veddah country—which is the name of that forbidding tract of jungle, rocks, and swamps,—is situated toward the east coast of the island, and stretches from the Bintenne hills of the interior to the salt-marshes of Batticaloa on the sea-shore. I had often heard strange and rather contradictory reports concerning the inhabitants of this district, and determined to satisfy myself as to their foundation. I knew there were missionaries and Dutch families scattered about the skirts of the *terra incognita*, and from them no Englishman need fear meeting other than a kindly hospitable reception.

Having despatched my pony a day's journey in advance, I left Batticaloa on the 23rd December,

by the ordinary, I may say the very ordinary conveyance of the country—a bullock-hackery. It was a dreadful vehicle, that hackery! A huckster's flat with an umbrella over it would have been preferable to it. The springs had not the ghost of a spring about them; they might as well, for all that, have been built of solid masonry. And the huge palm-leaf hood kept staggering from side to side, as though it were somewhat addicted to strong drinks.

As for the scenery, it was of the most monotonous description. Every mile of the way was an exact duplicate of the previous mile, made up of salt-marshes, stunted jungle, and miserable huts. The day was fearfully hot: the sky seemed to be of burnished copper, and the air was so close and stifling, that when the breeze did come, it seemed all the hotter for it, as though it had been the parched breath of some glowing furnace. I closed my eyes, to shut out the strong glare from the salt-marshes, and tried to think of friends at home, of frosty skies, of hard crisp ground, and warm fire-sides and warmer hearts, of merry red-eyed holly, and dear old misseltoe.

The next day I was happy to find myself on different ground, seated on my own little pony, and out of sight of those horrid salt-swamps. I was travelling upwards too, and the air came down from the high land beyond, quite cool and refreshing. The earth became more fertile, and groups of palms and plantains, and breadfruit-trees, at intervals,

lent their friendly shade to travellers. With almost every mile of my journey the country wore a more varied aspect. It was far wilder than any I had previously seen, and I had travelled a good deal too. Steep crags, beetling, surly-looking rocks, clumps of dark frowning forest, deep dells, so cold and ugly that I felt no desire to peep down them,—made up the picture ; whilst on every side was a profusion of huge massive boulders of granite quartz-rock, scattered thickly about, as if, long ages since, a numerous party of juvenile giants had been playing at marbles and had gone away in a hurry, leaving their toys behind them.

At high noon I pulled up under the shade of a wide-spreading ebony-tree, and was in the act of dismounting when I was accosted by a dapper little man in a threadbare brown coat, leech-gaiters, and straw hat. He was seated on one of the moss-covered stones, with his buffalo-skin wallet beside him. I knew him well by sight : he was Daniel, the missionary. Everybody knew Daniel, the apostle of Ceylon, — everybody, from the Governor down to the wild men of the woods. I was rejoiced to meet him thus, for I could not have found any one better able to assist me in the object of my journey.

As we sat eating our cakes and plantains on the mossy ground, I gathered that his journey lay entirely in the direction I wished to go. He told me moreover that what I had heard concerning the

Veddahs was substantially correct : they were truly a race of wild men. Their ancestors were originally sole masters of Ceylon ; but upon its conquest by Raman and his Malabar followers, they retired to the innermost recesses of the jungle, just as our Saxon ancestors on a like emergency withdrew among the mountains of Wales. In that wild inaccessible region this race of voluntary outcasts have since dwelt, not in human habitation, for they scorn any such, but in hollow trees and stony caverns, like the birds and beasts of the woods. Their food is chiefly wild roots and herbs, with a little grain, and sometimes the flesh of a deer or a jackal, which they kill with their only weapons, the bow and arrow.

Misery and division have greatly thinned the number of the Veddahs, yet they still count some hundreds of their tribe. They own no authority, pay no taxes, and until quite recently had resisted all attempts made to induce them to enter a village, or to change their mode of living. Within the last few years, however, one enthusiastic Dutch family located in the immediate vicinity had succeeded in collecting about them a dozen or two of this savage tribe, and entirely changed their habits. Daniel had converted most of them, and had even become familiar, during his many journeys, with their still uncivilized fellows.

I gladly accepted his offer to show me some of the "Rock Veddahs," as they are called, and with



this view we journeyed on for a good hour, when the road became more rugged and difficult than before. Here my pony was sent on in another direction, by my native groom, under orders from Daniel, and we passed on our way through the most desolate, gloomy-looking country I ever remember to have seen. The damp dreary solitudes looked as though they had been untrodden by human foot: I could fancy Siberia or Norfolk Island to be quite cheerful places after this.

Clambering over rocks and gnarled trunks of trees, we halted at length in a sort of stony amphitheatre. My companion gave a long shrill whistle, which was taken up, as I first thought, by mere echoes, but they were human echoes, and sounded nearer and nearer, until the whistlers made their appearance. In a few minutes, to my astonishment, and indeed I may add, to my terror, the trees and rocks and nooks of that wild spot swarmed with what seemed to be a species of man-monkey. They were the Rock Veddahs—absolute monkeys without tails. Dwarfy, misshapen, with long arms, grizzly heads, and thick lips, they in fact seemed like no other living things than apes.

They were rather disconcerted at my presence, and kept at a very respectful distance, which, by the bye, I decidedly preferred. The strange creatures kept swinging themselves to and fro on the thick branches, or peeping and winking and grinning at me from behind ugly pieces of rock, as

though they rather wished me to believe they really were monkeys. Daniel conversed with one or two of the oldest of them, in a language that might have been Otaheitean, or Chinese, or monkey dialect; but he did not succeed in persuading any of them to descend from their rookeries; and we at length took our departure, the Veddahs scampering away amongst the trees and stones and crevices like an army of magnified rats, making the wild solitudes echo again with the creaking of bamboos and their own creaking gibberish.

Leaving these savages to the enjoyment of their own society, we turned in another direction, and made our way out of the wildest part of that tract. After tracking our way slowly through some miles of rough ground, more or less covered by jungle or boulders, we found ourselves upon a better path, with the country opening upon prairie ground, somewhat uneven and broken up, but still green and cheerful. Before us rose at some distance the high mountain forests of Bintenne, while far away towards the horizon stretched many a league of broken plain, low jungle, and lofty rock.

The day was now far spent. The sun was sinking over the distant forest-clad ranges, and the scenery began to take that softened hue of golden pink so peculiar to lands within the tropics, when, as we turned suddenly round the shoulder of a huge rock, a scene burst upon my view which riveted me to the spot. "This place," said Daniel,

who observed my astonishment, "is called, and truly so, the Happy Valley. Here may be seen the rose blossoming in the wilderness. One simple-minded, single-hearted couple have raised up this garden in the desert."

It was indeed a garden, and, contrasted with all the uncouth desolation we had just passed through, it seemed an absolute fairy-land. Surely, I thought, some legion of busy angels must have scooped out this valley from the rough mountain-side, and made it what it is. From the summits of the surrounding hills, down to the rippling silvery stream that meandered through the heart of the valley, all was green and fresh. In the midst, at some distance below us, was the chief homestead of this little colony,—a good-sized, leaf-thatched, white-washed cottage, with jessamine porch, and such a delicious-looking garden, full of pleasant shady walks, and grass-plots, and noble trees! At different distances were other two smaller cottages; while around, on every side, arose topes of tender palms, half-grown with broad clumps of sweet plantains and tufts of yellow bamboo, studding about the fields so prettily, like daisies on a grass-plot. Not a single foot of all that bright-looking valley was barren: every inch was made to yield its share of food for man or beast; even the steepest hill-sides were terraced out in little narrow slips, where tall and waving rice told of the industry of man.

I could have remained there, gazing on that

sweet corner of the earth until dark, but my companion, pointing to the setting sun, bade me follow him. A pleasant little winding path led us through quiet dells, and patches of grass-land, on which sleek buffaloes and well-kept bullocks were grazing; and in a quarter of an hour we found ourselves skirting the garden of the homestead. I could hear some merry voice within,—a right merry, honest voice too. The hardest-hearted jury in the world would have instantly acquitted any prisoner with such a laugh as I heard echoing amongst the tamarinds and the mangoes in that sweet green spot. We stole along, the missionary leading the way; and winding among some thickset shrubs, and round a corner in the garden, we came full upon the owner of the happy laugh.

A wide smooth lawn was spread out before us, shaded by lofty trees, loaded with love-apples, tamarinds, and mangoes; and on the greensward was a collection of children of all ages, sizes, and colours, from the rosy-faced little Dutch infant to the swarthy child of the forest. In the midst of them, and in the very act of rolling head over heels, was a great burly figure, as round and as glowing in the face as any red-leather cricket-ball.

The rubicund ball was on its feet in something less than a moment. I was at once introduced to Jacob Post—that was his name—and he was so delighted to see us both, and gave me such a terrific squeeze of the hand, that I felt it up my arm, and down my

back, and completely into my shoes. The children were dispersed in all directions; and we strolled over the beautiful lawn, under a magnificent banyan-tree, with its thousand downward-stretching branches, and then through a little rosery, and up to the flower-covered porch of the cottage.

A soft voice amongst the jessamine there, a pretty pair of little feet on the Jaffna mat, and, dear me, a couple of such radiant, lovable eyes! Could they belong to Mrs. Post? Yes, indeed; but I rejoiced to find that her Christian name was Winnifred: that relieved me, for it was a set-off against the Post. Well, Mrs.—no, Winnifred was more delighted to see us, if that had been possible, than her husband. It was so kind of us to come out to them, and on Christmas-eve too! Of course we would remain with them over the following day? I felt that if Winnifred had a sister in that Happy Valley, I could have remained a long while over the next day—in fact, that I could have lived and died there; but as she had no such relation, I contented myself with saying how much pleasure it would afford me to stay.

I was immediately at home with good Jacob and his pretty, quiet wife: I seemed to have known them both since my earliest childhood. There was not the least nonsense about them: still, I wished his name had not been Post. We all strolled out to the vegetable-garden, and then into the farm-yard. There was a real farmyard, with live ducks

and fowls and actual pigs, and a matter-of-fact donkey with four legs. Jacob and the two eldest children had so many things to show me, so many beautiful plants and extraordinary trees, that I felt quite giddy with turning round to look at them all. Then there were the Veddahs' cottages to show me: I must see them too. What! thought I, Veddahs in cottages! Ay, real Veddahs, all alive. And there they were, sure enough. Some were busy in the gardens, others were sitting at the doors, whilst a swarm of little children came scampering towards us from all sides; some of them had been amongst the rollicking party on the grass-plot. Jacob, I was told, had been the means of these poor creatures giving up their wild miserable life for their present happiness. He had been a dweller in the Happy Valley some seven years, and had collected around him about twenty families, chiefly about three years previously. Each cottage had its tract of rice-ground, its vegetable garden, and its tope of palms and other fruit-bearing trees. Here and there was a patch of tobacco or cotton, the produce of which they bartered for salt, dried fish, and other necessaries, at the neighbouring villages.

It was quite delightful to see, as I saw on our return to the homestead, how smoothly and quietly all went on within that dwelling. Everybody seemed to be so busy preparing supper. The children ran about with earthen chatties of milk, and

baskets of fruit quite as large as themselves. Jacob, with his radiant Dutch-clock of a face, moved the table and couches into the front verandah, that we might have more of the cool evening breeze, and catch a glimpse of the pure, bright moonlight; while Winnifred tripped about so busily, and yet so softly, fearful of disturbing the little baby asleep on the mat in the corner—bless her gentle heart!—as though that fairy footstep could have aroused a mosquito from its evening slumbers!

In the wide verandah, twined round by many flowers, we sat down to a supper of fruit, hoppers or cakes, and milk. The cool breeze from the mountain-tops came to us loaded with the fragrance of roses, jessamine, and citron-blossom. The lofty arecas and cocoa-palms waved their long feathery arms in the bright moonbeams, and flung down upon the soft greensward their sparkling gifts of light. All around seemed at peace and happy; and I scarcely knew where could be seen the most perfect picture of calm, pure enjoyment,—in the glorious radiant scene outside, or in the countenances of the happy family about me.

There was one sharer in our evening meal whom I had not before observed—an aged, white-haired native woman. She was quite blind; and by the care that was taken to place her near Jacob, a more than ordinary attachment would seem to have existed between them. I learned that Archie had

been his nurse ; and there was attached to her a little story so touching, that I will relate it, especially as it vindicates the Cingalese character from the charge of cold-heartedness.

Jacob's father, when very young, had served in one of the Dutch regiments during the last years of the rule of Holland in the colony. In some engagement with the Kandyan troops, who were laying waste the Cingalese villages attached to the Europeans, he had been the means of saving Archie's life. The village-girl felt grateful to her young preserver, and followed him to quarters, which she refused to leave. Lieutenant Post was shortly after married to a countrywoman, but Archie still resolved to remain with the family, and was content to serve her friend as a menial. From that time she became a part of the household, and tended their only child, Jacob, with the affectionate care of a mother. Years afterwards, and when the island had changed masters, little Jacob was left an orphan, without any one who cared for him save the devoted nurse ; she however sought out friends for him amongst the burgher families and English officials, and by their aid obtained the means of providing for him, as well as giving him a fair education. They had, in fact, never been separated for a day, and were not likely to be so now.

It was from Jacob too that I learned how he had contrived to work such a revolution in that



valley. I gathered the tale from him, in his own simple way, in that cool, pleasant verandah, when Winnifred and the children had retired for the night.

After finishing his education, Jacob had given his attention to agriculture, and spent some years with different landholders, mastering the details of rice-fields, tobacco-ground, and cotton-gardens. Fortunately, when he was wishing to make a start in life for himself, some distant Dutch cousin died at Jaffna, and bequeathed to him sufficient to enable him to carry out his plans. And now another and larger idea took possession of his mind—a thought which haunted him in all his occupations, and weighed so strongly upon him, that he determined, in some way or other, to carry it into execution. This was the civilizing of the outcast Rock Veddahs—a strange scheme for one so simple, so solitary in the world as he was. But he felt, that to that poor race he might repay some of the debt he owed to the devoted village-girl: they were of one blood with her, and who more needed help than they?

He received some encouragement from the missionaries in the neighbourhood, but from none else save old Archie. Not to be easily discouraged, he at length obtained a free grant of that valley, then a poor barren spot, from a native chieftain, and quietly, but resolutely, planted himself and a few low-country Cingalese on the spot.

Unceasing toil, kindness to the roving Veddahs, and a happy, cheerful disposition, soon carried him over many difficulties; and before the end of the second year, not only had he obtained the labour of many of the wild people about him, but several had consented, with their families, to occupy the small cottages he had prepared for them.

But now Jacob began to find he had more upon his hands than he could well manage, and, besides, he stood in need of many things for his rising colony. He started off to Batticaloa, and there consulted some of his friends as to his plans for the future. Amongst others, he spoke to old Van Pleyden, the deputy-fiscal; but eloquently as he dwelt upon the subject of the Veddahs, and his valley of labour, the cautious Dutchman remained unmoved, and could not see what was to be done. There was one in that family, however, who lent a willing, attentive ear to every word that fell from Jacob's honest, simple lips. Little gentle Winnifred, the fiscal's daughter, sympathized with the heroism of the speaker; and when after tea they walked in the quiet old garden, that was washed by the waves of the Indian Ocean, and were seated on the sea-beach, she asked him to tell her more about his valley, and his old nurse, and the poor Veddahs: and she listened to his tale until the tears dimmed her bright eyes.

What was he to do with all these multiplying cares upon him—with old Archie, so blind and so

helpless? Winnifred asked him, in her own simple childlike way, if he had ever thought of taking a wife. A wife! No. It was a most capital idea: the very thing he wanted—and yet, strange to say, it was the very thing that had never entered his mind. He had been so busy about other people, that he had had no time to think of himself. But where was he to find a wife? Who would follow him, and leave burgher society for rice-fields and wild Veddahs, and poor simple Jacob? No, no; it was too good a thing to be realized. His large heart sighed, and he began to give it up as a regular desperate and incurable case.

Winnifred suggested that there might, for all that, be some one found willing to follow him for the mere love of himself and his good honest heart. She was not sure, mind,—she only thought so; and then she stammered and blushed, until Jacob, good soul! felt a new light bursting suddenly upon him, and he became for the time an inspired being, and said something to her about making that bleak place of his what it has been ever since, but what it never could have been without her—a Happy Valley. Jacob does not at all remember saying anything of the sort: in fact, he believes he was in a trance all the time; and when he feels very particularly hilarious, which is very often, he insists that Winnifred did all the talking, at which she of course is much shocked, and tries to look angry.

It was in vain that parents and relatives, and young burgher gentlemen, protested against the exile of pretty Winnifred. She became Mrs. Post while the family were quarrelling about it; and as Jacob very properly and forcibly remarked, "There they were!"

Early the next morning, the missionary left us to visit a neighbouring village, promising to return to dinner. The day, I learned, was to be marked by a general assemblage of the colony at one table; and for this it was soon evident the most extensive preparations were going on. The verandahs appeared to be boiling over with fruit and vegetables; heaps of red rice, and pyramids of curry-stuff and dried fish, abounded, as though there had been a heavy shower of those articles during the night, and the coolies had just swept them off the lawn to be out of the way.

Was there to be a plum-pudding? I asked. No one had ever heard of such a dish. In a moment of devotedness to the general service, I volunteered to concoct one, much to the hilarity of Jacob and the whole troop of children and servants. To prevent any faintheartedness on my part, I was at once installed into office in the little earthen-floored kitchen at the rear of the cottage—a dark cellar of a place, with, in one corner, a number of bricks grouped about in parties of three, with smoking sticks between them, looking as though a number of gipsies had been cooking their stolen meal there.

This was the kitchen-range. The plum-pudding would be boiled over three of those melancholy bricks in an earthen chattie. I felt sick at the very idea of it, and instantly declined the responsibility of the boiling process.

Accoutred in one of little Winnifred's smartest little aprons, with pretty little strings to it, I seized a huge earthen chattie and a gigantic wooden ladle, without any very distinct ideas of how I was to commence operations. I had a faint glimmering recollection of having once seen my mother mix a Christmas pudding when I was clad in a tight nankeen suit, and I saw indistinct visions of suet and flour—I was positive about the flour—and rivers of milk and basins of eggs beaten up to a froth; and then the raisins—I remembered them most distinctly. But whether the flour, or the suet, or the milk, or the eggs, went in first, I had not the most remote idea.

I wanted all sorts of things. I believe I asked for pepper and mustard and vinegar in the excitement of the moment, much to the astonishment of the black crowd about me. Jacob, simple man! believed the vinegar was all right. I am sure some of the coolies, and the fat old cook, imagined I was making a very complicated set of Chinese fireworks. Why, dear me, there was not such a thing as a raisin in the whole valley. A plum-pudding without plums! such a thing had never occurred to me. Fortunately, I found some fine dates; and having

them stoned and cut small, they answered the purpose remarkably well : if any one doubts me, let him try, that's all.

The little kitchen was becoming so fearfully hot with the crowds of coolies and Veddahs, who flocked in to see the "Europe master make cookery," that there appeared every prospect of the pudding being parboiled before going into the pot. At a word from me, Jacob seized a handful of flour, and scattering it right and left in the eyes of the enemy, quickly cleared the ground. They fancied he was using some magical incantation, and did not venture near the spot until they heard the "Chinese fireworks" were safely tied up in a cloth.

An enormous load seemed off my mind as I tied the string. The thermometer stood at 96 degrees in the coolest part of that kitchen. My coat was on the floor, my sleeves were tucked up, and I felt red-hot ; the perspiration trickled down my face ; my clothes seemed to be singed at the edges. But when pretty little Winnifred peeped over my shoulder, and said, in her own quiet, gentle way, how nicely I had done it, and how kind it was of me, I felt suddenly quite cool and comfortable.

I passed the remainder of the day in wandering about the valley with the children, gathering wild-flowers, and admiring the lovely scenery. On my return, I met the old missionary, and we found that the dinner hour was at hand. Some forty Veddahs, old and young, were assembled about the cottage ;

and giving Winnifred my arm, I led her towards the great banyan-tree on the lawn, where we were to dine. A novel and pleasing scene awaited me there. The myriad giant arms of the tree, reaching to the ground, had been made to support long rows of bamboos, that served for benches, on either side of a table composed of as rude materials. We, the privileged, had chairs. So thickly did that noble tree spread out its foliage above us, that not a single ray of sunshine found its way within; and as for space, we might have dined four times our number beneath its ample shade.

What a glorious dinner that was, to be sure! Jacob asked me confidentially, if I thought there had ever been a dinner to equal it in England; and I said, I rather thought not. I am sure they felt as delighted to see the poor Veddahs seated round that well-filled table, as though they had all been members of the Dutch and English aristocracy. Such a profusion of red-hot curry, such catacombs of pillau, such deserts of rice, and forests of salt fish, had not been known since that valley had been a valley. I thought some of the simple Veddahs would rather have dispensed with the knives and forks, and have fallen to with their fingers; but by grasping their spoons with both hands, they managed to force a good deal of hot rice into their mouths.

Nobody dared go for *the* pudding save Jacob: he would have annihilated any one who had attempted

the task. As he strode along the ground with the huge dish reeking, steaming up before his jolly, glorious face, there seemed to be two puddings—one on the dish, and another on his shoulders. Everybody tasted that pudding, and everybody admired it. As for our host, it was his firm belief that kings and queens were fed upon such food as that.

When the dinner was over, and the dishes piled in a heap on the grass, old Daniel, after filling Winnifred's glass, rose, and in his quiet, simple, earnest tones, proposed a toast for us. He gave—"The good work, and God bless the workers." I repeated it, and little Winnifred echoed—"The good work, and God strengthen the workers." As for Jacob, he said nothing—his honest heart was too full, but he nodded to us, and as his gaze met that of Winnifred, the tears filled his eyes. He drank the toast silently; but I could see by his happy face, that he was enjoying three hearty inward cheers, three mental hip-hip-hurrahs all to himself, at the other end of the table.

If the dinner passed off happily, not less so did the amusements after it. When the sun had sunk far behind the hills, and the air was cool and soft, and filled with sweetest perfumes, we proceeded to the ball-room—and such a ball-room! Upon another lawn, at one end of the dwelling, were three or four large clustering vines, trained for many yards over bamboos, and intertwined with



the fruit-bearing grenadilla, the moon-flower, the passion-flower, and a dozen other gorgeous creeping plants, forming together a roof of richest beauty, and lofty enough for a company of life-guardsmen to have walked in with their caps on. From the sides of this natural assembly-room were hung festoons and garlands of flowers, leaves, and blossoms, twined into devices, and interwoven with coloured cloth and ribbons as only natives of the East can fashion; whilst outside, at intervals, were fastened in the ground tall poles, bound round with flowers, and crowned by huge pumpkins and cocoa-nut shells, filled with oil, performing the duties of lanterns—and very fairy-like lanterns they looked too. This hall of flowers eclipsed the banyan-tree by millions of degrees: indeed, when I looked about me, I saw nothing but brilliant lights and gaudy flowers, and rich green leaves and sweet buds, and swarthy forms, and Winnifred's pretty sparkling eyes. I felt myself wafted away from earth to fairy bowers in mid-air, and began to think that if a strong breeze were to blow, we might all come down by the run.

But where was the music? and who were to dance? Only Winnifred and the missionary, and Jacob and myself? Oh dear no! There were the grown-up Veddahs all ready, and in ball-room costume too. The dark ladies, with all the predilections of the sex, had found means, though simple ones, of adorning their swarthy forms. Some were content

with twining the round white buds of the Indian jessamine amongst their dark clustering hair; others added the blossoms of the sacred bo-tree, or the rich buds of the passion-flowers; whilst one tall aspiring beauty had encircled her brows with a coronet cut dexterously from the green shell of the shaddock. Others wore necklaces of small limes and lilliputian oranges, and the crimson fruit of the lovey-lovey, and long sashes of plantain and palm-leaves. A few of the men had garlands of areca-leaves and the pink sheu-flower, and altogether the party wore a most picturesque appearance as they ranged themselves in true dancing order, clad in their pure white robes.

There was a band too. The old missionary commenced an air upon an antiquated flute, and the cook and one of the housekeepers beat time of some sort upon tomtoms, or native drums. I led off with little Winnifred, while Jacob stood up with the coroneted damsel, and away we went to some extraordinary tune, for the missionary was evidently trying his fingers at the 'Old Hundredth,' while the flute was as obstinately bent upon making it 'Drops of Brandy;' and the tomtoms floundered about between the two melodies.

You would have laughed to see how we worked away at that dance. Winnifred and the rest seemed quite at home at it: to me, we appeared to be going through the signs of the zodiac, or working our names and addresses on the grass, with an occasional

rush down the middle, by way of note of admiration. The Veddahs seemed to be moving by galvanism; the lovey-loveys set beautifully to one of the palm-leaves; the limes gave hands across to the arecas and sheu-flowers; and as for the jessamines and passion-flowers, they rushed up the middle and down again with the plantains, in a way that evidently quite astonished the latter. Jacob danced alternately with everybody. He would have had a waltz with the missionary if he had not been so hard at work with that dreary, wheezy old reed of a flute; and I am not sure I didn't once see him having a short turn with the assistant-cook, away up in a corner.

But pleasure, like all other things in this world, must have an end, and even the indefatigable Jacob at last found he was rather tired and warm. I was in a high fever, and could scarcely realize the idea that that was indeed Christmas-day. Winnifred led me to a little garden-seat on the green grass-plot outside, away from the tall trees and the thick shrubs, and where the bright starry canopy of heaven formed the only roof: the rest of our friends followed: and there, on that sweet still spot, with the beautiful moon gazing calmly upon us, and lighting up every corner of the pretty garden, the missionary raised his voice, and commenced some fine old Dutch hymn in the Veddah dialect. Winnifred's soft, gentle notes blending with the fine tones of Jacob's deep voice, and the

rich echoes of the Cingalese choristers, floated through the calm still air, finding an echo in every shrub and flower and waving tree, and passing on from the greensward to fields and dells afar, melted away in distance, and died upon the hill-tops of the Happy Valley.

THE END.

A VISIT

TO

THE SEAT OF WAR

IN

THE NORTH.

Translated from the German

BY

LASCELLES WRAXALL.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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IT is one of the most dearly cherished privileges of Englishmen, that they should have full liberty to grumble, whenever events run counter to their wishes or anticipations. Hence it is not surprising that numerous strictures have been passed upon the gallant Admirals, for not having destroyed the Russian strongholds in the North during the past season. To disprove these strictures, in our opinion as unjust as they are unmerited,—by a description of the many formidable obstacles, both natural and artificial, which an advancing foe will have to overcome in the Baltic and the adjoining seas,—is the principal object of this little book.

The question whether wooden walls can cope successfully with those built of granite, appears to be decided in the negative by experiments tried at Bomarsund. At five hundred paces, the guns of the Edinburgh made a breach in the walls of a tower selected as an object; but, when removed to one thousand paces, the fire was not of the slightest effect. If it be assumed then that a ship, in order to sustain an effective fire, must be within a range of five hundred yards from the fort attacked, can it be reasonably anticipated that the Russians, usually so

cautious, would allow her to take up such a position unassailed? or could any one realize the fearful loss which must be sustained ere ships can be brought into such a position?

Still, we would not for a moment have it inferred from these remarks that we consider Kronstadt impregnable: we hold to the belief that no such word as "impossible" can be found in the English sailor's vocabulary; but, at the same time, we do insist that we "English gentlemen who live at home at ease," should not arrogate to ourselves the right of criticizing the movements of our Admirals in seas beset with dangers, of which we can form but a very faint idea by the perusal of the most vivid and truthful descriptions.

If our anticipations have not been entirely realized, we must not ascribe it so much to the remissness of our Admirals, as to that wise discretion which has induced the Russian fleets to remain safely ensconced beneath the frowning batteries of Sweaborg and Helsingfors. Let them once make their appearance in the Gulf of Finland, prepared for "a fair fight and no favour," and an Englishman cannot entertain a doubt as to the result.

*London, October, 1854.*



A VISIT  
TO THE  
SEAT OF WAR IN THE NORTH.

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I.

THE SOUND AND THE BELT.

THERE are three different routes by which the Baltic Sea may be entered from the Cattegat: the "LITTLE BELT," between Jütland, Schleswig, and the Island of Fühnen; the "GREAT BELT," between Fühnen and Seeland; and, lastly, the "ÖRE SUND," commonly called "THE SOUND," situated between Seeland and Sweden, and which, from its political importance and the liveliness of its traffic, forms a worthy rival of the Bosphorus. By this denomination the seaman understands the straits which extend, on the Swedish side, from the promontory of Kullen to Falsterbo; on the Danish, from Nakkehoved to the chalky cliffs of Stevns Klint; and which are about fifty-eight

miles in length, vary in breadth from two to forty-eight miles, and are from fourteen to twenty fathoms in depth. But this name is usually given only to the piece of water extending from Kronenburg and Helsingburg as far as Copenhagen and Malmö, and which is about eighteen miles in length, while its breadth varies from two to twelve miles.

On sailing from the Cattegat into the Sound, the coast of Seeland on the Danish side, at the outset, possesses but slight attractions; and we only notice two fishing villages, Gilleleie and Hornbek, where numerous pilots live, and the little town of Hellebek, with a manufactory of small arms, but which is principally interesting to the stranger through the splendid view from Odin's Höi (Odin's hill). Only a few vestiges can now be seen of the once renowned and strongly fortified Castle of Söborg, where Waldemar, Bishop of Schleswig, who had waged war, in alliance with Count Adolphus of Holstein, against King Waldemar, was kept in the closest imprisonment from 1193 till 1205. An examination of these ruins has proved that the sea has retired in the course of centuries nearly eighty paces.

A greater enjoyment is however afforded by the aspect of the Swedish coast, where we speedily arrive at the KULLA Mountain (Kullen). It forms a long triangle, extending for a distance of about five miles, till it merges in an easterly direction

into a chain of low hills. Although this granite mountain is by no means lofty (the highest point, upon which a lighthouse is erected, is only three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea), still the scenery is as wildly romantic as any that may be found in more mountainous countries. Not a tree or a flower grows upon its sides, and nothing is to be seen but masses of rock piled upon each other.

We shall here make acquaintance with the once so formidable Kullaman, though, on this occasion, the meeting will be an amicable one. As we are passing Kullaborg for the first time, we are compelled to receive a visit from a sailor dressed in red trowsers and adorned with a huge flaxen peruke, accompanied by two companions dressed in the same graceful fashion, who will introduce himself to us as Kullaman with his two sons, and demand from us the payment of a small tribute, with which a sacrifice will be made on the altar of Bacchus. About six miles from Kullen is situated the little village of Höganäs, which possesses a harbour and very extensive coal-mines, extending to a great distance beneath the sea: it is even said that at times the miners can hear the waves dashing violently together above their heads.

We now reach the actual entrance to the Sound, where the Danish and Swedish coasts are only two miles apart. Through this it frequently happens that the phenomenon of a double current is wit-

nessed, as, when westerly or northern winds are blowing, the current from the Baltic comes into collision with that flowing from the North Sea, when the latter forces its way over the other: this phenomenon is also often seen in the Bosphorus. We then pass the fortress of KRONENBURG, formerly called Flynderborg and Krogen (1423). Vessels of war salute it on passing, lower their own flags, and hoist the Danish colours on the foremast, to which the fort replies by a salvo, while the peaceful merchantman naturally pays his obeisance in a less noisy manner.

In the earliest ages, a pirate king called Helsing resided here, who built his castles on either side of the Sound, at the spots where HELSINGÖR\* and HELSINGBURG now stand, and plundered the passing vessels. At the present day matters are managed more humanely, and you are now only stopped with the utmost politeness,—or, speaking more correctly, you stop of your own account,—in order to pay, as Kohl says, “the much-discussed, oft-disputed, frequently-contested, and ever-demanded Sound dues,” which produce Denmark an annual revenue of one million and a half thalers courant. It is not surprising therefore that the director of the dues at Öresund is the best paid man in the State, and his salary would serve for several Ministers.

\* This place, from some peculiar reason, we have christened Elsinore.

As nearly twenty thousand ships pass through the Sound annually, and the winter naturally furnishes but a small portion of these, it is easy to form an idea of the animation that is visible here on a fine summer day. The prospect is especially brilliant, when the ships that have been detained by contrary winds weigh anchor and set sail in a body. It frequently happens that two to three hundred vessels may be seen collected here. The nearest spot from which this sight may be enjoyed is on the flag bastion, where the officer on duty keeps an account on a black board of the various ships that pass. If a forgetful skipper neglects heaving to, in order to pay the dues, a blind shot reminds him of his fault; but if he is deaf to this language, his feelings are appealed to by a ball across his bows.

If the visitor is desirous of witnessing this spectacle from a more open spot, he should mount by a winding stair of a hundred and fifty-three steps to the platform of the castle, or climb into the lantern of the lighthouse: but he would do even better, were to scale the hill behind the town of Helsingör, on which the little hunting *château* of Marienlyst stands, for from that elevation he can enjoy a panorama which it would be difficult to witness in any other part of the world. If the traveller however is an Englishman traversing Europe with one of Murray's red handbooks, instead of attending to the prospect, he will look for

Hamlet's grave, which is pointed out in the aforesaid book, and find it too in the shape of three blocks of granite piled on each other, as fortunately he is not aware of a fact which unhappily has come to our knowledge, that Prince Amleth lived, died, and was buried in Jütland, but the whereabouts we are unable to state.

However, the prospect here is not always so bright and cheering. When, on a late Autumn day, the wind is blowing "three balls," to use the scientific term,—that is, when the three balls run up to the top of a flag-staff on the quay announce that only at the risk of life could pilots venture out to the assistance of distressed vessels,—the heart of the spectator is filled with apprehension for the crew of the little boat, which is at one moment riding on the crest of the waves, at another disappearing in their bosom, who still have ventured out to furnish assistance to the vessel. And see! the daring sailors have attained their object and have reached the ship: they bring it safely into port, and receive their reward, which, indeed, appears at times exorbitant, but then it must be borne in mind that they have risked their lives to earn it.

The Castle of KRONBORG is situated on a promontory which juts out some distance into the sea. This imposing building, massively constructed of hewn blocks of granite, in the Gothic style, with five towers, was commenced by King Frederick II.

in the year 1574, but was completed at a later date by Christian IV.; and hence the architectural style has undergone those modifications which impart to all the edifices raised by this royal builder such a characteristic stamp. It is provided with walls of defence, lines, and trenches, forming on the land-side a so-termed crown-work with six bastions, and is surrounded by bomb-proof and spacious casemates. In one of the subterraneous cellars sits the old King Holger the Dane, with his flowing beard firmly imbedded in the marble table. Whenever Denmark is exposed to imminent danger he will rise, and the table will fall in pieces as he tears his beard away from it. This is a myth precisely similar to that extant about Frederick Barbarossa in Kyffhäuser.

As a fortress, Kronenburg, commanded as it is on the land-side by the surrounding hills, has lost its importance since the time that Denmark has been deprived of the possession of both sides of the Sound, and since, to use Admiral Napier's expression, the *screw* has rendered things possible which were formerly regarded as an impossibility. But the passage was effected even before the screw was invented. In the year 1658, Charles X. invested Copenhagen, and Kronenburg fell into the possession of General Wrangel through a stratagem, the Swedes asserting that Copenhagen had surrendered. The Dutch Admiral Opdam anchored with an auxiliary fleet of thirty-five vessels of war, and thirty transports with two thousand

men on board, on the northern coast of Seeland. But how was he to pass the Sound? On the right was Kronenburg, on the left the batteries of Helsingburg, and in front of him the Swedish fleet prepared for action. For eight days he awaited a favourable breeze: at length a fresh north-wester commenced blowing on the 8th of November: Opdam hazarded the passage, his courage was crowned with victory after a sanguinary engagement, and the Swedish fleet, amounting to forty-two sail, was forced to seek shelter in the harbour of Carlsrona.

Admirals Parker and Nelson effected the passage with even greater ease. They also waited eight days off Kullen for a favourable wind: when this at last set in, they passed the Sound with fifty-three ships on the 30th March, 1801, without suffering any great damage, by hugging the Swedish coast. Still certain concurrent favourable circumstances are always requisite. The entrance, namely, is so divided by the "Diskengrund," that the usual passage runs close beneath the guns of the fortress; and indeed the Danish coast is the clearest, and affords good anchorage close under land, while this is entirely absent on the Swedish coast. This may be one of the reasons, too, why Denmark, after losing one coast, was still regarded as the mistress of the Sound; so that even Sweden, though possessing the opposite coast, must pay the dues equally with other countries.

The town of Helsingör, containing 6000 inha-



bitants, affords little that can interest the visitor, and yet is remarkable for the commercial activity prevailing there. The arms of the numerous Consuls and Vice-Consuls give this town a dignified appearance; and the numerous modes of making money, by victualling ships, etc., impart to the whole of the inhabitants an appearance of comfort. The finest building is the Custom-house. The activity which must prevail here may be imagined, when we state that four hundred and fifteen ships have left the port in a single day. The origin of the Sound Dues is lost in the mists of antiquity, when the Danes were not only masters of the Sound but of the whole of the Baltic, from Kiel to the Gulf of Finland. They were however first reduced to a system in the reign of Erich of Pomerania. Originally each vessel paid a rose noble, but afterwards the dues were calculated according to the value of the cargo. They have been an object of much negotiation and of many treaties, and were guaranteed to the Danes by the last Congress of Vienna; so that it is not correct to call them an arbitrary or even piratical impost. Inconvenient and unnatural they certainly are, in an age when commerce is bursting one fetter after another; and it may consequently be hoped that an amicable arrangement may eventually be made, although the numerous negotiations of which they have been the subject have hitherto been frustrated by the various contending interests.

Let us now return, however, to the Swedish coast. We here find, at a distance of 6340 yards from Helsingör, the little town of HELSINGBURG, with a population of 3000 souls, and a hexagonal harbour, whose five sides are faced with blocks of granite. But the distance between Denmark and Sweden has not always been so small, and the sea formerly covered those spots on which the corn-fields of Seeland are now waving. When Odin arrived in Fühnen, he sent the Afín Gefíon to King Gylfi in Sweden, who was so charmed with her, that he made her a present of all the land which she could plough in one day. The skill she displayed in the performance of this would certainly have gained her the first prize at any of our agricultural meetings, for with four giant children metamorphosed for the nonce into oxen, she ploughed out of Sweden a piece of land which bears the name of Seeland to the present day. A great lake was formed in the cavity which this proceeding produced. But this pretty myth is quite upset by the geologists, who state that it is an undoubted fact that Seeland and Schonen at an early date formed one country, and were separated by a natural revolution.

At times, too, Mother Nature furnishes even now a specimen of the condition of those antediluvian ages,—whenever, for instance, a severe winter covers the Sound with a coat of ice. Then bands of travellers are seen crossing in every direction,

on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and sleighs. The refreshment huts that are erected on the ice, and the groups of men attired in the most fanciful manner, as a protection against the cold, give the whole scene the appearance of a busy fair. But such a state of things was once nearly the destruction of Seeland. When Charles XII. returned to his own country, after five years' absence, thirsting for revenge, he intended to cross the Sound on the ice, in the winter of 1715-16, to Seeland,—as Charles X. had formerly done over the Baltic,—as the Danish armies were at that time in Pomerania. All was prepared, and the guns even mounted on sledges, when a thaw set in, and a violent storm, which swept away the ice, saved Seeland.

In an historical point of view, Helsingburg is remarkable for several treaties signed there between Sweden and Denmark, and Sweden and Lübeck. On the 28th of February, 1710, the Swedish General Stenbock utterly defeated the Danes here, in an engagement which cost them four thousand dead and three thousand prisoners. Here too it was that Bernadotte first landed on the soil of Sweden, October 20, 1810, which event is recorded by a monument. For travellers, however, the sole object of interest is the old tower of Kjärnan, built on the hill above the town. The rather fatiguing ascent is rewarded by a fine view, which is so far preferable to that on the other coast, because we have the beautiful Danish coast before

us; for while the Swedish coast was the more romantic before entering the narrowest part of the Sound, the reverse is now the case.

From this place as far as Falsterbo, where the Sound on the Swedish side terminates in a dangerous reef, extending three miles into the sea, the Swedish coast is flat and remarkably uninteresting; while from Helsingör as far as Copenhagen, or about eighteen miles, the coast of Seeland is a continuous chain of hills, covered with splendid beechwoods, among which châteaux, villages, and country-seats are visible. Beyond Copenhagen however this picturesque scenery ceases, and the flat coasts of the island of Amack and the Bay of Kiöge present nothing worthy of notice, until the chalk cliffs of Stevns Klint form a rather picturesque termination to the Sound, although they cannot be in any way compared with those on the island of Möen or at Rügen.

But we are not destined to reach the extremity of the Sound so speedily. We must first spend a few moments at the island of HVEEN, situated in the Sound about half-way between Helsingör and Copenhagen, and which plays an important part in the warlike, as well as the social, history of the North. Here the celebrated astronomer Tycho Brahe once resided in his magnificent château of Uranienburg, which he was enabled to build through the liberality of King Frederick II. However, during the minority of Christian IV., as his

former pensions had been withdrawn, and he probably received some insult, he retired to Prague, and entered the service of the Emperor Rudolf. His splendid buildings fell so rapidly into decay, that hardly a trace of them can be found at the present day. It is asserted that the Russians, sixteen thousand of whom landed here in the year 1716, are partly to blame for this. The island is about four miles in circumference, and its coast is very precipitous.

Opposite Hveen, on the Danish side, is the fishing village of Wedbek, where the English landed in 1807, and, on the Swedish side, LANDSCRONA, with 4000 inhabitants, and a good harbour for ships not drawing more than fourteen feet of water. Sixteen miles further to the south we reach the town of MALMÖ, with 9000 inhabitants, that has been so repeatedly besieged by both Danes and Swedes ;—a place of considerable importance in a commercial point of view, on account of its position opposite Copenhagen, and which, through the daily steam communication, may almost be regarded as a suburb of that city. At the strongly fortified castle of Malmöhuus, Earl Bothwell, the third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, was kept a prisoner.

We will now quit the Swedish coast, which henceforth possesses no attraction, and sail across the Sound, here twelve miles in breadth, to COPENHAGEN,—past the island of Saltholm, which is so

flat as to be often inundated by the sea,—and the magnificent Tre-kroner (Three-crowns) battery, situated on an island partly produced by artificial means, which, in connection with the batteries upon Amack and the citadel,—a regular polygon with five bastions and the so-called Long Line,—commands the outer roads: while a wall thirteen thousand yards in length, defended by twenty-five bastions, together with trenches and ravelins, protects the city on the landward side. The passage is effected without difficulty by the small steamers, but larger vessels would not be able to follow it on account of the shallows. Between Copenhagen and the island of Saltholm is the dangerous “Mittelgrund,” three miles long and above a mile in width, leaving only a narrow but deep passage on either side, of which the one nearest Saltholm, and called the “Holländertiefe,” is the broader; while the other, nearer the city, and called the “Königstiefe,” is considerably narrower, and difficult to navigate without a pilot.

Before we quit the outer roads—which extend in a north-easterly direction from the Three-crowns battery, and have from six to seven fathoms water—in order to pay a short visit to the inner harbour, we must take a cursory glance at the numerous martial events of which they have been a silent witness, from the earliest ages up to the present time. About the middle of the fourteenth century the Hanse Towns fleet, consisting of fifty-

two vessels, fought a sanguinary engagement here and plundered Copenhagen, in order to revenge Waldemar Atterdag's conquest of Gothland and the sacking of Wisby. In the year 1427, a Hanseatic fleet of thirty-six ships, with four thousand troops on board, again made its appearance in the roads; but was defeated by the united Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian fleets. Nor were they more successful in 1428 and again in 1523, when they returned as the allies of the Duke Frederick, in his contest with Christian II. In the year 1658 the Swedish King Charles X. Gustavus besieged the city, after crossing the Great Belt on the ice. The besiegers were, however, repulsed by the citizens and students, under the personal command of the king, Frederick III., who had sworn "that he would die in his nest with his family;" and, when Admiral Opdam simultaneously appeared with the Dutch fleet, Charles Gustavus was compelled to raise the siege.

In the year 1700 Charles XII. landed in the north of Seeland with twelve thousand men, while the allied English, Dutch, and Swedish fleets bombarded Copenhagen, though without success. The distrust entertained for the growing power of the youthful hero, however, soon caused a hasty treaty to be signed at Travendal, which saved Denmark. After Charles's star had finally set at Pultava, Denmark joined with Poland and Russia to destroy Sweden. Peter the Great himself came on

the 17th July, 1716, to Copenhagen, to assume the supreme command. The Baron Görtz, Charles's talented Minister, succeeded however in sowing the seeds of dissension between the Tzar and Frederick IV. The concentration of the Russian troops round Copenhagen had begun to assume a serious character; and had not a considerable Danish army been collected, and the united Danish and English fleets, of nearly forty ships of the line, held the powerful Russian fleet in check, the latter would probably now be masters of the Sound and of the whole of the Baltic.

When Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and Denmark formed an armed neutrality, in 1801, to oppose the English search of neutral vessels, England sent a fleet of fifty-one vessels, under the command of Parker and Nelson, into the Sound, the passage of which they forced, as already stated, without suffering any injury. Parker remained at anchor between Hveen and Copenhagen; Nelson however, with twelve ships of the line, seven frigates, and nineteen smaller vessels, attacked the Danish line of defence. On the 2nd April, 1801, at ten in the morning, a tremendous engagement commenced, which lasted five hours. The Danish Admiral's ship *Danebrog* was blown up, but Nelson's was also considerably injured. When Parker gave the signal for retreat after three hours' fighting, Nelson paid no attention to it, but continued the engagement. Nelson was in a dangerous situation: he



however sent a messenger with a flag of truce on shore, and employed the cessation of hostilities to withdraw his ships from their perilous position. The King consented to the armistice.

If the renown gained in this battle, which Nelson himself called the most obstinate and sanguinary of the hundred and five he had fought, compensated in some measure for the losses sustained, Denmark suffered, in 1807, a far more serious injury. Through the fear that Denmark might declare war against England, by the persuasion of Russia and France, the English determined to be beforehand with them. Without any declaration of war, they sent a fleet of fifty-four ships and five hundred transports under Admiral Gambier to Copenhagen, and demanded that the Danish fleet should be given up to their care during the war. Upon this request being naturally negatived by the King, 33,000 men under Cathcart were landed on the 16th August, 1807. After a terrible bombardment, lasting from the 2nd to the 5th of September, in which more than three hundred private houses and many public buildings were reduced to ashes, and fifteen hundred more or less injured, the city was compelled to capitulate. In consequence of this, the English took possession of a fleet consisting of seventeen ships of the line, seventeen frigates, sixteen brigs, and twenty-six gunboats, with about two thousand two hundred guns, and abundant stores, estimated to be worth about two millions.

All that could not be carried off was destroyed, not excepting the ships recently laid down, from the fragments of which the first Danish vessel, the *Phoenix*, was built.

The harbour of Copenhagen, the best in the Baltic, is composed of the outer and inner haven. The former, twelve hundred yards long, one hundred to two hundred and forty yards wide, and in the shallowest parts twenty-two feet deep, lies between the Three-Crowns battery and the Long Line; the latter is formed by the straits between Seeland and Amack, and is divided by a flying bridge, sixteen hundred yards in length, into the Mercantile and War harbours. The merchant harbour is three thousand eight hundred yards long, fifty to a hundred yards wide, and is from twelve to twenty-two feet deep. The War harbour (*Flaadin's Leie*) is 1650 yards long, 220 wide, and at least twenty-two feet deep. Here we see the ships "laid up" in long rows, stripped of their tackle, while only the lower masts project above the roofs, with which the ships are covered as a protection against the weather.

A visit to the various naval establishments upon the *Gammelholm* and the *Nyholm* is as amusing as it is instructive. Here we find the half-completed vessels, with the workmen busily engaged upon them; the large building yards, on the floor of which the plans of the vessels are designed; the storehouses, where all the cordage, blocks,

arms, etc. are neatly arranged; the docks, in which the ships are laid up for repairs; the laboratory; the model-room, where may be seen the models of vessels built in the seventeenth century; the victualling yard, where enrolled seamen obtain excellent provisions at a fixed tariff; Nyboder (the new shops), a sailor's town, consisting of thirty-three streets of exactly similar houses, etc. On witnessing here all the requirements for the equipment of a small fleet, an idea can be formed of the arrangements which are necessary to fit out such a fleet as England now has in the Baltic.

After the loss of the fleet in 1807, and the separation of Norway, the Danish marine could naturally not be again raised to its former standard. At present it consists of

5 ships of the line, carrying	390	guns
6 frigates	290	„
4 corvettes	82	„
5 brigs	70	„
4 schooners	16	„
90 gunboats, etc. etc.	280	„
6 steamers of 1020-horse power	35	„
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120 ships.	1153	guns.

The regular crews of the fleet form two divisions, amounting together to about two thousand men. The number of those liable to serve in the navy amounts in Denmark and the Duchies to about twenty-eight thousand men. The staff of officers

comprises one Vice-Admiral, two Rear-Admirals, eight Commodores, twenty-four Post-Captains and Captains, and 109 Commanders and Lieutenants.

On leaving Copenhagen, in order to visit KIÖGE BAY, the termination of the Great Belt, we sail through the before-mentioned Königstiefe, past the level island of Amager (Amack) inhabited by Dutch colonists, upon which the greater portion of the naval establishment is situated, and at the southern extremity of which we notice the little town of Dragö, almost exclusively inhabited by pilots and boatmen. To the left we perceive the clumsy red-painted light-ship, and cannot in any way envy the still life of the crew,—who are busily staring at us,—which they enjoy at anchor here till the setting in of winter.

This light during the night and signals by day indicate to vessels coming from the southward the entrance to the “Drogden,” the name given to the channel, twenty-three feet in depth, and twelve hundred yards broad between Amack and Salt-holm, which forms the usual passage for vessels; for the much broader channel between Saltholm and Sweden, called Flintrenden, is by far the more dangerous. Only once did a fleet venture this passage, which Charles XII. succeeded in, in spite of the warning of his Admirals. That portion of the Sound extending between Amack and Seeland, and known by the name of Kallebo Strand, is only navigable by smaller vessels.

By the unpleasant tossing, we now perceive that we are in Kiöge Bay, which is so well known for its naval engagements that the author of a very popular geography remarks, while giving a description of it, "Here the Danes are accustomed to fight their naval actions." It forms an ellipse, nearly sixteen miles in diameter, and runs up the country about eight miles, as far as the little town of Kiöge, of inglorious memory in the history of Denmark, on account of the defeat of the army in the year 1807; on the south it is enclosed by a cliff of chalk eight miles in length, and from sixty to a hundred and twenty feet in height, upon which we perceive a church close to the edge, of which the story runs that it moves a little further up the country every Christmas night, in order to escape the imminent danger of being undermined by the sea. As early as the eighth century Kiöge Bay is mentioned in the annals of naval history. Here the old King Harald Hiltedand assembled his fleet on his expedition against Sweden, which is said to have been so numerous that a person could walk dryshod, as if on a bridge, from Stevns Klint to Skanör in Sweden,—a distance of twenty miles.

In order to recover the Danish provinces of which he had been stripped by Charles X. Gustavus of Sweden, Christian V. commenced a war with Gustavus's successor, Charles XI.; during which the most celebrated naval engagement in the annals of the north was fought by the Danish

Admiral Juel, with twenty-four ships of the line and a few small vessels, against the Swedish Admiral Wachtmeister, with forty-one ships and fourteen fire-ships. Juel commenced the attack without waiting for the arrival of the Dutch reinforcement, under Tromp. The Swedes made an heroic defence. Thrice was Juel compelled to remove his flag, but eventually gained a most brilliant victory, which cost the Swedes twenty-two vessels, and 4200 killed and prisoners.

In the war of coalition against Charles XII., on the 1st October, 1710, the numerous Swedish and Danish fleets were again drawn up in hostile array in Kiöge Bay; but only slight skirmishes took place, during which however a most heroic deed was performed. The extreme vessel of the Danish advanced line was the *Dannebrog*, of eighty-two guns, commanded by Tvar Hvitfelt. It was attacked by three vessels, among them the Swedish Admiral's ship, and was set on fire. If Hvitfelt had cut his cable and drifted ashore, he could have saved himself, but might have imperilled the Danish fleet. He agreed with his crew that they should stand by their guns, and carry on the fight, until the fire reached the powder-magazine. It was not long ere this took place; and with the exception of six men, who saved themselves in a boat, the whole crew, consisting of seven hundred men, was blown up with the vessel.

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The second way of entering the Baltic from the North Sea, which however cannot be compared with the Sound either in importance or scenery, is THE GREAT BELT, which is thirty-two miles long and on the average sixteen broad, divides the islands of Seeland and Fühnen, and commences in the north at Fyenshoved and Asnäs.

Even before entering it, historical reminiscences are aroused by the vicinity of Själlands-Odde (the point of Seeland). On the 22nd of May, 1808, the Danish Commander Jessen, commanding the Prince Christian, a ship of the line carrying sixty-eight guns, here engaged with two English ships. After a desperate contest, Jessen ran his vessel ashore and lowered his flag.

The north-western coast of Seeland, with the town of Kallundborg, whence a very active communication is carried on with Jütland by means of steamers, offers but little that is picturesque; on the other hand, the forest-clad, fertile north-eastern shore of Fühnen is worth noticing, with the little town of Kjertemünde on the bay of the same name, which affords deep and good anchorage for shipping.

Although the Belt is not entirely free from shallows, still it has an average depth of eight to sixteen fathoms water, and large fleets have frequently sailed through it. In the year 1659, four large squadrons, of one hundred and fifty ships collectively, cast anchor here; in 1807, Admiral

Gambier, with a portion of the English fleet of occupation, chose this passage; and on the 26th of March, 1854, Admiral Napier led through it the largest vessels the Baltic had ever yet seen.

At about the middle of the Belt are situated NYBORG on the Fühnen, and KORSÖER on the Seeland coast, both harbours and fortresses; though Nyborg, where the guard-ship is also stationed, is by far the more important of the two. Between these towns an active intercourse is maintained, as the postal lines of the north here converge, and very recently, the chief branch of the telegraphic system connecting Scandinavia with the Continent has passed through here. Through the continuation of the Seeland Railway, Korsöer, which is the natural focus for communication with Germany, is destined eventually to play a more important part. The communication is usually maintained by steamers, but in a severe winter by ice-boats,—that is, boats placed on rollers, and which can be used either as boats or sledges. At times however the passage cannot be effected even in this way, and bands of several hundred persons frequently collect on the little uninhabited island of Sprogö, in the middle of the Belt, where there is only one house, belonging to the post, at which travellers make an involuntary stay, often enlivened by amusing adventures, until either a thaw opens the passage, or a greater degree of cold makes the ice firmer.

In the severe winter of 1657–1658, when the



Swedish King Charles X. made his daring expedition over the frozen Baltic with three thousand infantry, nine thousand cavalry, and a proportionate body of artillery, the Swedish cavalry under Wrangel made an unsuccessful attack upon four Danish ships, under the command of Captain Bredal, which were frozen in here. On the 12th of November, 1659, a battle took place under the cannon of Nyborg, between the Danes and their allies the Brandenburgers under Eckstein on one side, and the Poles under Czarnecki and the Swedes, in which the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter took part by sea. Charles XII. watched the battle, in which the Swedes were utterly defeated, from the Tower of Korsöer. In 1803, Nyborg was for a few days in the power of the Spanish Marquis De la Romana, who deserted Napoleon's banners here, and sought refuge with his men on board the English fleet.

On the south-western coast of Seeland, near the islands of Agerö and Omö, the Belt, properly so called, terminates. The eastern portion ends in the Bay of Wordingborg, which is connected with the Baltic by the Guldborg Sound, between Laaland and Falster, the Grön Sound, between Falster and Möen, and the Ulf Sound, between the latter and Seeland. On the Fühnen side, the island of Langeland, eight-and-twenty miles in length and only two miles wide, which Oehlenschläger calls a "rose-branch thrown into the water," divides the

Belt into two channels. The narrower of these, between Fühnen on one side, and Langeland and the little lofty islands overgrown with splendid beech-forests on the other, forms a passage important for the coasting traffic, and at the same time extraordinarily rich in natural beauties ; while the broader, or the Langeland Belt, between these islands and Laaland, forms the most direct, but much less picturesque, route to the Baltic.

We will now turn to the third entrance into the Baltic, between Jütland and Schleswig on one side, and the island of Fühnen on the other, called THE LITTLE BELT, which, although of little importance in the world's traffic, is highly valuable for the Danish coasting trade, and in addition is extraordinarily rich in natural beauties. The Belt is about forty miles long ; its extreme breadth is ten miles, but the narrowest part is only one thousand yards. Although it possesses a depth of water of from nine to fourteen fathoms, the passage of large vessels is rendered very difficult, through its slight breadth and numerous windings.

At the entrance of the Belt we come upon an armed guardian, the Jütland fortress of FRIEDERICIA, which was laid out on a very extensive scale by Frederick III., but was never thoroughly completed. In the year 1657 it was taken by the Swedes, under Gustavus Wrangel. In later times, the siege it stood against the Schleswig-Holstein army, and the battle of the 6th July, 1849, have

rendered it remarkable. On these occasions, the batteries at Striib and Middelfart on Fühnen, and at Snoghoi on Jütland, rendered effectual service : great activity prevails in these towns, on account of the traffic of the ferries. The whole district, from Friedericia, as far as the projecting peninsula of Hindsgavl in Fühnen, and the island of Fänö at the mouth of the Gamborg Föhrde, a bay running some distance up the country, affords an uninterrupted succession of beautiful scenery.

The Bay of Kolding, six miles long and from one thousand to three thousand yards in breadth, forms the line of demarcation between Jütland and Schleswig. At its termination we notice the town of KOLDING, which was taken on the 20th of April, 1849, by the Schleswig-Holstein army. On a hill in the vicinity are situated the magnificent ruins of the Castle of Koldinghuus, which was set on fire in 1808 through the carelessness of the Spanish troops commanded by Bernadotte.

From this spot we continue our tour along the coast of Schleswig, which is intersected by many deep and narrow bays, at the extremity of which the town that gives the name to the bay is generally built in a semicircle. Nearly all afford good anchorage and present a charming prospect of forest-clad hills, smiling fields, and prosperous towns and villages : we will therefore restrict ourselves to a short reference to the geographical peculiarities of the several points.

The first and at the same time the narrowest of the inlets (though eight miles in length, it is only from half a mile to two miles in breadth) is the HADERSLEBEN Förde, with a very intricate passage. The town, at whose château Count Christian of Oldenburg was elected king in the year 1448, contains 2600 inhabitants.

A little further to the south the small island of AARÖ forms the Aarö Sound, which, though only from five to nine hundred yards in breadth, is navigable for the largest vessels. Between this place and Asfens, in Fühnen, the principal communication with the north is maintained. From this point the Little Belt is divided into two portions by the island of ALSEN. The main route winds round the eastern coast of Alsen, and forms the Baltic between that island and Arö: we will however choose the other route, continue our tour along the coast of Schleswig past the little Bay of Gjenner, and arrive at the very deep and splendid Gulf of APENRADE, which is six miles in length and two broad. The town has acquired some importance by ship-building and caulking, and the pilots of Apenrade are acknowledged the best in the whole of Europe: many of them are engaged in the Mediterranean Sea.

Between Alsen and the country of Sundewitt, both of which were so repeatedly mentioned in the war of 1848-9, and were witnesses of many a sanguinary conflict, we sail through the magnificent

ALS-SUND. It is, like the island, about twenty miles in length, and in the broadest part nearly eight miles, though only two hundred yards between Sonderburg and the heights of Düppel, which are connected by a flying ferry. But even here the depth is so great, that heavy frigates can pass through the Sound, which affords excellent anchorage at Sonderburg, where vessels can lie alongside the wharf. The town, which should properly be called Südburg (Danish, Sønderborg), contains 3300 inhabitants, and possesses considerable building yards and eighty ships. The castle, in which King Christian II. was confined a close prisoner for seventeen years (from 1532 to 1549), is now in ruins; it was formerly employed by the Duke of Augustenburg as a corn magazine, but has lately been converted into barracks.

The importance of Alsen, in a strategic point of view, has always been recognized, and the island has consequently been an object of contention among the belligerent Powers. In the year 1658 it was first conquered by the Swedes, then by the troops of the Elector of Brandenburg, and afterwards a second time by the Swedish troops. In the wars of Tilly and Wallenstein against Christian IV. this island also plays an important part. In 1848 it was the first point which the Danes determined on securing, and from this naturally strong fortress, which had been rendered still more formidable by art, and which they had connected

with the continent by a bridge of boats defended by a *tête-du-pont*, it was an easy task for them to attack Sundewitt at their pleasure, and retreat in safety. In consequence, the army of the Confederation first directed its attention to this point, and occupied the heights of Düppel, after a sharp fight, on the 13th of April, 1849, where they left a strong corps of observation upon the advance of General Prittwitz, in order to neutralize the Danish force on Alsen. This however proved the strategic importance of the communication by water, as the Danes were able to withdraw their whole strength unperceived from Alsen, concentrate their troops on Friedericia, and thus fight the battle we have mentioned above.

The soil of Alsen is very fertile, and produces grain, fruit, potatoes, rape, and flax. The island is one of the most pleasant in the Baltic, containing some fine woods and small fresh-water lakes. The population of Alsen is said to be 15,045.

We now enter the Gulf of FLENSBURG, the largest of all on this coast, whose inner basin furnishes excellent anchorage. Flensburg, with its 1600 inhabitants, carries on a very considerable trade, and sends its vessels to Greenland and the West Indies. On board a ship in the Fiorde died the celebrated Queen Margaret, when *en route* to hold a conference with the Duchess Elizabeth (the widow of Duke Gerhard VI.). The entrance to the bay, with GLÜCKSBURG on the southern, and

GRAVENSTEIN on the northern coast, is one of the most lovely panoramas that can be found along the whole of the seaboard. On the northern coast we also notice the copper-mill of CRUSAU, where, after the unfortunate engagement at Bau, eight hundred volunteer chasseurs were taken prisoners, and exchanged their free soldiers' life for a tedious residence on board the vessels "in ordinary," which we have already visited at Copenhagen.

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We now find ourselves in the BALTIC properly so called, whose western side is terminated by the group of Fühnen Islands, as well as by Laaland, Fehmarn and the coasts of Holstein and Schleswig, and disemboguing between the islands of Fehmarn and Laaland, and whose south-western extremity is formed by the Bay of Kiel, the south-eastern by the Heath of Colberg.

Within this natural basin, we only notice on the coast of Schleswig two inlets; first, the SCHLEI, rather resembling a river than a bay, twenty-two miles long and extremely narrow, while the water is yearly becoming shallow—so that we cannot reckon Schleswig among the ports of the Baltic, although we may give that rank to the little town of CAPPELN, so celebrated for its herrings, situated near the mouth. The Bay of ECKERNFÖRDE, eight miles in length and two in breadth, possesses more importance. It has a depth of water varying from five to twelve fathoms, so that the largest vessels

of war can sail close to the town. But it is not so easy to go out again, as was proved by the history of the war of 1849, when the fire of a few poorly-mounted strand batteries blew up the Christian VII., a ship of the line of eighty-four guns, and forced the surrender of the Gefion frigate.

We now reach the most southerly bay, and at the same time the most important in a political point of view, that of KIEL, which forms the frontier between Schleswig and Holstein. The entrance is guarded by the little fortress of Friedrichsort, on the coast of Schleswig, and the battery of Labö in Holstein. Friedrichsort was built by Christian IV., taken by Torstenson in 1643, razed in 1641, but rebuilt in 1663, and finally taken by the Swedes in 1813, but is now of no value, for it is defenceless on the land side. In the year 1644 the Swedish fleet was confined in the Bay of Kiel, and the Danish Admiral Peder Galt commissioned to watch it. He however suffered it to escape, and paid the penalty with his life. Here too the Swedish King Charles X. Gustavus took ship with 9200 men. The most important, if not the most glorious, historical reminiscence attaching to Kiel, is the peace which Denmark concluded here on the 14th January, 1814, with England and Sweden, by which she lost Norway. Kiel keeps up a brisk communication with the north by means of steam-vessels, and by railways with the south, and is in immediate connection



with the North Sea through the Eider and the Schleswig-Holstein Canal, which falls into the bay near Holtenau.

On the Heath of Colberg, the name given to the country round the gulf formed by the barren and shelterless northern coast of Holstein and the island of Fehmarn, we bid farewell to the Danish and western part of the Baltic.

The island of FEHMARN is divided from Holstein by the narrow Fehmarn Sound, and is, like Alsen, a very important military position, which affords a detached corps an opportunity to operate in the rear of any army advancing into Schleswig. The heath of Colberg was the witness of one of the most celebrated naval engagements in the annals of the history of the north. In the year 1644, King Christian IV., after a battle lasting ten hours, defeated the Swedish fleet, although the King, who was sixty-seven years of age, lost his right eye and was severely wounded in the engagement. In the year 1677, Niels Juel utterly defeated the Swedish Admiral Sjöblad, and in 1715 Admiral Gabel destroyed a large Swedish fleet; on which occasion Peter Wessel, afterwards celebrated as Admiral "Tordenskiold," took the Swedish Admiral Wachtmeister prisoner at Bülk; the same spot where, in the year 1850, the Schleswig-Holstein flotilla essayed its youthful strength against the Danish war-steamer the Hecla.

## II.

## THE BALTIC.

WE enter the middle portion of the Baltic at the spot where Stevns Klint on Seeland, and Falsterbo on the Swedish coast, enclose the Sound. The sea extends between Sweden, the Danish islands of Möen, Falster, and Laaland, and the coast of Prussia. But before we continue our voyage eastwards along the Swedish coast, through the Swedish Baltic, properly so called, we will turn our glance toward the western frontiers of the expanse of water, namely to PRÄSTÖ Bay, on the south of Seeland, of which we need only mention that it forms a semicircle, the two extremities of which are three miles apart, and runs about ten miles up the country,—and the coast of MÖEN, which attracts us all the more by its natural beauties.

This island, so remarkable in a geognostic point of view, contains about 13,000 inhabitants, and forms a remarkable contrast to the character of the Danish islands, as its eastern coast gradually rises to a height of 400 feet, and forms the chalky cliffs of Möens Klint, or the High Möen. This extent of country, not more than three miles in length, commences, on approaching from the north, at the lovely village of Louisenlund, where art has rivalled nature in order to form a miniature paradise. Further to the south the cliffs assume a more savage

character, and form a broad plateau of four hundred feet in height at the "Queen's Chair" (Königin-Stuhl). A peculiar beauty is imparted to the coast by the detached masses of rock; the most remarkable of these is the isolated Peak of Sommerspiret. The slopes are partially covered with beech-forests and high shrubs, which form a pleasing contrast to the chalky cliffs.

From Falsterbo to Carlscrona, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, the Swedish coast, with reference to its shape and accessibility, may be divided into two separate parts. As far as Sölvitsborg the country is generally flat, and bordered by sandbanks and shallows. On reaching this little town, which contains 1200 inhabitants, and is one of the oldest in Sweden, the scenery becomes more pleasant; the ruins of the once strongly-fortified castle of the same name, where from the year 1525 the Danish General Sören Nordby reigned with almost unlimited power over the whole province of Bleeking, lie partly concealed in the luxuriantly-growing beech-forests. From this spot the real coast scenery of Sweden lies expanded before us: the shores become rocky and precipitous, and are surrounded by innumerable small islands, many of which are unfertile and desolate; but others—as, for instance, at Carlscrona—are adorned with the most splendid forests, the most verdant fields, and flower-enamelled meads.

The whole coast is deficient in good harbours,

and even that of YSTADT,—a little town with about 4000 inhabitants, whence several lines of steamers maintain a communication between Sweden, Denmark, and Germany,—is not a very important one, although it has been converted latterly (by means of immense breakwaters, built at a great expense, and which are connected by quays with the land) into a safe harbour for vessels drawing eleven or twelve feet of water. The harbours of Cimbrithamn and Ahus, with the so-called Spanish roads—which, like Sölwitsburg and the little town of Karlshamn, containing 400 inhabitants, are situated on the Great Hanö bay—are also not accessible to vessels of war.

Much more valuable, in consequence, is the fortress of CARLSRONA, situated a few miles further to the south, in the eastern angle of Hanö Bay, and naturally protected by a tongue of land jutting into the sea, as well as by a chain of larger and smaller islands. On the sea side it is accessible by several routes. The main channel is through the Aspö Sound, past the forest-skirted island of Aspö and the coast of Tuirkö, and is subdivided by shallows into the three routes—the Königstiefe, the Western, and the Eastern entrances. Vessels traversing the Königstiefe must pass between the batteries of Kungsholm on Aspö and Drottningkär on Tuirkö, which mutually defend the mouth of the harbour; for only the last-mentioned channel contains sufficient water for large vessels of war: the other en-

trances are subdivided into the eastern and western, the Arpö and the Skälla Sounds.

The town and fortress of Carlsrona, with about 13,000 inhabitants, owes its foundation to the old contests between Sweden and Denmark for the supremacy of the Baltic. Formerly Stockholm was the first harbour in Sweden; but as it is easily blocked up by ice in severe winters, and is, at the same time, too remote from the Danish waters—by which the Swedish fleets were very frequently prevented from setting sail simultaneously with the Danish,—Charles XI. decided in 1679 on forming a principal station here for the Swedish navy. The island of Trottsö was originally selected as the place where the docks should be built; but the ground required for the purpose belonged to a peasant, Vittus Andersson, who would not give it up for any amount of money, and even returned a very uncourteous answer to the King's personal application. The latter was consequently induced to confine Vittus in the fortress of Carlsrona, where he speedily altered his mind, and the bargain was concluded.

Under the direction of the Swedish Admiral Count Wachtmeister, the works were carried on with such rapidity, that in the year 1689 the harbour was sufficiently advanced to hold thirty ships of the line and ten frigates. The present town of Carlsrona, which is undefended on the land side, is built on four rocky islands, connected by bridges.

The most remarkable buildings for the purposes of the navy are—the old and new docks, the arsenals, the model-room (with a marble bust of Vice-Admiral Chapman, and the models made by this celebrated builder with his own hand, whose ships served all Europe for a pattern), and the foundries and mast-house. The old docks were formed in the reign of Charles XII., in accordance with the plans of Charles Sheldon, and are considered even at the present day a masterpiece. They are cut out of the solid rock on the island of Lindholm, are two hundred feet long and eighty feet deep, and contain two pumping-machines worked by steam, by means of which the docks can be completely emptied in six hours. They are capacious enough to receive the largest vessels.

In the western part of the harbour are four other docks, also partly excavated in the rock, and faced with masonry, at an expense of nearly two millions of thalers: the formation of a fifth, the foundation stone of which was laid by Gustavus IV. in 1801, was only regularly commenced in 1846. The new mast-house, seventy yards in height, is one of the handsomest and most substantial erections of this description anywhere to be found. The docks possess one convenience above all the other naval ports in Europe, in the basins having such a depth of water, that the largest ships of the line can be rigged and equipped in them.

The Swedish fleet at the present moment con-

sists of ten ships of the line, eight frigates, four corvettes, ten brigs and schooners, 236 gunboats and yawls, as well as eight steamers, mounted with 2323 guns; but it may be doubted whether all these ships are in an effective state. The fleet is officered by one Admiral, four Vice-Admirals, five Commodores, thirty-eight Captains, and a hundred and eighty Lieutenants; the crews amount to 3663 men, but in the time of war the naval contingent is raised to 30,000 men. Formerly the naval strength of Sweden was much more considerable: without reverting to the time of the Vikings, when, according to tradition, the Swedish kings could collect under their banner 2400 vessels, we may allude to the fact that even Gustavus Vasa possessed a very respectable fleet, among which there was one ship with a crew of 1300 men. Still more renowned in the reign of Erik XIV. was the 'Makalos' (the Incomparable) of 173 guns, of which 125 were made of metal.

In the year 1566, Sweden could equip a fleet of sixty-eight ships: afterwards her naval strength sank, but rose again during the reign of Charles Gustavus: by the exertions of Hans Wachtmeister, it was even raised to such a height, that it soon possessed, besides smaller vessels, thirty-seven ships of the line, of which the largest, a four-decker, carried a hundred and eight guns. About the middle of the eighteenth century, through Ehrenswärd's exertions and afterwards through those of

Chapman, the so-called gunboat flotilla (Skärgeaards Flottan) was formed, for the defence of the numerous inlets and the flat coast, which in 1790 contained 350 vessels. It was proved to be an excellent method of defence in the last war, and consequently considerable attention is now devoted to it. While the larger vessels are only stationed at Carlscrona, there are stations for the gunboat flotilla at Gothenburg and Stockholm.

Before we quit the southern waters of the Swedish coast, in order to go northwards or to the eastern coast, we must mention the island of BORNHOLM, which, though belonging politically to the kingdom of Denmark, through its position and natural peculiarities more properly belongs to the Swedish portion of the Baltic, which we are now describing. It lies opposite to Ystadt and Cimbritshamn, about twenty-five miles from Sweden and eighty from Stevns Klint in Seeland, is about twenty-seven miles long and thirteen broad, contains a superficial area of 220 square miles, and, with the fortress of Christiansö, 30,000 inhabitants.

Bornholm is very rocky and mountainous; and it is so walled in by precipitous cliffs and dangerous reefs, that at certain seasons of the year the approach to it is extremely hazardous. The Almindingen Mountains cross the island from north to south. This range does not form a continuous elevation, but is intersected by fertile



valleys lined with underwoods of oak. The remainder of the island has a stony soil, partially intermingled with tracts of deep loam, and on some spots of drifting sand. The climate is cold but healthy. The island produces flax, oats, rye, barley, peas, hemp, hops, and potatoes. The cattle are small, but of good quality, and sheep are numerous.

The sudden transition from rocky deserts to fertile plains, which distinguishes the territorial formation of Bornholm, bear testimony to its Plutonic origin. In the northern and eastern parts of the island, granite and gneiss are found, which form a rocky plateau rising 250 feet above the level of the sea; and the highest point in the island is 800 feet above the sea. The coasts of Bornholm are principally high and rocky, and in places quite perpendicular: the sea is deep almost close to land. Where the coast is not formed of precipitous cliffs, dangerous reefs extend far out to sea, which have often caused much damage both to vessels of war and merchantmen.

Even in the earliest ages Bornholm was the scene of wild and bloodthirsty feuds, and a Norman Viking of the name of Beset resided here in pre-christian times. Like the south-western provinces, this island was a constant bone of contention between Denmark and Sweden, until the Peace of Copenhagen, ratified in 1660. But the men of Bornholm constantly evinced an attach-

ment for Denmark; and although the Swedes under Wrangel conquered the whole island in the year 1645, and it was yielded up to Sweden by the Peace of Roeskild of the 8th of March, 1658, or two years before its final cession to Denmark, the men of Bornholm, unaided, expelled the Swedish garrison of sixteen hundred men on the 19th December of the same year, killed nine hundred of them, and sent messengers to the Danish King to make him a present of the island, under the condition however that it might never be separated from the Crown. From this event, several privileges enjoyed by the island and its inhabitants take their date; among others, that in a military point of view it forms a distinct district, held only by native troops and officers of all arms.

Denmark however had treated Bornholm at an earlier date not exactly like a beloved daughter. King Frederick I., for instance, gave it up to the men of Lübeck, because they had supported him in a civil war against his own unfortunate brother Christian II., as a pledge or fief for thirty years, which in those days gave them the privilege of plundering the inhabitants to the best of their ability. From the strong fortress of Hamurhuus, Corsid Ulfeld, the son-in-law of Christian IV., who was kept a close prisoner there, cast a melancholy glance across to Sweden, to which country he afterwards betrayed his Fatherland. But

at the present time the bright lantern of a lighthouse, which rises 272 feet above the level of the sea, is visible among the ruins of the old castle.

The sea beneath the walls of this castle, and indeed along the whole coast of Bornholm, has been the scene of many a sanguinary naval engagement. Even in the time of Harald Bluetooth, about the middle of the tenth century, several actions took place here between his fleets and those of his son, who was afterwards King Svend Tveskiäg (the forked beard); and below Bornholm, the Jomsburg chieftain Palnatoke fired the treacherous arrow at King Harald, which, as the old chronicles inform us, struck him in the back, as he was warming himself at a watchfire, and came out again at his mouth. In the year 1511, a fierce action took place here between the Danish and Hanseatic fleets; in 1535, Peter Skram, called the "Dareneck" of the Danish empire, conquered a Swedish fleet, and in the same year captured ten Lübeck ships of war.

But the Swedes also gained several victories in these waters. On the 30th May, 1563, the Swedish Admiral Jacob Bagge, formerly a Danish subject, defeated the Danish Admiral Brockenhuus and took him prisoner; and in another sanguinary engagement of a later date, between these old rivals for the supremacy of the Baltic, the Swedes under Klas Horn again defeated the Danish fleet under Otto Rud, and led the Admiral a prisoner to

Sweden, when only a hundred and fifty men survived of his crew, which had originally amounted to nine hundred.

Not without good reason have the Swedes constantly striven for the possession of the island of Bornholm, as, with the small island of CHRISTIANSÖ, it is strategically, or might become, one of the most important points in the Baltic. It is not astonishing if Russia really made diplomatic attempts to gain possession of this island, in order to have *one* station for her fleet not rendered inaccessible for nearly half the year by ice, like the others in the Baltic. And even the brave boys of Old England would assuredly not be indisposed to convert it into a second Malta.

Christiansö is the collective name generally given to the three small islands, Ertholmene (Pea Island), Christiansholm (1200 feet long, 460 wide), and Friedrichsholm (950 feet long, 520 wide). Between the two last islands a deep channel affords secure anchorage for vessels of war. This harbour is divided into a northern and southern, of which the former is sufficiently deep for the largest ships of the line, but the latter is only navigable by those which do not draw more than from twelve to thirteen feet of water. The two harbours are connected by a flying bridge forty yards in length, and can be securely closed by chains and booms.

The celebrated Dutch Admiral Niels Juel is said to have been the cause why the fortification of

these two rocks, which was commenced in 1684, by Christian V., was carried into effect. At that time the rock was so barren, that it was necessary to carry earth across from Bornholm, in order to be able to plant a few trees upon it. In addition to the citadel, which is also used as a State prison, and on the tower of which a fire is kindled by night, as the numerous islands and shallows render the navigation very dangerous, there are nineteen batteries here, mounting from two to ten guns. The whole of the works are built of blocks of granite.

We will return, after this long digression, to the Swedish coast, skirt the small promontory of Thorsamn-Odde, and enter the CALMAR SOUND, which is from two to eight miles in breadth. We then sail between the eastern coast of Sweden and the island of OELAND (forty-five miles long and about two miles broad), a limestone rock rising out of the sea. The first place we notice on the seaboard of the mainland is Christianopel, formerly a fortress of considerable importance, but which has now degenerated almost into a village. The purpose for which Christian IV. had these fortifications erected is sufficiently shown by the name Styx Calmar (Lord of Calmar) which he gave to the new fortress. Only three years later, however, it was taken by the Swedish Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, and it has utterly lost its military value since the year 1677.

Historical reminiscences occur to us at the sight of the southern extremity of Oeland, where a lighthouse, "Tall Erik," warns the sailor against the dangerous reefs that here menace him. In the neighbourhood of this spot a number of sanguinary engagements were fought during the duration of the Dano-Swedish wars. The 11th of September, 1563, was the day on which a murderous contest was carried on here from daybreak till nightfall, between the Swedish Admiral Jacob Bagge with eighteen ships, and the Danish fleet of twenty-seven vessels, aided by six Lübeck ships under the command of Admiral Skram, which however was undecided. On the 30th May, 1564, Bagge, on board his already-mentioned Admiral's ship, the *Makalos*, engaged a second time with the united Danish and Lübeck fleets. Bagge fought obstinately the whole day, and resumed the contest on the next morning, until the *Makalos* at last caught fire, and the Swedish Admiral was compelled to lower his flag. The men of Lübeck hastened to take possession of the burning vessel; but the fire soon reached the powder-magazine, and they were blown into the air, three hundred in number, along with the Swedish crew of eight hundred men. Still more unfortunate for the Swedes was the result of the naval engagement fought on the 1st June, 1767. Their fleet, under Admiral Creutz, was dispersed by a violent storm, and a signal to tack, given at an improper moment, in the midst

of the storm, and when close under land, entailed the most terrible consequences. Creutz executed this manœuvre, in spite of the warnings he received, with his flagship of 130 guns, called the *Stora Kronan* (the Great Crown). The vessel, which was very crank, heeled over, and the water rushed in through her lower-deck ports, which had been carelessly left open. To complete their misfortune, a fire broke out on board: Creutz was blown up, with his crew of eight hundred men; and all that was left of the splendid vessel was a few planks floating on the surface of the water.

The brave *Uggla* now assumed the command. His vessel, the *Soärdet* (the Sword), was attacked by several ships, under the command of Admiral *Tromp*. It lost all its masts, and the enemy regarded it as their certain prize; when, greatly to their annoyance, but to the satisfaction of *Uggla*, who would sooner die than yield, a fire-ship became entangled with the *Soärdet*. *Uggla* was summoned to end the useless contest, but he replied, "Has it ever been seen that an owl (*Uggla*) was taken in the bright day?" The fire at length gained such an ascendancy that the crew were compelled to desert the vessel; *Uggla* was the last to quit her, and he saw his flag perish in the flames, untouched by the foe.

The Swedish coast from *Thorshamn* as far as *Calmar*, situated at about the middle of the deep but dangerous Sound, is flat and level, but affords

a pleasant prospect through the forests by which it is skirted. The coast of Oeland, opposite to it, gradually rises from the southern extremity of the island, but is generally desolate and barren; and the row of busily-working windmills on the southern coast do not entirely destroy the monotony.

At a distance of nearly twenty miles we can see the lofty town and the celebrated old castle of Calmar, in the vicinity of which Brömsebro, well known for the treaty signed there in 1645, is situated, on an island in the river Bröms. Calmar is a very picturesque town, with 5000 inhabitants, and possesses a good harbour for ships drawing from ten to eleven feet of water, as well as excellent building yards. Before the town is the small promontory of Stensö, on which Gustavus Vasa landed on his return to Sweden, and where Louis XVIII. of France erected a monument to him, which he afterwards visited in 1804 with his brother the Count d'Artois, on his voyage from Mittau. At Calmar too the French Prince is said to have signed his protest against Napoleon's elevation to the throne as Emperor. Near the formerly fortified island of Grimskär, in the year 1679, the Swedish ships the Nyckelen and Jupiter, under their heroic commanders Francis Lou and Ankarfeldt, fought eight Danish ships of war, until the Nyckelen was blown up.

Calmar, which was finally surrendered to Sweden by the treaty she signed with Denmark at



Knäröd, in 1613, was formerly strongly fortified, and served for a long time as the residence of the Swedish princes. In the year 1647 it was almost entirely destroyed by a fire. At that day however only Old Calmar on the mainland, where the celebrated castle still stands, was in existence. New Calmar however was afterwards built on the island of Quarnholm, which is connected with the mainland by a bridge. The castle is four hundred paces distant from the town. It is washed by the sea on three sides, and is defended on the land side by double trenches, and forms, with its now ruined fortifications, a regular square, with a round tower at each angle.

In former times, when Denmark still held possession of Schonen and Blekingen, it formed the key of the "Kingdom of Göta," but now it is partially used as a corn magazine; and the coronation chair of Queen Margaret, who, on the 20th July, 1397, placed the crowns of three Scandinavian kingdoms on her head by the treaty of Calmar, was sold in the year 1730 for a few thalers. In 1520 Gustavus Erichsohn was a resident here, but was compelled to fly privily. During the war of the Union, Calmar underwent several sieges from the Danes, as well as the Swedes. In 1504 it was taken by Swanti Sture, and held for eleven years by Johen Månson, and afterwards by his widow Anna Bielke; and in the years 1596 to 1598, during the procrastinated and ruinous hostilities

between King Sigismund of Poland and Sweden on one hand, and the Duke Charles and the Swedish Estates on the other, it was besieged, though unsuccessfully, by the armies of the former.

When Christian IV. conquered it, in the year 1611, the loss grieved King Charles IX. so deeply that he challenged Christian to a duel *à mort* in a most insolent letter, with the remark that, unless he accepted it, he should neither regard him as a king of honour nor a true soldier; to which King Christian sent the still less polite reply, that he saw by the letter that the dog-days were not yet passed in King Charles's brains.

From this point, the northern portion of the "honey-producing," forest-clad, romantic OELAND, with its numerous nightingales and its luxuriant flora, claims our undivided attention; for this limestone mountain, on which princes and princesses formerly revelled, and Swedish blood was so frequently mingled with Danish, is no barren rock, but a splendid island, upon which precipices and forest, valley and hill, bright lakes and waving fields, form a most pleasing and picturesque contrast. Of the Royal Château of Borgholm, on the western coast of the island, about twelve miles to the north of Calmar, only the ruins now exist, which however are the most magnificent in Sweden, for in 1806 it was burnt down either by carelessness or an incendiary. These ruins, imposing even in their decay, are, with the almost perpen-

dicular cliffs on which they stand, reflected in the deep blue waves of Calmar Sound.

At the same time, the historic reminiscences attaching to Borgholm are highly interesting and romantic. At the commencement of the fourteenth century Duke Waldemar resided here, after he had been taken prisoner, together with his brother Erich in 1318, by the treachery of King Birger, and carried to the castle of Nyköping, where he was starved to death. His widow, the Duchess Ingeborg, held the whole island as *Ducissa Oelandiæ*, and by her mild government gained the affection of all her subjects. Afterwards the island was mortgaged to the city of Lübeck for ten years; and in the reign of Gustavus Vasa, the Danish General Sören Nordby attempted, though in vain, to establish here a modern Viking state.

During the Swedish peasant war—the so-called “Dåke struggle”—Niels Dake took possession of the whole island, with the castle. King Gustavus I. was a gentle ruler to the inhabitants of Oeland, and Charles IX. by a royal decree gave them paternal instruction in the mode of capturing rats and in the mechanism of rat-traps. In the sixteenth century the almost idiot Duke Magnus resided in the Castle of Borgholm, and John III. had many improvements made in it. In the year 1611 Borgholm was the scene of one of the first actions of Gustavus II. Adolphus, who, at the head of six hundred Swedes, cut to pieces eight

hundred Danes here, and took one hundred prisoners.

Although the Danes crossed the ice to Oeland in the following year, and again occupied it, in spite of the brave resistance on the part of the Swedes under Hammarskiöld, it was restored to Sweden in the year 1613 by the treaty of Knäröd, and has since remained in her possession; for the attempt of the united Danes and Dutch to recapture the island in 1677 only resulted in a short reign of terror, for they were immediately expelled again by the Swedes. Queen Christina presented Oeland to her successor Charles Gustavus, who, while prince, led an idyllic life there, though he afterwards became so devoted to martial pursuits. Charles XI. frequently visited Borgholm, though only for the purpose of pursuing the chase.

At the end of the Calmar Sound we pass the "Virgin," a rock about three hundred feet in height, which, with its lighthouses, was visible from Calmar, and then proceed to the largest island in the Baltic, situated about forty miles from Oeland, which has played an important part in history, and is perhaps destined to become still more renowned in the future war-annals of Europe—the island of Gottland (Gothland, Gulland), also called "the Eye of the Eastern Sea."

GOTTLAND, with the smaller islands belonging to it, contains a superficial area of about fifteen hundred and twenty square miles, has a popula-

tion of 37,000, and forms a sandstone plateau not more than two hundred feet in height at the most elevated part, and partially covered by a stratum of lime, containing numerous signs of petrification. The interior of the country is fertile, and covered with a rich, almost southern, forest vegetation. It is evident that the island, through its position in the centre of the Swedish Baltic and opposite the Livonian coast, must be a strategical point of immense value; and for these reasons the fortress of Karlsward was built on the forest-clad, gently sloping eastern coast, at the entrance of the harbour of Slitöhamn, on the Eneholm, as early as the reign of Charles X., though it never attained any great importance. At a distance of twenty to twenty-five miles, before we come in sight of Gottland, we see the barren precipitous Charles's Islands on its western coast, on which Erich XIII. was shipwrecked in 1433.

In order to reach the Hoborg,—which forms the southern extremity of the island, with its high, precipitous limestone cliffs, and which vessels can sail close up to,—distinguished by the lighthouse built upon it, and rising to a height of fifty-three feet, we pass Kronwall, where the coast becomes higher, and the shores of Burswick, sparsely covered with vegetation; but our attention is attracted northwards to the ancient and celebrated town of WISBY, which is situated nearly in the centre of the western coast, at the foot of a hill,

in the vicinity of the almost perpendicular walls of the Stafklint and Högklint, and the picturesque mountain-scenery of the "Robber Lilia's Cave." Wisby has a deep, semicircular harbour, with eighteen to twenty-five fathoms of water, on which the walls and towers of the old Hanse Town are reflected, and which is terminated by the jagged summits of the Högklint. A strong stone break-water protects the harbour, whose entrance, situated to the south-west, is 114 feet in width, and can hold from twenty to twenty-five ships, drawing six to nine feet of water.

As early as the year 936 a monk of the name of Unne preached Christianity on the northern side of Gottland. The houses of Wisby were gradually collected round All Saints' Church, the first built in the island. The town owes its name to the circumstance that this church was erected on an old Pagan place of sacrifice (*Wi*, sanctuary; hence *Wi's-by*, the holy town); and between the years 1032 and 1049 sixteen churches were erected from private resources in Wisby, of hewn stone, with porches and pillars of polished marble.

When an inundation destroyed the town of Winsta, on the island of Usedom, Wisby became the emporium of the northern, especially the Russian, trade, and many of the inhabitants of Winsta removed across to Wisby, which at that time contained 12,000 inhabitants (at present, only 4000), among whom were a considerable number

of Norwegians, Danes, Germans, French, English, Livonians, Spaniards, Russians, and Greeks, all of whom are said to have had their distinct streets. In short, Wisby was the most powerful town of the Hanseatic League; but it again sank from its elevation, almost as rapidly as it had risen.

What has become of the magnificent marble pillars, of the two so celebrated bright red jewels, which adorned the tower of the now ruined St. Nicholas's Church, and which, according to tradition, "shone as brightly by night as the sun by day, and served the seaman as a light-fire"? Possibly the former have found their way into some limekiln; but the latter were stolen in the year 1631 by the Danish King Waldemar Atterdag, who, after landing at Klintehamn, and conquering the whole of Gottland in three days,—during which eighteen hundred townsmen of Wisby were killed,—carried them on board a ship with other stolen property, which however sank with all its treasures upon the island of Ubiholm, lying to the west of Wisby. Where are the magnificent houses with their richly carved gables, their iron gates, and their gilded marble pillars? Where is the renowned, once so strong, Tower of Blackengrå, in the wall that formerly surrounded the whole of Wisby, the well-tried outworks of the massive Castle of Wisborg, which honourably resisted so many assaults? Only a few remains indicate all this vanished splendour. What external

enemies spared, that internal foe, self-interest, destroyed; and Vandalism razed the tower and levelled Wisborg with the ground, whose fortifications however the Danes had destroyed in 1675. The Plague also performed its part in effecting the decay of the town, and carried off 8000 of the population in a single year.

Until the year 1312, no Swedish king held any possessions in Gottland. King Berger was the first who succeeded in this, by purchasing a building spot on the market-place of Wisby, upon which he erected the so-called "Calf-skin House," afterwards converted into an Exchange. When Berger however landed a few years later with an army in the harbour of Slitö, in order to humiliate the pride of the men of Gottland, he was taken prisoner and led to Wyborg, where he was compelled solemnly to confirm the privileges of the island.

Wisby was already declining, when in the year 1363 it did homage to Duke Albert of Mecklenburg as its suzerain, and the so-called Vitalian Brethren lived in Gottland from 1390 to 1400. Albert however sold Gottland for twenty thousand English gold-nobles to the Prussian Masters of the Teutonic Order, who only remained in possession of the island for a short period, as the Northern Margaret, whose sagacity did not fail to recognize the importance of this spot, repurchased it and united it with Denmark in 1428.

At a later date, Gottland became an asylum for



Erich of Pomerania, the unworthy nephew and successor of the great Margaret: he it was who built in 1410 the Castle of Wisborg, to the southwest of Wisby. When the Swedish and Danish estates had at length grown weary of his dominion, and pronounced his deposition in 1439, he fled to Gottland, where he gained a wretched subsistence for fourteen years by piracy, until he was at length compelled to return to Pomerania in 1449, where he died at Rügenwald, poor and despised.

Sten Sture, the elder, tried in vain to gain possession of Gottland: Christian I. of Denmark kept his hold on the island, principally through the treachery of the Swedish General Green; and under Christian II. it also remained part of Denmark. Gustavus I. of Sweden, 1524, sent his General Berendt Von Melen to conquer the island, and in the following year the united Swedish and Lübeck fleets followed him; but Von Melen made common cause with Sören Nordby, who at that time commanded here, and the allied fleets were forced to retire.

The Danish Admiral, Peder Skram, on the 21st of August, 1563, again drove a Swedish fleet away from the coast of Gottland; and only once in that century, namely in the year 1566, were the united Danish and Lübeck fleets defeated by the Swedes off Gottland, and twelve of their ships were saved with a great deal of difficulty, to be afterwards

stranded near Wisby during a violent storm. Gottland was finally given up to Sweden by the treaty of Brömsebro, signed 23rd of August, 1645; and the renewed attempt made by the Danes in 1675 to gain possession of the island, only led to the above-mentioned destruction of the fortifications of Wisborg, without their being able to hold the island.

In the year 1720 the Russians landed in Gottland: they were however again expelled by the brave national militia, under the command of Philander; and though they made a renewed attempt on the 22nd of April, 1808, and actually landed, they were compelled to make a truce with the Swedish Rear-Admiral Cederström, and retire on the 14th of March of the following year.

The negotiations entered into by the Knights of St. John with Gustavus IV. Adolphus, with reference to their settlement on this island, and to which the King was not indisposed, were equally fruitless, in consequence of Gustavus's abdication on the 13th May, 1809; and Gottland thenceforth remained undisturbed under the Swedish sceptre. It enjoys even at the present day considerable local privileges, has its own legislature, and, like Bornholm, its own militia, which amounts to about 3500 men.

At the northern extremity of Gottland is situated the island of Fårö, which appears to have been detached by some convulsion from the main

island, and separated from it by the Fårö Sound; and a mile further to the north, Landö, a forest-covered islet, whose shores are sandhills. From this island there stretch, both to the east and south-east, as well as to the north-west, large reefs; and in their vicinity, about six miles further to the north, are the dangerous rocks of Kopparstenarn, which consist of masses of white limestone, only from two to eleven feet beneath the surface, and which are distinctly visible in clear weather, but cause very dangerous breakers in stormy seasons. Nature herself appears to have done her utmost to protect Gottland in every direction.

After our visit to these important islands we will return to the continent. The eastern coast of Sweden, which is surrounded by well wooded holms and islands, extends from the northern extremity of the Calmar Sound as far as Westervick, in front of which town a strong castle formerly stood, on the rocky islet of Stegeholm or Stäkeholm, which, during the insurrection in East Gottland under Engelbrecht against Erich of Pomerania in 1434, was taken by the former. The scenery seen on the voyage affords much that is picturesque, but the pleasure is lessened by the numerous dangerous shallows and reefs. The harbours and anchorage are generally insignificant, and larger vessels can only lie safely in the roads of Langö or the deep waters of Lindö.

However, WESTERWICK, a town with 3500 inhabitants, possesses an excellent harbour and very valuable ship-building yards. From this spot, which was reduced to ashes by the Danes in 1677, and has since risen with greater splendour from its ruins, commences the open bay of Norrköping, from which narrow inlets run up to the towns of Söderköping and Norrköping. The former, containing a population of 1100, near which the East Götha Canal (sixty miles long, and connecting the Baltic and North Sea) disembogues, possesses only historic interest; at the Diet held here in 1523, the claims of King Frederick I. of Denmark to the throne were refuted, and in 1595 the Catholic Church was abolished through the whole of Sweden. The latter, on the other hand, is of greater importance for our times, as it contains a population of 12,000, and the water-power of the river Motala, on which it is situated, is employed to work several manufactories.

Between Askö and Torsö is the opening of the Hålfjord, a narrow inlet running up the country as far as Södertelge; and from this point the peculiar character of this district is more distinctly traced. The country, begirt by wooded islands and holms, is, as it were, cut to ribbons by the thousands of inlets; and is bordered by an uninterrupted chain of dangerous reefs and sandbanks, which extend from the strand for a long distance beneath the water, and against which the waves

dash and foam. Sailing between the larger islands of Ultö and Muskö,—which form a splendid harbour known as the ELFSNABBEN, where the Swedish fleet was accustomed to assemble before Carlscrona was built, and whence Gustavus II. Adolphus set sail for Riga in 1621, and for Pomerania in 1630,—and then past Arnö, we at length reach Dalarö Leden, where a custom-house has been built, upon the southern channel leading to Stockholm, which however is navigable only for vessels of small tonnage.

STOCKHOLM itself is surrounded on all sides by water, and is situated on the eastern side of Lake Mälär, upon a number of islands, the soil of which is kept together by piles, whence the name of Stockholm is derived. The northern entrance, before which lies the island of Wärmdö,—where the Russians, 6000 in number, landed on the 13th August, 1719, in order to operate against Stockholm, but were driven out with a loss of five hundred men,—is defended by the fortress of WAXHOLM, about forty miles distant from Stockholm. Formerly the fortress of Frederichsborg, with its immense tower, which was stated to be the largest of that description in Europe, acted as a defence; but it is now neglected and only used as a powder magazine, since the other channel, the Ochsen-tiefe, has been blocked up.

Waxholm, with its casemated batteries, on the other hand, is a very strong fortress, whose guns

sweep the entrance to the harbour, which can also be closed by chains and booms. Swante Sture in the year 1510 erected a redoubt at the spot where Waxholm now stands; but the continually repeated invasions of the Danes, and the sanguinary battles and skirmishes which took place in consequence in the vicinity of the rising city of Stockholm, but more especially the appearance of the repeatedly-mentioned Soren Nordby in the waters of Stockholm, from which it took great trouble to expel him,—caused Gustavus I. to form the design, which he carried into effect in 1549, of commencing on a rocky island between Waxö and Ridö, and partly upon Waxö itself, the afterwards greatly enlarged fortress of Waxholm, which has in so far proved its value that it repelled the first and sole hostile visit, paid to it in the year 1612 by a Danish fleet under the personal command of King Christian IV.

Past Waxholm our track winds through the celebrated and romantic SKÄRGÅRD, formed by hundreds of islands and holms, which extend as far as Stockholm, and are covered with woods and picturesque fishermen's cabins. Through this magnificent scenery, we at last reach the capital of Sweden, whose fortifications were razed as soon as those of Waxholm were built. Stockholm is eight miles in circumference, is intersected by canals and the waters of Lake Mälär, while the different quarters of the city are connected by splendid bridges,

and its magnificent position rivals that of Constantinople. It forms, as we before mentioned, in our description of Carlscrona, one of the stations of the Swedish fleet, though only for gunboats; and the building yards, though very considerable, are not intended for vessels of war.

No city in the whole of Sweden has witnessed so many remarkable events as Stockholm. It was founded in the year 1250 by Berger Jarl; its history however is most intimately connected with that of the whole kingdom and its rulers, and it would be a task far surpassing the limits assigned us to allude to even the most important of them.

One portion of the islands of Stockholm, namely those nearest the sea, to the east and north of Sandham, presents, in its barren, rocky character, a remarkable contrast to the more southern part. Here also the dangerous reefs of Svenska Högar, Svenska Stenarna, and Svenska Biörnan rise above the surface of the sea. The coast however soon recommences to be covered by green vegetation, and becomes very irregular. We now find ourselves in the vicinity of the so-called Sea of Aaland, into which we sail past the island of Nordtelg, through the deep bay of the same name; and after sailing past Biörkö, in the west of the Aland Islands, guided by the lighthouses of Löderarm and Högskär, we enter the GULF OF BOTHNIA.

This deep sea, about four hundred and fifty

miles in length, a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles in breadth, and having an average depth of twenty to fifty fathoms of water, is bounded by the north-eastern and northern coasts of Sweden, West Bothnia, Norrland and Lappland, and by the western coast of Finland, or East Bothnia. The navigation is impeded not only by the number of shallows and reefs it contains,—which render the channel insecure, and cause a great number of lighthouses to be required,—but also through climatic and geological phenomena. The most remarkable of these, the rising of the two coasts, is most clearly perceptible on the side of Finland; and it has been calculated that this rising amounts to about four and a half feet in a hundred years. The inhabitants of the towns which were formerly situated close to the sea, are now two miles and even further from any decent anchorage; and the charts are rendered not trustworthy by new islands that repeatedly rise from the waves, and shallows being formed at spots which were formerly considered perfectly safe.

The shores of East Bothnia slope down to the sea, and maintain the same character under water, whence the sea is more or less shallow all along the coast of Finland, and only becomes gradually deeper as we approach Sweden. The navigation of a great portion of the Gulf of Bothnia is impeded in the winter by ice; and, while the more southern coasts both in Sweden and Finland,



with their numerous fiords,—generally serving as basins for the mountain torrents,—and the islands and holms begirding them, are frequently covered with tall shrubs; fir-trees here occupy their place, fruit-trees gradually disappear from the gardens of the villages on the coast, the pines and firs continually grow more stunted, and at last we see only dwarf birch-trees and leafless knee timber.

Formerly, the entrance into the Gulf of Bothnia was always effected through the narrow straits of “Oeregrunds-Grepen,” between Uppland and the islands of Grasö and Oerskär, which, lighted as they were by the lighthouses of Swatklubben, Dirusten, and Oerskär, permitted the dangerous shallows of “Södra Quarken” to be avoided. Since 1848, however, when a lighthouse was also erected in the latter, upon the rock of Understen, this dangerous passage has been rendered safer for navigation.

The first town which we come to on the Swedish side of the Gulf of Bothnia is GEFLE. The port has two entrances, both of which pass by the dangerous “Finn Gründe” and the fortress of Friedrich’s Schanze, and of which the one called “the old channel” is navigable by vessels of larger tonnage. The Friedrich’s Schanze is situated upon an island: it was first built in the year 1717, and known by the name of the Hugo redoubt, and was at that time of no great importance. However, during the plundering inroads of the Russians into

Sweden, in the years 1719–1721, it did good service by entirely defending Gefle from their visits.

At the time of the Treaty of Abo in 1743, the fortress, which had been repeatedly enlarged, contained sixteen guns, of which half were carried to Waxholm in 1788; but a battery was in their stead erected at the extreme end of the passage leading to Gefle, in order to defend this the oldest town in Norrland, which obtained its privileges as early as the year 1419, and now contains 8000 inhabitants. The trade of Gefle extends not only to all European ports, but even to North America, and the East and West Indies.

The remaining portion of the Swedish coast, through the northern Straits of Quark, the narrowest part of the whole Gulf, as far as the most northern town of Sweden, HAPARANDA, contains places of very slight importance, although the distance hence to Stockholm is nearly six hundred and fifty miles. Haparanda only contains 400 inhabitants, but is rather important as the frontier town on the Russian side, and as the neighbour of the Russian town of Torneå, where the Finnish or eastern coast of the Gulf commences. Here we find ourselves on the limits of the Polar regions; vegetation has almost disappeared; in summer the nights are as bright as day, and travellers arrive from all parts of Europe, to witness at Midsummer the rare spectacle of the sun not setting, and the days in winter are scarcely three hours long.

The town of Torneå (*Finnish*, Tornio), which lies in  $65^{\circ} 50' 50''$  north latitude, has passed into the possession of Russia, together with the parish of Torneå, situated to the west of the river of the same name, since the Peace of 1809. In former times this place was called Satama,—that is, the harbour,—and is said to have been the most important place for the Norwegian and Lapland trade. It received its municipal privileges from Gustavus Adolphus in the year 1621, has been frequently destroyed by fire and the inroads of the Russians, and now contains about 600 inhabitants.

To the south of Torneå is situated the little town of ULEABORG, which, with its population of 4800, must be reckoned as one of the chief places in these thinly populated northern regions. We have already mentioned that the northern and middle portion of the Gulf of Bothnia, upon the Finnish side, is barren and sandy; and the coasts only begin to regain their elevation in the neighbourhood of Wasa, where the channel is scarcely twenty-five miles in breadth. The little town of NYSTAD only possesses an historical importance through the treaty signed there in 1721 between Russia and Sweden. In the neighbourhood of Nystad we again see the Aland Islands, lying at the entrance of the Gulf, and in some measure closing it in.

It will have been seen, from the above hurried sketch, that the Gulf of Bothnia is adapted neither

for great mercantile nor strategic operations ; and even if its waters and the towns in their vicinity have witnessed skirmishes,—as, for instance, in the year 1809, when a Russian corps under General Barclay de Tolly crossed the ice from Finland to the Swedish town of Umeå,—still the fate of the adjacent districts was ever decided further to the south, upon the Baltic proper and its littoral, and it may consequently be anticipated that the future will cause no alteration in this.

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### III.

#### THE GULF OF FINLAND.

THE connecting link between the coasts of Sweden and Finland is formed by the ALAND Islands, situated in the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia.

These islands, which are hardly eighty miles distant from Stockholm, and are called by the Finns “Ahvenanmaa,” consist of three long groups, of about a hundred and eighty inhabited, and two hundred uninhabited, islands. From Sweden they are separated by the Sea of Aland, which is twenty miles in breadth, and from Finland by the Watuskiftet, whose extreme breadth is twelve miles. Their 15,000 inhabitants are a healthy and contented race of men, who gain a livelihood partly by agriculture and cattle-breeding, but principally

by fishing and acting as pilots. They will not be called either Swedes or Finns, but proudly denominate themselves Aländer, and the largest island of the group, also called Aland (*A*, water; hence, water-land), which is about two hundred and fifty square miles in extent, the "Continent."

It was in olden times governed by its own kings, and supports nearly the half of the population of the whole archipelago. In addition to several good harbours, it possesses the secure anchorage of Ytternäs, in which the whole Russian fleet can ride, and on its shore the strong fortress of BOMARSUND, which could contain sixty thousand men within its walls. Bomarsund was built only twenty years ago, but the history of the islands extends to a more remote period. In the fourteenth century they are mentioned as a "province," and were on various occasions held by Swedish princes and queens, partly as fiefs, partly as jointures.

In the year 1714, Peter the Great gained a naval victory here over the Swedes, through which Europe first learned that Russia possessed a fleet. The Russians then landed, plundered and desolated the country, and carried off a great portion of the inhabitants, upon which those left behind all took refuge in Sweden. Until the year 1722 the Aland Islands remained utterly desolate and uninhabited, and were employed as a collecting-place for the Russian flotilla, which continually threatened the Swedish coast at that era. The people of Aland

did not begin to return till after the Peace of 1727, but the "Flight" still partly forms the starting-point of the Aland chronology.

In the years between 1742 and 1808 the islands were again occupied by the Russians; but the men of Aland, who had gradually armed themselves during the later years, surprised the Russians, and liberated their islands and themselves by an heroic battle, in which they took prisoner the Russian Commandant Major Neidhardt. In the year 1809 the islands were however again occupied by the Russians, and remained in their possession until recent events dislodged them.\* Close to the sea, upon an isolated granite rock, are seen the ruins of the formerly strong Castle of CASTELHOLM, which up to the year 1634 was the residence of the Swedish governors of the islands. The voyage among these islands, with their deeply indented bays, rather resembles an excursion on a lake, than upon the ocean. It is rare that the voyager can see any distance before or behind him: frequently, the range of vision is limited by fresh, pleasant meadows, with small oxen and sheep grazing upon them, by comfortable villages, surrounded by their kitchen gardens, but frequently too by barren de-

\* We have purposely refrained from making any allusion in our text to the glorious results of the bombardment of Bomarsund, as we feel sure that the details of this gallant action are too well known to every Englishman, to render any repetition necessary.

solate rocky reefs of a species of red granite, intersected by veins of feldspar, between which hazel bushes or stunted pines are growing. At Sattunga, one of the most easterly of the Aland Islands, the steamer running between Stockholm and Finland passes the night at anchor; but with the first beams of day, on a summer morning, it continues its voyage cautiously through a labyrinth of islands—between which the route is indicated by piles driven in, as on the Swedish lakes—as far as the mouth of the Aurajoki, and here we first obtain a glance at the coast of Finland.

FINLAND, or Suomenmaa, has, ever since the commencement of the twelfth century, when St. Eric began to convert the population to Christianity, continually kept up a communication—at times amicable, at times hostile—with Sweden, until the present century. After the Swedes had conquered it, they spread the blessings of Christianity and civilization through the country; many Swedish families settled on Finnish soil, and the seaboard districts of this country contain a population of nearly entirely Swedish origin and character, who, though they have been under the Russian sceptre, partially since 1743, and entirely since 1809, and have been treated by Russia with a clemency unknown in any other portion of that Empire,—are still firmly connected with Sweden by the ties of consanguinity and a common language, as well as by their recollections.

The largest western town in Finland is ABO, about two hundred and fifty miles distant from St. Petersburg. Even at a distance we perceive the Fort of Abohuus, that defends the entrance of the river Aurajoki, and in its vicinity the village of Borholm, with its red-painted summerhouses. The depth of the river however decreases so rapidly, that large vessels cannot sail up to the town, and must cast anchor in the outer roads. Abo, the former capital of the country, is at the same time the oldest town in it. It was built round the castle, erected about 1160, rose slowly to eminence, but even in the thirteenth century was a rich and powerful commercial town. Unfortunately, it was continually visited by accidents; at one time the enemy plundered it, at another it was destroyed by conflagrations, nor was it even spared by the Plague. The Reformation deprived the town of much of its importance, together with the power of its Catholic bishops, the last of whom, the noble Arwit Kurek, was drowned in 1521, during the investment of the town by the Danes under Junker Wolf. The Plague of the year 1526 completed the work of destruction thus commenced; and if Abo recovered in some measure, through a University being founded here in 1626 by Gustavus Adolphus, still in 1716, when the Russians advanced as far as this town, all the inhabitants were compelled to fly to Sweden.

On the 17th of August, 1743, the unfortunate



treaty was signed here, by which Sweden not only resigned all her pretensions to the provinces of Ingermannland, Esthonia, and Livonia, which she had formerly lost, but surrendered to Russia the half of Finland, as far as the river Kymene. By the Treaty of 1809, the whole of Finland was given up to Russia, and Abo became once more the capital of the country; but the fearful conflagration of 1827, which lasted three days, and nearly destroyed the town, leaving only the ruins of the venerable cathedral,—which was built about the year 1300, and may be regarded as the cradle of Christianity in Finland,—gave the finishing stroke to its decadence. Although the town has risen from its ashes, and the cathedral has been rebuilt by patriotic citizens, the Government authorities and the University were removed to the more highly-favoured Helsingfors, and the space occupied by the buildings of Abo could contain three times as many persons as the 14,000 who now form the population.

The principal church of Abo contains many remarkable monuments, among them that of Catherine Monstochter, a Finnish peasant girl, wife of the unfortunate Erik XIV., and the grave of the Finnish Colonel Stahlhandske, the brave companion of Gustavus Adolphus and Torstenson. Of the public buildings, the most prominent is the very large new prison, built in a castellated style, of magnificent blocks of granite. A splendid view

may be enjoyed from it, especially seawards. The old castle at the mouth of the river is historically remarkable, as it was the residence in turn of the two hostile brothers, John and Erik. John was shut up in it, and was compelled to yield himself a prisoner, after standing a siege of two months, when he was carried to Gripsholm; and at the same castle, Erik XIV. was kept a prisoner for two years after his dethronement, whence he was removed to Gripsholm and assassinated. The only portion of the University now in existence is an observatory, finely situated upon a granite hill, but which is no longer employed for its original purpose, as it has been converted into an excellent navigation school.

Our route now leads us along the most remarkable and interesting coast which can be met with in any part of Europe. The multitude of islands and holms visible in every direction are almost countless: at one moment it is a narrow channel, between grey, barren rocks, through which the vessel, obedient to the slightest movement of the helm, winds its way; at another, we sail over the azure, mirror-like sea, which appears to be shut in on all sides by the green shores, as if we were upon a lake: then we see the precipitous rocky walls, crowned with dark green pine-forests, of a fiord running far up the country, past which the steamer glides; while further out to sea, behind the islands, which form a species of natural defence,

breakers are distinctly visible. But a few vessels can be seen, and those only small traders, which carry wood or fish from the islands to the continent; but the voyage never becomes even for a moment tedious, although the objects presented to the view may be described in three words—water, granite, and pine-trees.

At HANGÖ, the most southerly promontory of Finland, upon which is the small military station of Drottningberg, the channel lies between the forts of GUSTAVS-WÄRN and GUSTAV-ADOLPH, which are built upon islands. Hangö played an important part in the later naval history of Sweden, as on the 10th August, 1714, the brave Admiral Nils Ehrenskiöld fought twenty Russian ships and twenty thousand men under Apraxin, until, after an engagement that lasted three hours, his flag-ship, the "Elephant," was boarded by the Tzar Peter the Great in person.

We now see a lighthouse upon the promontory, and when the sun sets, about eleven, its cheering lights,—as well as those of Ronskär, situated further to the east,—indicate to the vessel its route during the northern summer night, and it at length arrives in the vicinity of SVEABORG and HELSINGFORS.

Helsingfors has been the capital of Finland since the year 1819. Although only possessing a population of 16,600, this town is rendered a scene of great activity by the presence of the Govern-

ment authorities and the University, which would indeed appear extraordinary to any one who knew it scarce twenty-five years back as an inconsiderable village. King Gustavus I. intended to build a town here, or rather on Sandhamn, four miles further to the east, which should be populated by immigrants from Raumo, Biörneborg, Ekenäs, and Borgå, and become a rival of the flourishing city of Reval.

The town however was not built on Sandhamn, but at the mouth of the river Wanda; but this situation was also badly selected, and in 1639 it was removed to its present excellent site, about two miles further to the south-east, by the exertions of Pehr Brahe, a man who did an immensity for the welfare of Finland. The present town of Helsingfors is situated upon the promontory of Estnäs, whose southern portion was only twelve years ago quite desolate and barren, but is now covered with villas, bathing-establishments, hotels, and other splendid edifices, which in summer form a gathering-place for the numerous Russians, Estonians, and Livonians who come here to enjoy the benefit of sea-bathing. To the right of the town are the building-yards, where, since their enlargement by the Russians, large frigates can be finished. To the left, upon a rock which was formerly crowned by the Ulricaborg fort—whence the Russians bombarded Sweaborg in 1808—now rises the Observatory, with its numerous towers.

The Magazines are situated near the yards, and adjoining them the southern or merchant harbour, from five to nine fathoms in depth ; while the northern harbour is generally occupied by vessels of war, as Helsingfors is the principal station of the Finnish Baltic fleet.

The entrance to the harbour is defended by the fortress of SWEABORG, built on the five islands of Wargö, Great and Little Österswartö, Westerwartö, and Lännan. In the vicinity of these islands is GUSTAVS-SWÄRD, defended by all the appliances of modern science, whose guns enfilade the straits of the same name, forming the sole narrow entrance for vessels of war. In addition to these, we must mention the isolated outworks of Långörn. The Swedes formerly set fire to Helsingfors, in order that the town might not fall into the hands of the Russians, and it was only surrendered in consequence of a capitulation in 1743 ; but when Sweaborg—which may, not 'improperly, be called the Gibraltar of the North—was built by the celebrated Field-Marshal Augustin Ehrenswärd, Helsingfors was saved from any hostile visit in the war of 1788, during which the fleets played such an important part. The more extraordinary did it consequently appear, when the news spread in May, 1808, that the impregnable fortress, at that time defended by a strong garrison and two frigates, and abundantly provided with all the *matériel* of war, had been given up after an investment of

scarce two months, by its Swedish Commander Admiral Cronstedt to a handful of Russians, who, after the departure of the Swedes, were scarcely numerous enough to man the walls.

The Russians began to invest Sweaborg with four battalions and two hundred cavalry during the height of the cold season. General Suchtelen, who conducted the siege, managed to keep the garrison in a continual state of alarm. A report was spread that Finland and the whole of Sweden were lost; and Suchtelen is said to have intercepted the Swedish newspapers, and to have had others printed and sent into the town bearing the same unhappy intelligence. Sweaborg was surrendered on the 3rd of May, with 58 brass and 1975 iron guns, 2000 cwt. of powder, great stores of shot and ammunition of every description, 88 gunboats, 208 officers, and 6000 men. Cronstedt had sufficiently proved his courage and energy prior to this event, nor was the slightest suspicion ever entertained that he had betrayed his trust for money; hence the enigma of this capitulation has never been solved. Cronstedt retired to Helsingfors after giving up the fortress, where he died a few years later in entire seclusion.

Somewhat further to the east we enter the Swenk Sound, where, on the 24th August, 1789, the Swedish gunboat flotilla, under Ehrenswärd, was attacked by the Russian, which was commanded by the Prince of Nassau. The engage-

ment lasted eleven hours. One division of the Russian fleet, under Admiral Cruse, attacked the Swedish flotilla in the rear, but was repulsed: the Prince of Nassau however succeeded in forcing the Majansari Sound, cutting his way into the Swenk Sound, and compelling the Swedish fleet to fall back on Swartholm at nine in the evening, with a loss of five ships taken, one blown up, and several disabled, as well as forty-five officers and thirteen hundred men.

On the 9th of July, 1790, the Prince of Nassau again attempted to force his way from Musta to Kotka, through the Swedish fleet, which was personally commanded by King Gustavus III. After two Russian attacks had been repulsed with considerable loss, the approach of night separated the combatants. On the following morning the engagement was re-commenced, but with the most unfortunate results for the Russians, who lost fifty-three of their vessels, partly captured by the enemy, partly burnt and sunk, and nearly four thousand wounded, killed, and prisoners. The engagement however had this result for the two fleets, that they were rendered *hors de combat* for the whole of the summer.

BORGÅ, where we now arrive, forms with its few poor houses and narrow lanes a melancholy contrast to the handsome, regularly built streets of the capital. The inhabitants defended themselves in the year 1708 bravely and effectually against

the Russians, but were eventually forced to capitulate, upon which the town was plundered and reduced to ashes. In 1809 a Diet was held here, at which the Emperor Alexander presided, in order to arrange with the Deputies the future position of Finland toward Russia. At the present moment it contains about 4000 inhabitants. Thirty miles further to the east is situated the beautiful town of LOVISA, built amphitheatrically at the end of a deep inlet or fiord upon the slope of a hill: it was formerly a frontier-post of the Swedes against Russia, but only a few remnants of its fortifications are now in existence. They were erected after the Peace of 1743 upon the Swartholm, and were intended to defend the entrance; but when they were attacked in March, 1808, their means of defence were proved to be as weak as their position, and they were surrendered after a very slight resistance.

We now hasten on past the romantic Gulf of Abborfors, towards the mouth of the river Kymene, where the fortress of KYMENE is situated, near Ruotsinsalmi (built in 1791), which is provided with barracks for fourteen thousand men, and possesses a very large and splendid harbour, affording protection to a division of the Finnish gunboat flotilla. The fortress and province of Kymene were, during the war of 1788, the constant arena for the belligerent armies, and the Swedish forces were encamped here during the



summer of 1789. On a peninsula at no great distance hence, stands, at the extremity of a bay, the fortress of FREDERIKSHAMN, fortified after Vauban's system, and defended on the land side for a considerable distance by earthworks, but till recently half in ruins. At the village of Wärelä, close by, the treaty was signed on the 5th of September, 1809, in consequence of which Finland was given up by Sweden to Russia.

About half-way between this town and the Es-thonian coast is situated the island of HOGLAND, rendered remarkable by an action which took place here in 1788 between the Swedes and the Russians, and now principally inhabited by pilots. The Swedish fleet amounted to fifteen ships of the line and five frigates, under the command of Duke Charles; the Russian, to seventeen ships of the line and seven frigates, commanded by Admiral Gregg. The engagement began on the morning of the 17th of July, and both parties fought bravely till ten in the evening. Neither the Russians nor the Swedes could really boast that they had gained the victory; but the Russian fleet had suffered so severely, that it did not dare to renew the contest on the following day, in spite of having the wind in its favour, but sailed to Seeskär, a few miles from Kronstadt, to repair damages. Gregg was an Englishman by birth, and English officers, as well as English and Norwegian sailors, served on board the Russian fleet. The Swedes lost three

officers and 127 killed, as well as 334 wounded ; while the Russian loss amounted to a thousand, and, in addition, one of their ships of the line was sunk.

The northern coast-range of the Gulf of Finland from this point affords little that is interesting, until we reach its extreme north-eastern angle, where the fortress and port of WĪBORG are situated, about eighty miles from Petersburg, and a hundred and twenty from Helsingfors. The harbour is a very valuable one, and is enclosed by the two large islands of Uaransauri and Ravansaari, which protect it against every wind. The town, which depends principally on the timber trade, is about twelve versts from the port. It assumes a high rank as a fortress, and the sea washes nearly the whole length of its walls, which bristle with guns. Between the lines of defence and the actual town a broad arm of the sea extends, and in its centre, upon an isolated rock, rises the elegant and ancient castellated tower of St. Anna, built by the Empress Anne in 1758, under the name of *La Couronne d'Anne* ("Korsaari" in the Finnish language). The traces of shot on its walls prove that it was once an important post ; but the roof has now fallen in, the upper floors are visible through the empty embrasures, and the lower ones are employed as prisons.

The town, which now contains 5000 inhabitants, obtained its privileges as early as 1403, from Erik

XIII. Under King Charles XI. it had been so reduced by unwise trade restrictions, that it was inhabited by only a hundred and fifty families, of whom scarcely thirty were able to pay their taxes. The misfortunes of the war of 1788 had again reduced its merchant marine to a solitary vessel, but in 1850 it once more possessed nineteen ships, and the steamer was being built in its yards which now makes the voyage along the coast from Helsingfors to St. Petersburg. The castle, built by the Swedish Imperial Marshal Torkel Knutson in 1293, was formerly one of the most advanced posts of the Swedish arms and the Christian doctrines.

The most remarkable event in the history of Wiborg is the repulse which was given on the 30th November, 1495, to a Russian army of 60,000 men, under Ivan Vassilyevitch, by the weak Swedish garrison: the Commandant Knut Posse employed a tower as a missile, and blew it up by means of mines so cleverly, that several thousand of the enemy were killed, and the whole army fled wildly in every direction. In the year 1790 a sanguinary naval engagement also took place here between the Swedes and Russians, in which the former, who were beset by the hostile fleet, cut their way through it with the most unexampled heroism. Although they lost nine ships of the line, three frigates, and more than thirty galliots and transport ships, and the value of the war *matériel* then lost was estimated at  $41\frac{1}{2}$  tons of gold, still the portion

of the fleet that escaped gained a brilliant victory over the Russians at the Swenk Sound, as we have already mentioned.

Wiborg may be regarded as the eastern frontier town of Finland; and we sail thence in a south-easterly direction through the Biörkö Sound, leaving the islands of Beskopsö, Torsari, and Biörkö on the left, and the inhospitable Russian coast on the right, straight out to sea, and direct to the fortress of KRONSTADT, which has been so repeatedly mentioned in connection with the recent events in the Gulf of Finland.

This place, which with its garrison contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and is situated upon a long triangular island, about nine miles in length, whose base is turned toward St. Petersburg, may be regarded as the water-gate of that city, as the majority of the ships that arrive anchor there: smaller vessels certainly sail up as far as the mouth of the Neva, but all larger ships remain here, at least for the purpose of discharging a portion of their cargo before proceeding higher up, while a great number are unloaded entirely, and the merchandise placed in the magazines of the St. Petersburg traders built at Kronstadt.

This is the principal station of the Baltic fleet, the most important customs-house in the Russian empire, and the principal naval port. The harbour, which can contain nearly thirty ships, and is protected from the fury of the waves by a quay 450

fathoms in length, has however already become so shallow, that no large vessel of war can now sail into it at ebb-tide. Next to this is the Middle Haven, employed for fitting ships of war; for only the hulls of the vessels are built in St. Petersburg, and transported with immense trouble between lighters over the shallow Bay of Kronstadt to that port, where they receive their armaments and are fully equipped. To the west of it we perceive the Merchant Haven, which can contain a thousand vessels, and into which about fourteen hundred ships enter annually. This part of the harbour is defended towards the south by Fort Menschikoff, mounting forty-four guns in four tiers, but unprotected in the rear; and in the north-west by another battery, built, like the former, of blocks of granite, which forms one of the pleasantest walks in Kronstadt. From the Middle and Merchant Havens two large canals run into the town. The quays of these canals are, like those of the docks themselves, built of granite, and can challenge a comparison, for their magnificence, with those of any commercial city in the world. They are the work of the Emperor Nicholas, who has done more for Kronstadt than all the other Russian rulers since Peter the Great. The Middle Haven Canal, which was commenced by Peter and completed by Elizabeth, leads the vessels of war into the repairing docks,—also built of granite,—which can hold ten large vessels at one time, and can be emptied, by

means of a steam-engine, in two days, and refilled in six hours.

The fortifications of Kronstadt are very extensive. They were commenced by Peter the Great, who entertained the correct opinion that this point must form the key and advanced post of his capital. He had Fort Kronstadt built, and the island itself strengthened by a second citadel; these however were mere wooden buildings, surrounded by fortifications of wood. His successors continued the works he had commenced, which Paul I. completed, by covering the Risbank Rock with works, beneath whose guns all vessels entering the bay must pass. This fort has only recently been put into a thorough state of defence, and is calculated for sixty guns, in two tiers, seawards, casemated with granite and timber.

At the present moment the fortifications of Kronstadt mount five hundred heavy, and innumerable small guns, two hundred of which enfilade the entrance in every direction. The mouth of the Neva is approached by two channels, the northern one of which passes between the village of Süsterbäck, celebrated for its ordnance and anchor forges, and Fort Alexandrewsky, held by a garrison of 750 men, and armed with 120 thirty-two-pounders. It lies at some distance from the other fortifications, at the south-western extremity of the island, and entirely commands the channel, which is rendered additionally difficult of navigation by

the sandbanks and shallows with which it is beset. Since the erection of this fort, the passage has been rendered utterly impracticable by a double row of piles filled with blocks of granite and sunken vessels, which extends in a line from the north-eastern extremity of the island to the promontory of Lisi Noss on the mainland.

The southern channel is nearly four miles in breadth, but is narrowed in one part by the bank of *Orienbaum*, so as to be only two thousand paces across, and is at first only five fathoms in depth, but afterwards increases to seven. Every ship that approaches has here on either side a mass of fortifications built in the sea. To the left, at a distance of about eight hundred paces, is the elliptical *Fort Alexander*, built of granite, whose front has four tiers of guns, while the flanks have only three, but in addition a rampart defended by cannon in barbette; this fort is casemated, and mounts altogether one hundred and sixteen guns. Eight hundred paces further we notice on the right *Fort Risbank*, with three casemated tiers of guns, one flush with the water, and armed with sixty guns of the heaviest calibre. The channel gradually becomes narrower, until its breadth is only three hundred paces, and an approaching enemy then comes within the range of the central bastion of *Fort Peter I.* It is situated on the left or northern side, and has three bastion towers connected by ravelins, the first of which enfilades the pas-

sage as far as Fort Alexander, while the other two command the Little Roads. They mount twenty-eight guns casemated, and above them the same number in barbette; the ravelins only mount twenty guns in barbette. The Fort of Kronslot, nearly opposite Fort Alexander, is only a rampart built in the sea, with three bastions at either end, each mounting ten guns in casemates, and ten in barbette. The rampart that connects them is armed with twenty guns.

But if the enemy has left all these fortifications in his rear, he must still expect the most formidable reception in the so-called "Little Roads," for here he is exposed, on the left hand, to the fire of the seventy guns and twelve mortars of the haven wall,—which is a thousand paces in length, but on which the gunners are unprotected; and directly before him he has the already mentioned Fort Menschikoff, which attacks the assailant in the most vulnerable part, namely by concentrating its fire on the bows.

In short, it would require not only great skill, but also a considerable amount of good fortune, to take Cronstadt, even if it were not defended by the fleet. This is composed, according to the latest returns, as follows:—

30 ships of the line, mounting	. 2468	guns
9 frigates	. . . . .	418 „
8 brigs	. . . . .	160 „
15 schooners	. . . . .	150 „



10 steamers, of 3500-horse power      86

—  
72 ships.

—  
3282 guns;

to which we must add a considerable number of gunboats.

Of the large vessels it is stated however that only eighteen to twenty are in good condition. Among the most considerable, we may mention, the *Russia* and *Peter the Great*, of 120 guns; the *St. George*, of 112; the *Emgeiten*, *Krasnoi*, *Gunule*, *Pultava*, *Prochor*, *Vladimir*, *Volga*, and *Empress Alexandra*, of eighty-four; the *Narwa*, *Beresina*, *Brienne*, *Borodino*, *Smolensk*, *Arcis*, *Finland*, *Katzbach*, *Hesekiel*, *Andrew*, *Culm*, *Pamyat Azova*, *Sisoi*, *Villagos*, *Natron Menya*, *Fêre Champenoise*, and *Michael*, of seventy-four; *Alexander Nevsky*, of fifty-eight; the *Pallas*, of fifty-two; the *Constantine*, *Cesarevitch*, *Cesarevna*, *Amphitrite*, *Castor*, *Diana*, and *Aurora*, of forty-four guns; and the steamers *Olaf* and *Kamschatka*, each of 450-horse power and sixteen guns; the *Smiloi*, *Grosachi*, and *Gremiaschi*, of 400-horse power; the *Rurik*, *Chrabroi*, *Bogatir*, of 300-horse power; the *Diana* and *Hercules* of 200. The ships in process of building have of course been left out of this list,—among them those steamers whose machinery was seized in England. The Baltic fleet is usually divided among the stations in such a way that four or five ships lie in *Reval*, ten to twelve in *Sweaborg*, and the remainder in *Kronstadt*.

When the soldiers of Peter the Great expelled the Swedes from this island in 1703, it still bore its Finnish name of Retusari, or Rat-island. The Swedes proved themselves to be good soldiers, and on their retreat left nothing behind them except an immense camp-kettle, which the Russians carried about on a pole as a signal of victory, and from which they christened the island Kotlinoi Ostrow, or the Kettle-island. The Bay of Kronstadt is generally shallow; its average depth is scarcely twelve feet, and the Neva has not more than nine feet on the bar at its mouth: discharging ballast is strictly forbidden, and the channel is carefully marked by piles rising above the surface of the water, and by buoys, which have now, however, most probably been removed, or placed so as to mislead an enemy.

In summer a very active trade is carried on at Kronstadt, and a working population of nearly thirty thousand men is drawn to the town, which is situated to the south of the fortifications; little sailing vessels and steamers keep up the communication between it and St. Petersburg; and when a favourable wind brings up hundreds of vessels from the Baltic, or the Russian fleet goes out for a cruise, the bay and the river afford a highly interesting spectacle. In the depth of winter, however,—and the winter lasts here from October to May,—the Bay of Kronstadt is desolate indeed: the ships are frozen in, by which they suffer more

injury in a few months than if they were at sea for a couple of years ; and at this season roads formed over the level surface of the ice to Oranienbaum, Süsterbäck, and St. Petersburg, the last of which is twelve miles in length, and consequently a station is built half-way, for the refreshment of the weary traveller. In former times this coat of ice was the scene of sanguinary engagements.

On sailing to St. Petersburg in one of the little steamers, which start several times daily from Kronstadt, and reach the city in two to three hours, the left coast displays no signs of the vicinity of a large city : it is a desert covered with moss, swamps, and bushes, on which no corn-fields, no fruit-trees cheer the eye : the forests, which come down close to the shore, and in which bears, elks, and wolves are still found, consist of birches, elms, alders, and black poplar trees, for even the horse-chestnut only grows here in well sheltered spots. This renders the numerous summer villas and gardens on the right coast all the more attractive : we first see the town of ORANIENBAUM, and further on the gilded towers and the park of the Imperial château of PETERHOF upon a slight ascent ; but after passing these, the coast again becomes flat, and only a confused mass of verdure and houses can be distinguished at a distance.

On the horizon we perceive a point sparkling in the sunshine, and a tall graceful tower, which appears to rise like a needle from the water. These

announce our approach to St. Petersburg, for the glistening point is the gilded cupola of the St. Isaac's Church, and the tower is that of the Admiralty. We then pass amidst islands,—some barren, some covered with pleasant gardens,—of which the mouth of the Neva contains about forty; but the Imperial City itself lies so flat that it hardly seems to rise above the water, and its peculiar features cannot be distinguished till we pass the Podzonoï Ostrow and the granite quays, with the tallow magazines.

On arriving at the English Quay the view is really imposing. On the right, the long façade of the Admiralty, the Alexander Monument, and a part of the Winter Palace; before us, the great bridge; on the left, the citadel upon Peter Paul's Island; and, as far as the eye can reach, the red granite embankments. From the tower of the Admiralty we can see beneath us a building nearly a mile in length, which is principally used as a naval school, and close to it the building yards, in which the huge vessels of the Russian navy are constructed,—the majority being destined to a speedy destruction in the fresh waters and winter ice of the Bay of Kronstadt.

The old Michaeloff Palace, on the Fontanka, is at a considerable distance from here, towards the south; and we only mention it on account of its collection of models of Russian fortifications, among which is an accurate copy of the Castles

of the Dardanelles, reminding us of the Emperor Alexander's remark, "Il faut avoir les clefs de sa maison dans la poche." Almost at the eastern extremity of the river, opposite the Woskresenski Bridge, and visible from the Admiralty Tower, are the Arsenals on the southern bank, with their ever-busy foundries, and eight hundred guns ready at a moment's notice for action, collected in one courtyard.

In the Spring the south-west wind frequently drives the waves of the Bay violently toward the city, and the immense masses of water threaten to tear the whole city from its swampy foundations, and swallow it up, with its 500,000 inhabitants. This fate has frequently menaced St. Petersburg; the last time, in 1824, when the Neva rose eleven feet above its usual level, and water bubbled up from the soil in all parts of the city, so that the largest buildings fell in, and caused a frightful loss of life and property. After a glance at the Citadel Island, on which are situated the Mint and the first house erected by Peter the Great in 1703, as well as a boat built by this emperor with his own hands, and called "The Grandfather of the Russian Fleet," our course again turns westward, and we have the choice,—either to steer for Riga, through the middle of the bay, past the islands of Seeskär and Lavensari, and between the grassy slopes of Hogland, which rises from the sea, and Store Tynters—or to direct our course to the same

port, along the coast, which, though more difficult to navigate, furnishes greater variety. We will decide on following the SOUTHERN COAST: after leaving in our rear the haven of Kronstadt, with the lightship on our left, and the lighthouse of Zollbaken, ninety-five feet in height, on our right, our course leads us along the hilly, wood- and garden-covered coast, past the deep but almost unused bay of Luschki, to the roads of Narwa.

NARWA, or Narova, which is situated eight miles from the sea, on the river of the same name, flowing out of Lake Paipus, could formerly display a forest of masts in its haven; but the foundation of St. Petersburg, which is only eighty miles distant, has annihilated its commerce, and the population has decreased to 5000, mostly Germans. At present it is only historically important: in the neighbourhood of this town, in the year 1700, Charles XII., with 8000 men, gave a Russian army of 60,000 one of those lessons which the Russians have only employed too well, to learn how to beat their masters, for only five years later Narwa was taken by storm by the Russians, under Peter the Great.

Narwa is divided into the old and new towns; the former was built in 1223, by Waldemar II. of Denmark. There is also a suburb, called Hakelwerk. Both the old and new towns are fortified, and the Citadel is separated from the latter by a ditch; attached to it is the Arsenal. A bridge

over the Narwa also connects the old town with the colossal remains of the ancient fortress of Ivangorod, which impends in a very picturesque manner over the steep banks of the Narwa. The town was taken by assault in 1538, by the Tzar Ivan Vasilyevitch, who built the fortress of Ivangorod: it was recaptured by the Swedes in 1581, besieged by the Russians in 1590, and once more reduced to ashes in 1659. Like most Russian and Finnish towns that are built mainly of wood, it has also suffered severely from fires, and was almost totally destroyed in 1773.

Further to the west we notice the three Waiwari Hills, which by day serve as a landmark to the approaching mariner, like the lighthouse on the mouth of the Narwa by night, and we sail along the high rocky coast, past the bays of Kasperwig, Monkwig, Paponwig, and Kolka, leaving the Wrangö Islands on our right, and between Wolfsö and Nargö, till we reach, after a voyage of 120 miles, the harbour of REVAL.

At a considerable distance the two lighthouses to the left of the city,—of which the one near Katharinenthal rises to a height of 204 feet above the level of the sea,—inform us that we are approaching an important Baltic port, and the expectations aroused by this are not in any way disappointed on a closer inspection. The Cathedral Hill towers nobly above the dense mass of houses composing this commercial and manufacturing

city. It contains 15,000 inhabitants, and is divided into two parts, the upper and lower town; the former, situated on a rocky acclivity, is about a mile and a half in circumference, and contains within its ancient gothic walls the Government buildings, the cathedrals, and the dwellings of the nobility. This is the above-mentioned Cathedral Hill, upon which no plebeian is allowed to hold any land. The lower part, to which a very steep road conducts us, is of very considerable size; and in the broad streets leading to the flat, sandy strand of the haven, are the dwellings and stores of the merchants, the town-house, the guild-house, the bank, the barracks, and the theatre.

The old church of St. Olave's, which was struck by lightning no less than eight times between 1329 and 1820, serves as a landmark for the sailor by its regularly-built tower, 250 feet in height. The town, which was admitted into the Hanseatic League as early as 1289, bears an ancient German character, and on all sides can be found traces of its history as the capital of ancient Esthonia. It was raised to the rank of a town by King Waldemar II. of Denmark, in 1210, and made an episcopal seat in 1240 by the Pope. Its most brilliant period however was during the reign of Margaret Sambrithia, the Queen Dowager of Denmark, who selected the province of Esthonia as her residence, and granted to Reval considerable privileges and immunities.



Reval is, at the present time, one of the principal stations of the Russian fleet, and as such is defended by immense casemated batteries, before which, in the centre of the sea, are the celebrated kettle-forts, mounting sixty-two guns. The town itself is surrounded by high walls, deep ditches, and strong bastions; it is also commanded by a castle situated on a height. Notwithstanding these fortifications, Reval was reduced to ashes in 1433; and as the more modern fortifications are adapted to a state of things in which the "screw" was not taken into account, it may be presumed that the same success may attend the present means of assault at the disposal of the Allied fleets. The haven, which is nowhere less than seven fathoms in depth, and is about four miles in breadth, is strongly defended by forts, mounting ninety-six guns, built on the little island of Karlsö and upon Nargö.

About thirty miles to the south-east of Reval is the little seaport of PORT BALTIC, where ships discharge as long as the ice does not permit them to go up higher, and whence thousands of chests of lemons and oranges are sent by land to St. Petersburg. In its vicinity an interesting event occurred in the year 1810, which up to now—with the exception of an engagement between two gunboats in 1809—is the sole instance in which Russian ships have ventured to measure their strength against English. While a squadron of ten Swedish ships and two English,—the *Implacable*, commanded by

Sir Byam Martin, and the *Centaur*, Captain Sir Samuel Hood,—were cruising in the Baltic, a Russian fleet of ten ships of the line was signalled as coming from Hangö. The two English vessels sailed in advance of their allies, and attacked the most powerful vessel in the Russian fleet, the *Sewolod*, which was disabled within half an hour. The enemy tried to escape, and in order to prevent this the English wished to bring up the Swedish ships, which were thirty miles off; but in the meanwhile their conquered opponent was taken in tow by a frigate. This induced the two vessels to make a renewed attack, by which they beat off the frigate, but were themselves in turn attacked by the whole Russian fleet. This however did not prevent them from burning the *Sewolod*, which had run aground in the roads of Raagerwick; and after taking the whole crew prisoners, they made their escape.

The whole coast consists of a high table-land, which terminates in precipitous limestone cliffs upon the seaboard. At a few points these cliffs attain an elevation of four hundred feet, and the waves dash against their base and pile up immense masses of rock, which continually fall from them. At other places the sea has retired and laid bare a strip of rich land, upon which a luxurious growth of vegetation is seen, and the black oak grows to an unparalleled size.

Catherine II. intended to make Port Baltic a

harbour of incomparable depth and extent, by joining the coast with the island of Raagö, about four miles distant, by means of a gigantic pier. The undertaking however was never completed, and Port Baltic is at present a miserable fishing village, only visited in summer on account of the splendid bathing. We may also mention that it is remarkable for a petition of a most singular character which it sent to the Government, requesting that it might be allowed to return to its nothingness, as the privileges granted to it by Catherine II. were much too expensive an honour for the inhabitants to be able to maintain.

The passage along the coast in a south-westerly direction, in which the islands of Wormsö, Dagö, Oesel, and Möön are left on the right, is only navigable by small vessels, as the channel in many parts is not more than two fathoms in depth. These islands, which almost entirely enclose the entrance to the Bay of Riga in the north and east, are very fertile, but are broadcast with immense blocks of granite,—called *Ballersteine* in the Baltic provinces,—like most of the country in their rear. OESEL contains 60,000 inhabitants, and has a port called Arensburg. It formerly belonged to Denmark, but was given up to Sweden in 1645 by the the treaty of Brömsebro. The town of Pirnau, with a population of 6000, in the north-eastern angle of the Bay of Riga, was formerly a place of considerable trade, but is now only remarkable for

the large glassworks and woollen factories in its vicinity.

RIGA, on the other hand, is one of the most important towns and strongest fortresses in the Baltic, and contains a citadel, a *tête-du-pont*, and an arsenal for small arms. The country in which it is situated is not very promising; for only in the southern horizon can the dark green of the Courland pine-forests be seen, while the whole eastern coast of the bay appears to be an interminable desert of sand. It however possesses a magnificent haven; and the Duna, which is here fifteen hundred paces in breadth, and from the mouth of which Riga is six miles distant, displays the flags of all nations.

At the confluence of the river with the sea is the little fortress of Dunamünde, also called Dunaburg, which was captured in 1609 and 1618 by the Swedes, and in 1700 by the Saxons, who gave it the name of Augustenburg. There is also the castle of Dahlen, on an island of the Duna. The town itself is strongly surrounded by ramparts and bastions, and further defended by a strong citadel. That portion of the city which is enclosed within the walls is pre-eminently German; its narrow, crooked streets, gabled houses, and comfortable-looking population, give it a greater resemblance to the old German Imperial Cities than to any other Russian town. But, on the other hand, the large suburbs on either side of the river are

thoroughly Russian. The immense flat wooden boats, which come down from Witepsk and Desna, resemble the rafts on the Rhine, and are populated by entire Polish families, who return on foot to their homes when these boats are broken up.

We reach the town, which contains 60,000 inhabitants, by a bridge of boats. It boasts of many fine buildings, among which the castle, formerly the residence of the Masters of the Teutonic Order, is the oldest; and in the courtyard is the statue of its builder, the Grand Master Walter von Plettenberg. Riga, in the time of the Hanseatic League, might be considered a little free town; but as early as the year 1552, the Teutonic Knights were obliged, in consequence of external pressure, to hold Courland as a fief from the Poles, while Esthonia and Livonia were entirely lost, and Riga, as the capital of the province, naturally shared the fate of the Order. It was taken by Peter the Great in 1710, and in 1810 was invested by a French corps; but the traces of these events are scarcely visible, and what was then destroyed has risen fairer than ever from the ruins.

The coast of Courland, as far as Polangen on the Prussian frontier, offers little that is interesting. The little towns of Windau and Sackenbaum are of very slight importance. LIBAU is situated on a salt lagoon crowded with islands, which is formed by the river Libau before it flows into the sea. It possesses a haven, a sea-bathing establishment,

6000 inhabitants, and a lighthouse,—the last of the twenty built on the Russian shores of the Baltic. The watchfires in these lighthouses, however, whose great number is rendered absolutely necessary by the countless reefs and shallows, are only lighted during the summer, and disappear as soon as the sea begins to be coated with ice. Spite of these precautions, the spring and autumn storms seize on many a victim. Fortunately, the time is now past when false fires were kindled on the coast to entrap vessels; but even at the commencement of the present century, a Baron Ungern Sternberg used to hang out lights on his own house, which was built on an elevated point of the island of Dagö, in order to take possession of the property of those persons who were cast away in consequence.

This lasted for a length of time, until the captain of a vessel disappeared and was found dead in the *château*. In the large cellars beneath the house immense treasures were discovered; and these, as well as some other circumstances which came to the knowledge of the authorities, proved the Baron's guilt clearly. His family, one of the first in the province, pressed him to fly, but he remained undaunted up to the last moment. His trial took place about forty years back, and he appeared, chained hand and foot, and dressed in peasant's clothes, before the Provincial Councillors, with whom he had before sat on the same bench.

He was banished to Siberia, and his name erased from the list of nobility, but his family did not suffer with him. The news of his deeds extended to England, and in the streets of London bills might be seen, upon which the warning to sailors was printed,—“Take care of Ungern Sternberg, the pirate.”

The three German-Russian provinces of the Baltic,—Courland, Esthonia, and Livonia,—with a population of 1,600,000 souls, of whom 500,000 belong to Courland, 800,000 to Livonia, and 300,000 to Esthonia, were originally settled by Finnish and Slavonic tribes. King Knut VI. of Denmark first undertook, about the close of the twelfth century, a crusade against the pagan Esthonians with an immense force; they however soon returned to their paganism, when the army had quitted the country. Nor had the celebrated expedition of Waldemar the Great any permanent effect, and might have resulted badly for the Danes, who were suddenly attacked by the Esthonians, near Wolmer. At that moment—so the story runs—the Danebrog, which fell from Heaven, aroused the courage of the Danes, who were in some disorder, and the Esthonians were utterly defeated and compulsorily baptized.

The real conversion and civilization of the Baltic provinces was, however, left to be effected by German bravery and perseverance. German traders founded these trading ports, in which Germans

settled among the half-savage tribes; the German Bishop Albert founded in 1201 the Order of the Knights of the Sword, who subsequently united with the Teutonic Brethren, and subjugated and Christianized Livonia, Courland, Semgallen, and Esthonia, after King Waldemar had resigned in 1347 all his pretensions to Esthonia for a sum of 19,000 marks.

With many a hard struggle the Knights maintained their ground against the rising power of the northern kingdoms; but when the reinforcements from Germany were suspended, and the Habsburg Emperors forgot, in their devotion to Italy, the representation of German interests on the Baltic, the Knights of the Order gradually became dependent on Poland. The last Grand Master, Gottfried Kettler, hardly pressed by Russia, resigned Livonia to the King of Poland in 1561, and received Courland from him as a temporal fief. Esthonia was in the same year yielded to the Swedes, who held it until it was conquered in 1711 by Peter the Great, and, with Livonia, incorporated with Russia by the treaty of Nystädt.

Courland maintained its independence till the death of the Duke Frederick William von Kettler, whose wife Anne, a daughter of the Tzar Ivan (1711), became Regent of the land under the protection of Peter the Great. A Russian protectorate and Polish suzerainty could not long agree, and the Russian intrigues entirely gained the mas-



tery when the Duchess Anne mounted the Russian throne in 1730, and supported the new Duke Ferdinand, her uncle, and the Russian party in the country, with all her imperial energies. Through this, Anne succeeded, after the death of Duke Ferdinand, in raising her favourite Count Biron, a French adventurer, to the Ducal throne. He could only keep his ground as long as his protectress lived, and her successor Ivan IV. sent him to Siberia in 1740. Peter III. however recalled him, and Catherine II. compelled Duke Charles of Saxony to abdicate, and restored Biron to his old dignity, in which his son Peter also succeeded him.

The Russian intrigues had however been incessant in the meanwhile, and on the 18th March, 1795, the nobility of Courland, assembled at a Diet, decided on summoning the reigning Duke, who was in the Russian service at St. Petersburg, to abdicate; on entirely destroying the still existing feudal relations with Poland; and subjugating themselves to Russia.

This took place, and since that period Courland has been a Russian province, which, although it has retained some of its immunities, appears menaced with deprivation of them at present, especially in its Protestant interests, through the propaganda and zeal of the Greek Church, which receives powerful support from the Government. With clever policy the Russian monarch has

formed out of the rural population of Lettonian, Livonian, and Curile origin,—which was certainly shamefully treated,—a powerful weapon against the German nobility and towns-population, both of whom however are, through their education, a valuable and influential element in the State, as can be easily seen by a glance at the Russian Army-lists, or at the staff of the Russian diplomatists.

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And thus we end our visit to the SEAT OF WAR IN THE NORTH, after making a complete circuit of the seas in which the Allied Fleets are now stationed, and visiting all the towns of the slightest importance in a strategic or mercantile point of view. We will not obtrude any opinions of our own, but we will leave our readers to decide, whether our “gallant Charley” has not exercised a sound judgement in deferring his attack upon the Russian strongholds, until he feels assured, by a thorough examination of the perils that beset his path, that he is in a condition to ensure success. Then, and then only, may we expect to hear of the fall of KRONSTADT and SWEABORG.







